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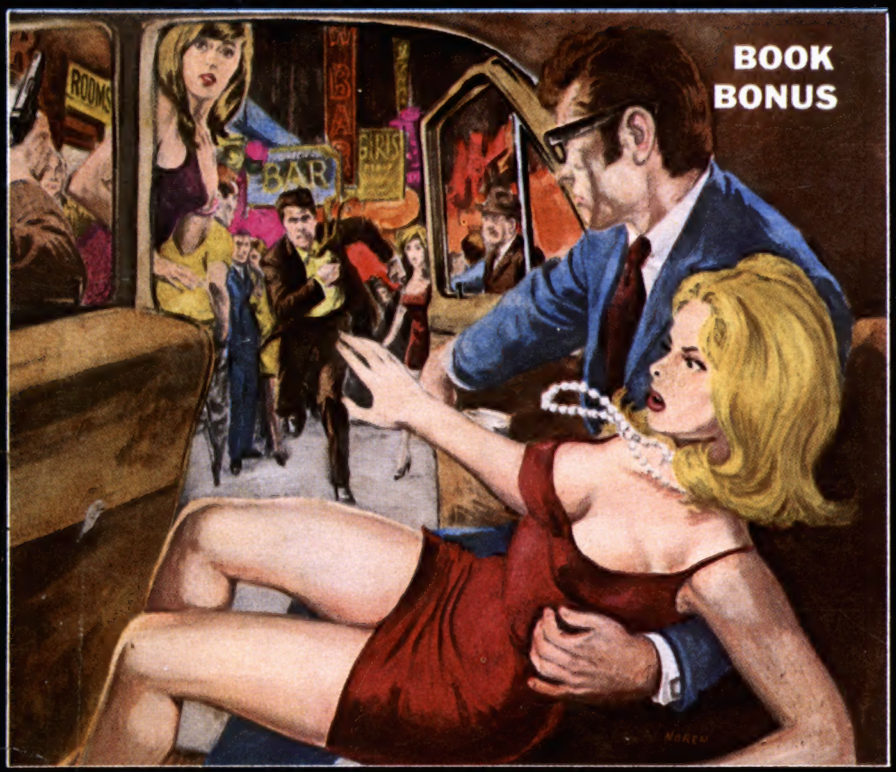

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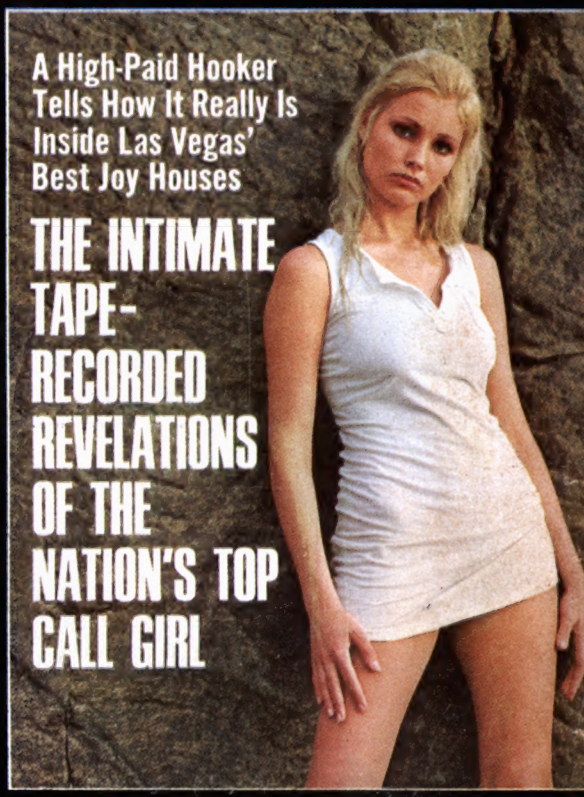

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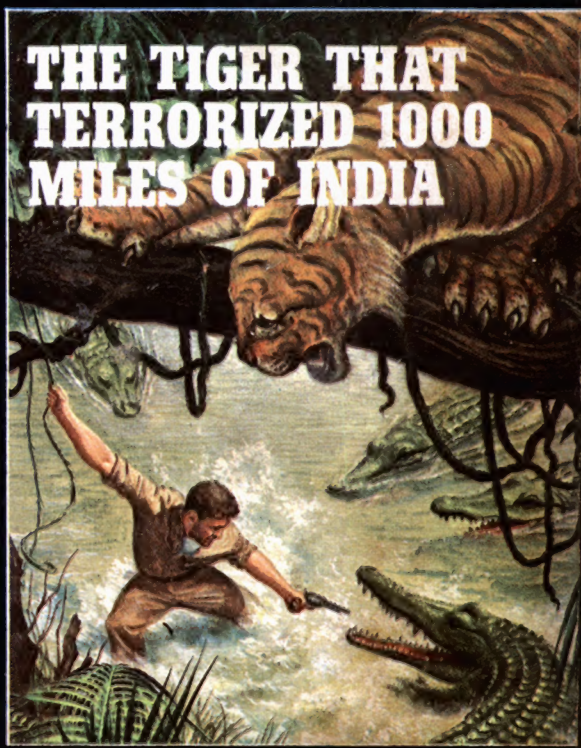

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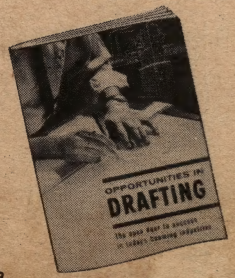

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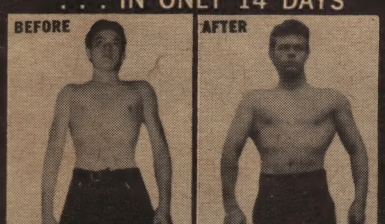

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■ The deep sea diver had scarcely gotten down to the bottom when a message came from the surface, "Come up quick!" he was told. "The ship is sinking!"

■ A missionary traveling through a jungle came face to face with a tiger. Knowing he couldn't escape, the poor man dropped to his knees and began to pray. Moments later, to his surprise, he was reassured to see the tiger kneeling and praying beside him.

"My dearest brother," said the relieved and grateful missionary, "how wonderful of you to join me. Only a moment ago I thought my end had come."

"No interruption," said the tiger. "I'm in the middle of saying grace."

■ The couple firmly believed in reincarnation and each vowed the other would try and contact the first to depart this earth. The husband happened to die first and his wife, true to her promise, visited a spiritualist to arrange contact with the woman's husband. On the third try they succeeded.

"Tell me, dear," said the wife, "what is it like where you are?"

"Wonderful!" said her husband's voice. "The weather is always perfect, my time is all my own and I'm constantly surrounded by beautiful females."

"I'm so happy for you," said the wife. "I didn't realize Heaven would be like that."

"Heaven?" snorted the voice. "I'm a wild jackass in Arizona."

"It looks like the work of 'Near-sighted Sam'!"

"Amateur night, Mr. Henderson?"

■ A taxi driver in a hot Southern city got tired of hearing tourists from the North insult his hometown. A real bluenose got into his cab one day and said: "This is America's most sinful city—there are at least three prostitutes working every corner."

The cab driver replied bitterly, "So what? There used to be twice as many until you Yankees started marrying them and taking them home."

■ While making his hospital rounds early one morning, the doctor noticed that his young female patient wasn't in her room.

Hurrying to the desk he shouted, "Nurse, where is the girl in room 420?"

"Oh," said the new nurse," she started running a fever last night so I put her in with a man who was complaining of chills."

■ A teen-age motorist told a traffic cop, "You can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in New York."

"That's all right," replied the cop. "I'm arresting you for speeding—not breeding."

■ A young bride of three months complained to her mother about her husband's continued drinking habits.

"If you knew he drank, why did you marry him?" her mother asked.

"I didn't know he drank," the girl replied, "until one night he came home sober!"

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WHAT A WORLD

Are you interested in party games the Reds play, fabulous treasure strikes, Rio's brand new sex park? You'll find them all here – and everything else that's weird and wacky in the world.

HE FELL 3,600 FEET – AND LIVED! – When an Ithaca, N.Y. skydiver's chute failed to open at the 3,600-foot mark, it was the beginning of one of the most amazing survivals ever recorded. Jumping from a plane circling a local airport, he yanked his chute release – but nothing happened. From then on, it was a matter of plunging helplessly to earth with nothing but instant death in sight. Yet, when doctors rushed to the huddled body of the skydiver, they couldn't believe their eyes. Not only was he alive, but his only injury was a broken back. Taken to the hospital for a more thorough exam, his condition was reported as "fair."

SECRET TREASURE MAY BE WORLD'S BIGGEST–Tightest-lipped guy on earth is a skin-diving treasure hunter who's been raking in handsful of gold coins and jewelry that keep washing up on coral reef no deeper than 25 feet – somewhere off Bermuda. The reef is still a tightly-guarded secret, since the lucky skin diver won't talk. Yet periodically he wanders in with another haul. Best estimate is that the treasure is from a Spanish or Portugese galleon wrecked in the area somewhere about 1580. While the figures on how much the wreck will yield are still rough guesses, experts who've looked at the loot the treasure hunter has already recovered are willing to bet it just might be the greatest underseas haul ever made.

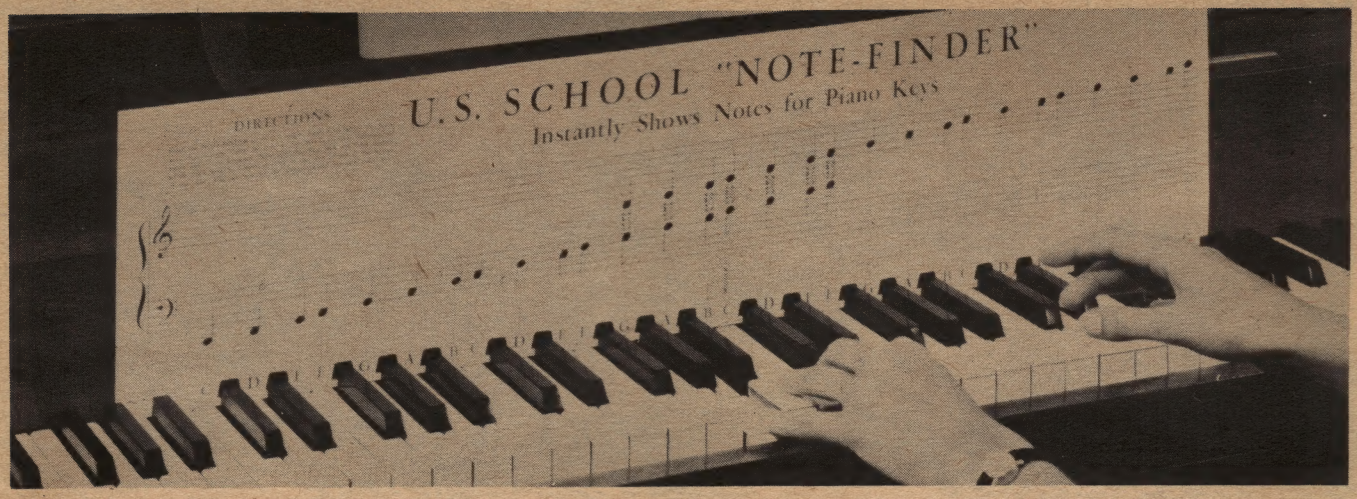
THE DAY STAG MOVIES HIT TV – They're still all shook up in the Palm Springs area of California over a 12-minute movie that flashed luridly across home TV screens. It was a "stag movie" at its most uninhibited level – a nude man and nude woman swinging through every routine in the sex manuals. Viewers must have been paralyzed by what they were watching, because no complaint reached the TV station before the erotic film was over. What cops investigating the thing discovered was this: A studio engineer, thinking the station was closed down for the night, decided to run his personal "stag movie" through the TV viewer for his own pleasure. Unfortunately for him – if not for the tuned-in audience – the channel was still on the air. As a result, the film will never be seen again – it was burned, nor will the engineer – he was fired.

THE MARINE WHO WAS A BOMB – When they carried the Marine into the hospital tent in Vietnam recently, everyone started to head for the hills. Jammed into his abdomen was a live, unexploded, enemy mortar shell. With the fuse primed and ready to go, it took a courageous team of one surgeon, one corpsman and a demolition expert to go to work. Placing the wounded soldier near a stack of sandbags, they cleared the area of all unnecessary personnel. The demolition man looked over at the sweat-dripping medic and said, "You might just as well take off your helmet and flak jacket. If the damn thing blows, they won't do you a bit of good." Working with delicate precision, the stripped-down doctor plunged into the Marine's stomach cavity. In the glare of hand-held flashlights, he carefully pried out the shell, handed it to the demolition expert, then sat down on the dirt floor and reached for a cigarette. As he puffed, he watched the mortar round being carried to a deserted bunker and exploded.

P.S. The Marine was patched up and is almost as good as new.

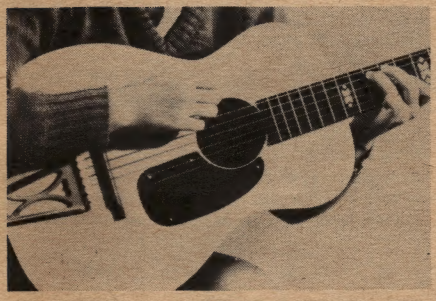
SEX WITHOUT FEAR – If it works out in Rio de Janeiro, it might well spread to every Lovers' Lane in the United States. So many guys had complained that they were being mugged, roughed-up, even panhandled while making it with a willing senorita, Rio police were assigned to patrol the outdoor love nests. Cops actually check all parks, all night long and, unless couples are really indulging in some way-out kind of sexual activity, they don't bother them at all – unless you count periodic flashlights being shined into your car a nuisance.

REDS' "PANTY LOTTERY" ORGY – They've developed a wildly swinging game on the other side of the Iron Curtain – in Sofia, Bulgaria. It started at college dormitories, but has spread like a prairie fire to all levels of Sofia's population. Here's how it works: A set number of girls are invited to a party. As each girl enters the apartment, she takes off her panties, signs her name on the backside with her lipstick, then drops them into a barrel next to the door. As soon as everyone is assembled, the men head for the barrel, dip in and pull out a set of silks. Reuniting the panties to the girl – whose name is clearly marked – the newly mixed-and-matched couple then leave for either his or her place for a night of all-out sex. A version of America's suburban "key" game, the "panty lottery" adds an exciting extra to the evening.



Secrets of teaching yourself music

You can learn any instrument in your home...in spare time



Teach *yourself* music? Yes, you can—and you'll be amazed how easy it is! Piano, guitar, accordion, saxophone—any popular instrument—you can teach yourself to play it *right away*. It's all possible thanks to the remarkable home-study Course offered to you now by the famous U.S. School of Music.

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Plays folk music–"I have finished college, and my ability to play the guitar really paid off there, especially since folk music has become so popular. I have played both as lead and accompanist guitarist." *Dwight Bullard—Concord, Ark.*

Friends are astonished–"Ever since I signed up for the Piano Course, I have been reaping happiness. My friends are astonished and my family happy. I will never forget the fun I've had." *Linda Kurtz—Airville, Pa.*

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Do you have instrument? ☐ Yes ☐ No
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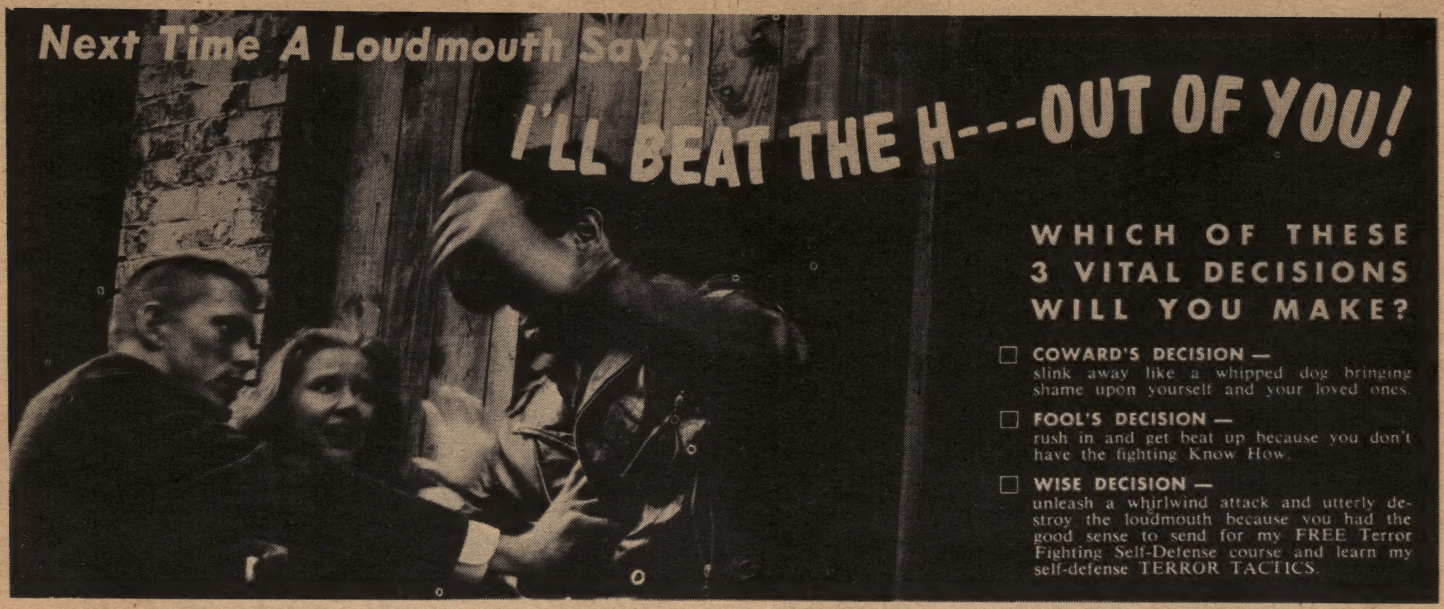
Next Time A Loudmouth Says:
I'LL BEAT THE H---OUT OF YOU!
WHICH OF THESE 3 VITAL DECISIONS WILL YOU MAKE?
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11:00 P.M. — An argument in a parking lot. A big, beefy wiseguy gets insulting and takes a swing at you. He's pretty sure of himself — sizes you up as a weak pushover who couldn't punch his way out of a paper bag. Your girl looks on, terrified that you'll be beaten up, maybe permanently injured. BUT . . .

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FREE! **FOR MEN WHO WANT TO BE FEARLESS — A NEW TERROR FIGHTING COURSE 10 TIMES MORE DEVASTATING AND EFFECTIVE THAN BOTH KARATE AND JUDO COMBINED — NOW YOURS — *FREE FOR THE ASKING!***

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I don't care if you're 15 or 50, Skinny, Fat or Undersize — If you've always been scared of your shadow — always 'chickened out' — never faced up to a fight in your life — got weak in the knees and ran — I PROMISE YOU THAT IN 24-HOURS I can give you the TERROR FIGHTING SECRETS that will turn you into a Fierce Human Arsenal of Fighting Power — giving you the cool confidence to walk through the toughest streets in late hours with the destructive force of a tiger stalking jungle paths — flattening and pulverizing in a split second with one jab of your finger any 200-lb. brute who is foolish enough to attack you — with one chop disarm any hood or break the strangle hold of any thief. No night-crawling thug will ever be dumb enough to break into your house nor any wise guy ever insult or lay hands on your loved ones or you — if he is still conscious after you've used the secrets that I am willing to send you FREE in this book. NEVER AGAIN FEAR ANY MAN—WIN WITH WEIDER.

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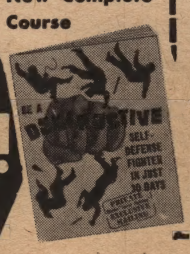

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JOE WEIDER, Trainer of Champions Dept. 64-80SD1
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Yes Joe; I never again want to be "Weak In The Knees" and "Chicken Out" when insulted and attacked. I need your self-defense secrets that you reveal in your free booklet "How To Be A Destructive Self-Defense Fighter In Days". I am enclosing 25-cents to help cover the cost and handling of the booklet which is guaranteed to do all you say or I can get my money back.

NAME ..... AGE .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....
☐ If under 15 yrs. of age parents must sign here .....

Last Minute Memo for Men

Dead heat in the virginity race.

Are natural gas cars 3 years away?

MEMO: RED CURTAIN

While we still are coughing up all that money for foreign aid, it's nice to know that CASTRO'S CUBA IS BLEEDING RUSSIA FOR ABOUT A MILLION BUCKS A DAY. KREMLIN LIKES TO CLAIM MONEY IS NEEDED TO FIGHT "AMERICAN IMPERIALISM" BUT IT'S REALLY BLACKMAIL MONEY TO KEEP CASTRO FROM SIDING WITH RED CHINA . . .

Despite the well-known prudish attitude of Kremlin leaders on the subject of sex, fact is there's little difference between American and Russian girl, BOTH LOSING THEIR VIRGINITY ABOUT THE AGE OF 16 or 17. IN RED CHINA A GIRL'S HAD IT AT 13 . . .

Reds at it again. Now claim they invented the cigarette. According to Russians, their soldiers passed cigarette habit along to English and French troops during the Crimean War. KICKER IS AT THE SAME TIME USSR PROPAGANDISTS KNOCK AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANIES FOR SPREADING CANCER . . .

Kremlin finding even threat of stiff prison sentences not helping to stop alcoholism in Russia. Newest tack is order to local police NOT TO ARREST THE AVERAGE DRUNK--BUT TO BEAT THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF HIM . . .

CAR MAN'S MEMO

Real reason so many cyclists are involved in highway accidents, say the shrinks, is not that they are basically dangerous drivers but that OTHER MOTORISTS SEEM TO SEE RED WHEN THEY SEE A CYCLE AND SUBCONSCIOUSLY WANT TO GIVE RIDER A HARD TIME . . .

In a recent survey, the only men rated MORE DISHONEST THAN MORTICIANS AND SALOON KEEPERS WERE AUTO DEALERS . . .

RUSSIA SO FAR BEHIND THE U.S. IN CAR PRODUCTION THEY ARE ONLY PRODUCING HALF THE HEAPS WE DID DURING THE WORLD WAR (THE FIRST ONE) . . .

Recent sale of Adolf Hitler's old limousine for $47,500 proves only that the Fuhrer isn't a really great one. THE REAL GREAT ONE--JACKIE GLEASON--SPORTS A MODEL THAT GOES FOR $20,000 MORE . . .

At least one of Detroit's Big Three seriously considering JUNKING ALL CONVERTIBLES. FANTASTIC PICKUP IN AIR-CONDITIONED MODELS THE REASON. CONVERTIBLES MAY BE NICE TO LOOK AT BUT THEY ARE DIRTIER, MORE TROUBLE . . .

First spot to check when buying a used car: RUSH ON MUFFLERS AND TAILPIPES. RUB ON THEM WELL BECAUSE MANY DEALERS USE POT-BELLY STOVE POLISH TO COAT THEM UP . . .

We're probably about three years away from natural-gas cars. Expectation is they can cut pollution by 90 percent. BIG DRAWBACK IS THAT GASOLINE JOBS HAVE MORE POWER, GET BETTER MILEAGE. BUT GOVT. STUDY SHOWS NATURAL GAS WILL COST 25 PERCENT LESS AND IS CLEANER-BURNING, SAVING ON MURDEROUS MAINTENANCE COSTS . . .

Reason some guys will only buy small, foreign 2-seaters is precedent set by court rulings that RAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE IN SUCH A CRAMPED VEHICLE UNLESS THE GIRL COOPERATES . . .

(Continued on page 48)

A High-Paid Hooker Tells How It Really Is

INSIDE LAS VEGAS' BEST JOY HOUSE

THE INTIMATE TAPE-RECORDED REVELATIONS OF THE NATION'S TOP CALL GIRL

by DAVID LLOYD

EXCERPT FROM a tape-recorded interview with Beverly Kimball:

First off, before we even start, I want to re-emphasize that you're not to use my real name, or anyone else's I might mention. And you'd better be vague as to the exact location of the house. Is that clear?

Clear.

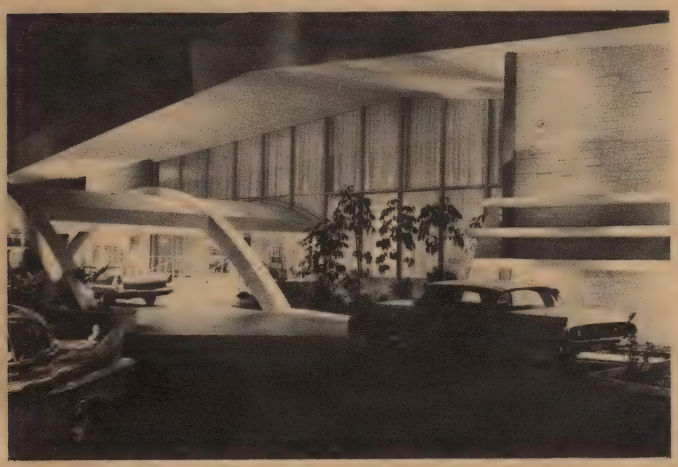
Good. Any particular place you want me to begin?

Well, you could explain how you came to open your establishment.

I guess you might say it all started back in Chicago. That's where I was born and lived all my life, up until about three years ago. I'd been on my own ever since I can remember; my father died before I was even born and my mother just walked out the door one day and never came back.

I was put in a home and I stayed there until I was sixteen. After that, it was just one crummy job after another . . . waiting on tables, sales clerk, bar hostess, stuff like that. Then when I was about, oh, say, eighteen or nineteen, a friend of mine showed me how to make more money in one night than I could serving tables in one week. After that I never did anything but hustle tricks.

When I was about twenty-three, I met this John.



The sleek appearance of "Bev's Place" (left) as seen by the arriving VIP, gives only a hint of the pleasures arrayed inside. The girls—like the one above preparing for the evening ahead—are chosen for beauty, breeding and discretion. They have to be, because the one thing Bev has to offer is a chance for the famous to relax.

BEST JOY HOUSE

Right off I liked him. He had class. And he had money. I can't tell you his name, but he owns one of the casinos in town. Anyway, I tumbled with him every time he came to Chicago, which was about once a month. It was always something special with him, I mean he turned me on and I did the same for him.

Then one night, after we'd gone at it for about an hour, he made me a proposition. Actually, it wasn't a proposition; he just said that he'd like to do something nice for me. I told him I wasn't greedy, that he'd always taken care of me just fine in the money department. And that's when he told me about his idea.

He took me back to Vegas with him, fixed me up with a place to live and went to work with a contractor on the plans for the "house." The whole thing was his baby, although I contributed a few ideas of my own, but when the place was all finished he turned the entire setup over to me.

The only time he's interfered since then was when some over-ambitious cop started snooping around. My benefactor took care of the trouble right away. I don't mean cement overshoes in the lake or anything like that. He just got very generous with his bankroll with the right people and nobody bothered me after that.

I've been in business for about two years now and as far as the dough is concerned, Mr. J. Paul Getty couldn't do a hell of a lot better . . .

In the photo above, Bev, herself, relaxes after the taping session is over. At her command is the most unusual sex-spa known, and at that not known to very many until now. When the sumptuous pleasure dome really begins to swing, the well-heeled VIPs have their choice of diversions: Wining with the rarest vintages, dining on the juiciest steaks or gaming at an in-house casino. Then, best of all, is the night-long session with one of Bev's beauties.

Las Vegas.

Shangri-la for gamblers. Gold mine for the Mob. Adult Disneyland for tourists. Something for everyone—providing you like to gamble, or drink or sleep with a $150-a-night "casino bunny." Actually—unless you like to do one or all of these things *all the time*—Las Vegas isn't for you, except for maybe a two- or three-day fling. Says a resident psychologist, Dr. Sidney Saltzman:

"A tourist who comes to Las Vegas is fulfilling the wish to regress. He allows himself to do the things his superego will not permit him to do in his own community. He leaves his responsibilities and his conscience at home and ventures into a taboo area—where, interestingly enough, those indlugences are not taboo because of local custom: 'When in Rome'—and attempts to recapture many of his infantile feelings of omnipotence. Actually, one might say that the city (as far as the tourist is concerned) is sexually sterile. Money has replaced sexuality."

But for a couple of days, anyway, there is enough in Las Vegas to hold a tourist's attention. If he's looking to make an easy buck, there are more than enough establishments eager to let him try. Downtown on Freemont Street, more popularly known as "Glitter Gulch," there is a two-block-long garish conglomeration of neon-lit casinos offering any form of gambling one could ask for: craps, roulette, blackjack, poker, chuck-a-luck, faro, keno, bingo, and, of course, thousands of slot machines.

And, for the much fuller wallets, there are eleven luxury hotel-casinos along the Strip, plush "carpet joints" like the Sands, the Flamingo and the Dunes.

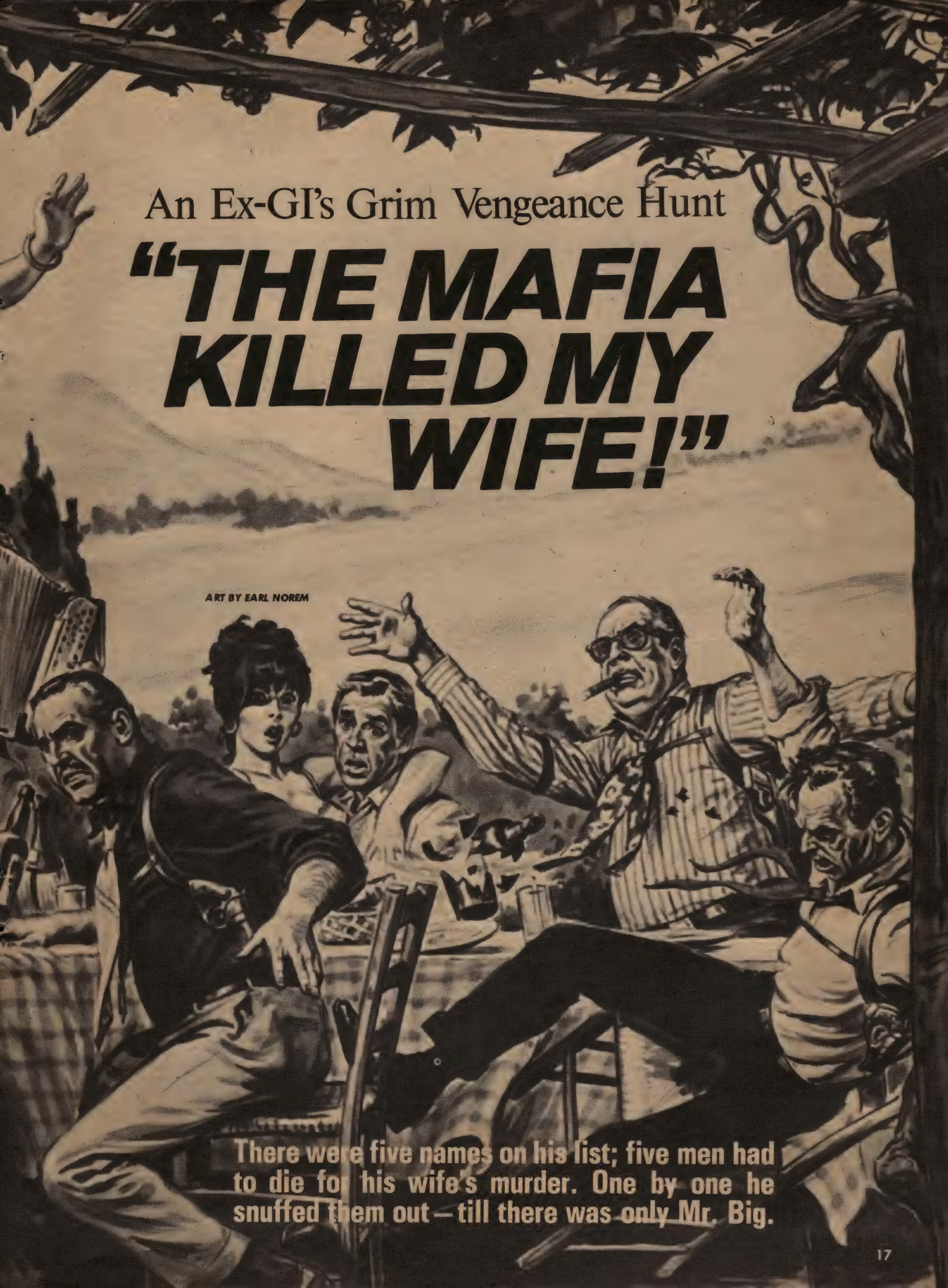
As stated before, Las Vegas is not noted for its sexual climate. It is no Tijuana. An overnight tumble, however, *is* available; there are countless numbers of casino girls, cocktail waitresses, go-go girls, starry-eyed starlets and even a handful of dyed-in-the wool hookers who are ready, willing and eager to share the sheets with any guy who can pay the tab. But the supply is *(Continued on page 78)*

ELECTRIFYING SUSPENSE BOOK BONUS

by LARRY EHRLICH

STEVE Gordon sat in darkness watching out the side bay window as two men crawled through the hedges toward his car parked in the driveway. It was three in the morning, but by the tiny overhead doorlight he could see that the two men were dragging a plump leather case along the ground with them. He watched as they crawled underneath his car and stayed there. Suddenly the hood of the car rose spookily. One of the men had raised it from the inside, his hand behind the motor.

Gordon knew that the two men were wiring dynamite to the ignition of his car so that when he started it up the next morning he would be blown to pieces. He smiled grimly. Well, the old Syndicate must be pleased with itself on finally having identified and tracked him down. But he himself had given *(Continued on page 123)*



An Ex-GI's Grim Vengeance Hunt

"THE MAFIA KILLED MY WIFE!"

ART BY EARL NOREM

There were five names on his list; five men had to die for his wife's murder. One by one he snuffed them out—till there was only Mr. Big.

Reduced Benefits... Third-Rate Jobs... Greedy Landlords...

HOW WE'RE OUR VIET

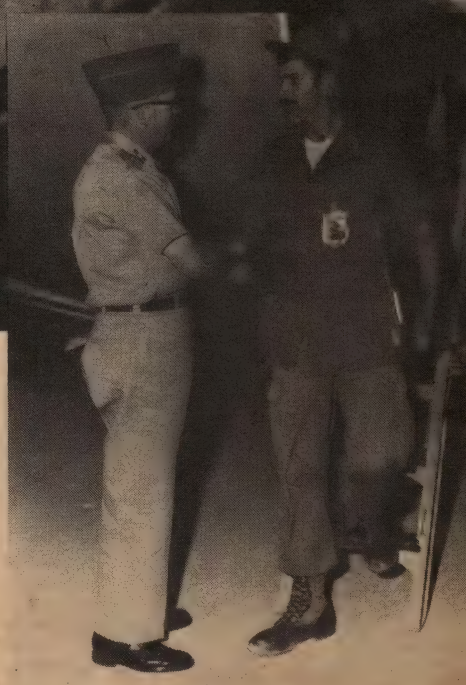
TEN THOUSAND people, all ages, sexes, varieties are standing on the quay wall near the embarcadero in San Francisco. They are animated and talking excitedly to each other, waiting for their sons, husbands, fathers to embark from the troop ship carrying 4,000 combat-weary GIs straight from battle in Vietnam. Some banners wave—one reads "Hamilton and Peters—here are your families." Little do they know that this 22-year-old GI will arrive today on crutches, his left leg shattered just below the kneecap. After the reunion and a night's rest, Hamilton's first appointment will be at the hospital where he will be fitted for a prosthetic limb.

There are thousands of men like Hamilton—in fact 75,000 men have returned to the United States under the Nixon administration and according to a planned

by GUTHRIE STOKES

SHAFTING WAR VETS

It's bad enough they have to fight and die in foreign jungles—must we make them 2nd class citizens here at home?



At Forbes AF Base, returning GIs are welcomed to hardship by Major General Linton S. Boatwright.

timetable, all of our troops will be recalled in the fairly near future. What happens to these men when they get back to the U.S.? They have to find jobs, housing, and in general, adjust to a changing society. Yet we are almost totally unprepared to meet the needs of our returning veterans. The battles they faced in Vietnam are in many cases only the beginning of the struggle that now confronts them.

Although there have been increases in veteran's benefits over the past three years, because of the rising cost of living these token raises have been almost nullified. As unemployment and inflation grow, it becomes more and more difficult to solve the very real problems the Vietnam veteran has to face. And for the disabled veteran the problems are tenfold.

The GI in the wheelchair, like any number of other Vietnam veterans before him, has learned that the remoteness and unpopularity of the war is reflected in the way he is treated. These returning veterans aren't asking for much more than the opportunity to pick up their lives where they were interrupted by the war. As one GI put it: "The only real benefit I got was coming back in one piece. After seeing some of the others, I guess I am pretty lucky."

There have been no brass bands, no parades when the troops have drifted home to begin civilian life again. The returned combat veteran, who faced enemy ambushes in the muddy, insect-infested jungles, is just another vagrant to be gouged by his landlord, put off by his employer, and largely ignored by his neighbors. He must pick up the bits and pieces to try and reconstruct his life. *(Continued on page 88)*

Gorth was screaming as I pulled him in, his eyes riveted on the gaping maw of the shark slashing toward him.

For 43 days and nights we drifted—storm-tossed, sun-seared, until we tore at each other like ravening beasts for the right to live.

"HE SURVIVED THE GULF OF THE DAMNED"

by SAM HAWKINS
as told to MARIO CLERI

ART BY MORT KUNSTLER

I WAS lying on my bunk when the *Frederick* broke in half. The raging storm had been tossing the freighter all over the Atlantic Ocean, making it impossible to sleep. So when I heard this tremendous roar I thought the munitions we were carrying had exploded. I ran up on deck, and right before my eyes the ship was splitting into two halves.

The crew and ship's officers were pouring up from below decks. When they saw what was happening they got to work unstrapping the life rafts and lowering the lifeboats and power launches. The ship hadn't broken completely apart yet. The captain saw me heading below and roared, "Hawkins, where the hell do you think you're going? This ship won't stay afloat another ten minutes!"

The howling wind blew his words away so that I could barely hear them. I yelled back, "The prisoner, I have to go back down and get the prisoner."

The captain waved furiously for me to get back to the escape craft. I brushed past

GULF OF THE DAMNED

him and ran down below to the locked cabin that was serving as the ship's brig for the brawling, trouble-making ex-crewmate I had been ordered to guard. I unbolted the door and kicked it in. Gorth was waiting; his huge form filling the center of the room.

"What the hell happened?" he growled. "That sounded like a damn torpedo."

"The ship is breaking up in the storm," I said curtly. "Get the hell out of here and go topside. Get on one of those boats or life rafts. But I want you in the same one as I'm in. Understand? You're still my prisoner."

Gorth started past me, whirled, and smashed his huge right hand to the side of my head. The blow stunned me, sent me sprawling to the floor of the cabin. Gorth ran into the corridor and disappeared topside.

I couldn't get up for at least two minutes, mostly

The photograph above was taken of the author bathing off the side of the freighter in port, shortly before the Frederick began the last voyage she would ever make.

Practicing lifeboat drills was a normal part of ship's routine, but all the training proved useless in a high sea that capsized the dories, drowning all men aboard.

The tanker below, rusting on the rocks along a deserted coast, was much luckier than the Frederick—only one mile off shore when the storm hit—not a hand was lost.

from the punch but a little from surprise. I knew Jack Gorth was more than slightly crazy but I never thought he was crazy enough to try to escape in the middle of a hurricane with the ship breaking up under us. Where the hell did he think he was going to escape to?

I staggered out of the cabin and down the corridor. It was like walking in one of those crazy tilted houses in Coney Island. Finally I made it up the iron stairs to the deck. And I saw that I was really out of luck.

The freighter had broken completely apart and I was on the foreward half. Everybody had already abandoned ship. They were all clinging to the rafts, lifeboats, or the red power launches, and they were being tossed high into the air by the hurricane-whipped seas which were racing them quickly away. The only one left aboard beside myself was Jack Gorth. He had been too late to get into a raft or boat and now he was holding tight to the deck railing. Seeing me come toward him, he went into a crouch. I yelled at him, "Are you nuts? All bets are off until this storm is over. We're going to drown on this ship anyway. Take it easy."

Gorth relaxed. As for myself, seeing that nothing could be done, I decided to check the captain's cabin. The half-ship was miraculously staying afloat, probably due to its separate watertight compartments. But I knew that couldn't last indefinitely, especially if the storm kept on.

The captain's cabin looked as if a cyclone had hit it. The captain and his purser had obviously swept up all their important papers to take with them in the launch. A wall safe hung open. They hadn't had time to close it. They'd just had seconds to make the launch.

Bottles of Spanish brandy were wedged into the springs of the captain's bunk. Gorth made a beeline for them and I didn't stop him. We sat there together in that room waiting for the storm to take us and our hulk to the buttom of the ocean. Since there was nothing else to do, we just drank ourselves unconscious.

I was the first one to come to. At first I thought the ship was still being tossed around by the hurricane waves. But then I realized it was just my alcoholic head that was reeling, not the physical world. The storm was over. Our half a ship was still afloat. I left the captain's cabin and went out on deck.

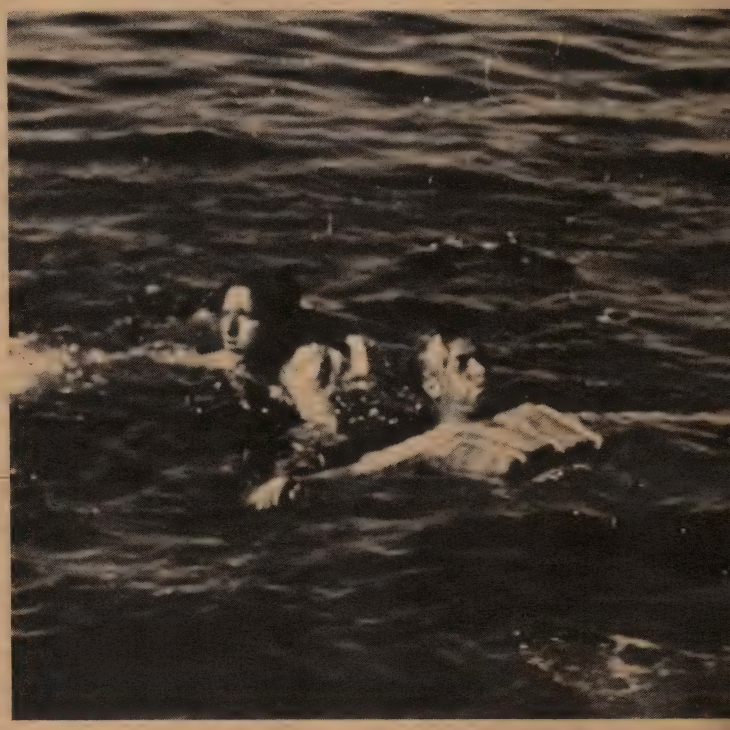
The ocean had turned from a black howling hell into a sheet of blue glass. There was no trace of the other half of the ship nor the small boats and rafts in which the crew had escaped. There was no sign of the men themselves. I realized that they must have been swamped by the storm and drowned. Gorth and I had been lucky not to have made it in time to get into one of the life boats. But who would have thought our remaining wreckage of the ship would stay afloat?

Gorth had come up on deck now. His voice was hoarse with sleep and booze and an inborn ill-nature. "What the hell do we do now," he asked, "walk across the water?"

I had spotted a small speck being washed toward us by the wind and waves. It was coming nearer and nearer. Then I saw it was one of the larger life rafts floating upside down, overturned by the storm but still afloat. "That's our only hope," I told Gorth. "This tub has to sink soon. We have to get that raft."

We watched as the raft bobbed closer and closer until finally it drifted right up against the side of our hulk. I grabbed a deck rope and climbed down it to hitch the raft alongside. Then Gorth and I used other ropes so that we could turn the raft over in the water.

"OK," I said to Gorth, "hop down to the QM stores and see if there are any survival kits left. They have water and food and first aid packages in them. Meanwhile I'll check out the raft."



When the dehydration, boils and ulcerating sores became too much Hawkins and Gorth would jump overboard to let the sea cool their feverish bodies. But it didn't help.

Gorth said in that nasty growl of his, "Why the hell don't you go down and get the stuff?"

I drew the small automatic I wore in a pocket holster. "Because I want you to go," I said. He went.

I checked the life raft for seaworthiness and it was in good shape. The only thing was, I figured the nearest land to be at least 800 miles away on the African coast.

Gorth was piling up food and water canisters on the deck and I put them into the life raft. No sweat, I thought, we're sure to get picked up. We'll make this easy. I was never so wrong in my life.

The half-freighter beneath our feet gave a tremendous lurch. It seemed to rear up out of the water like a harpooned monster. The watertight compartments had finally collapsed and the hull started sinking beneath our feet. I had just enough time to unhitch the life raft from the railing so it wouldn't go down and then I was in the water swimming for my life.

(Continued on page 68)

A YANK SPY'S INCREDIBLE SEX PLOT

"BLOW UP THE NAZI TERROR-BOMB DEPOT"

THE moon darkened and shone again and watched him. It was an eye watching him.

There was pain in the organism but not enough to limit movement. He was on one elbow looking across at her face, not recognizing it. Information came flooding in so fast that the receptor areas couldn't cope with it. Then there was an implosion of random images and within a millisecond the whole scene was formed and took on significance: she was sitting hunched in a chair near the bed where he lay.

"Who are you?" He said it in German.

She told him her name but paramnesia is odd: recognition is present but recall can't just be switched on like that. The name meant nothing when she said it.

A young face with amethyst eyes, a bewildered mouth. All her attention was on him. *(Continued on page 112)*

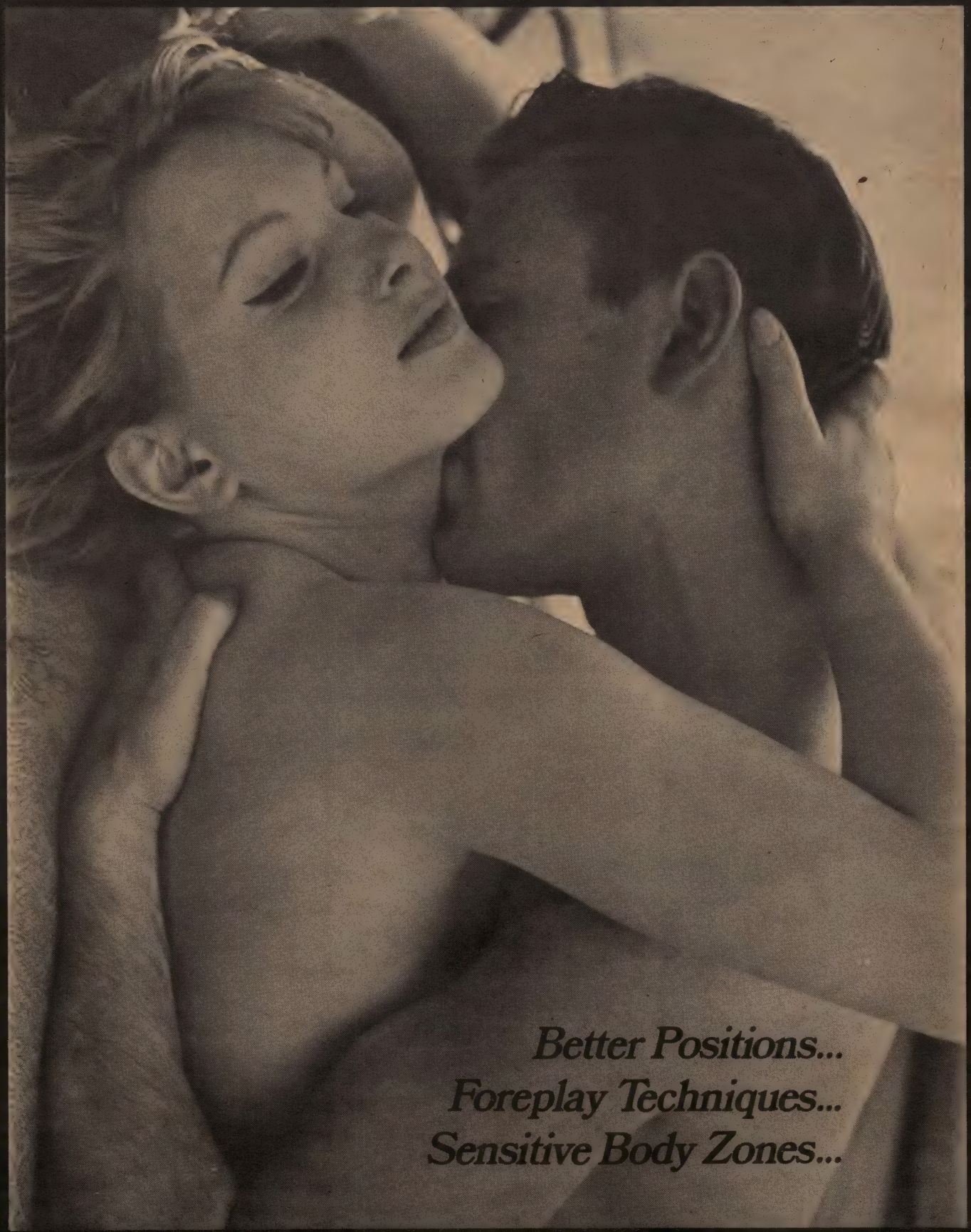
by EARLE ROBERTS

ART BY GIL COHEN

He picked Vera up in a lightning-quick motion and they swung across the lab, barely missing the deadly jet exhaust.

Hitler's fiendish buzz-bombs were decimating London. It was a madman's do-or-die attempt to divert the Allied D-Day forces to Calais and destruction.

Sure·Fire Guide From The Experts Uncovers



Better Positions...
Foreplay Techniques...
Sensitive Body Zones...

Woman's Most Carefully Guarded Secret·

THE FEMALE SEX URGE

"DOCTOR," RALPH W. said, "even when I ply this dame with liquor she won't be any good. She's the same prude as ever. It's all her fault that this marriage is going on the rocks! How long can any man go on being married to a block of ice?"

Ralph's wife didn't take kindly to his remarks. She whacked him hard with her pocketbook and stormed out of the marriage counselor's office.

The counselor was just as happy. He now knew what the problem was and what to do about it.

Ralph had mistakenly fallen for the old fallacy about alcohol and sex. He'd really come to believe that was one sure way to achieve wild female response—get them so drunk that they'll agree to do anything. It's a method that can work, but in so few cases that it isn't even worth the price of the booze for a man working on what is just sheer "speculation."

A mild amount of alcohol, perhaps just one or two cocktails—or better yet, just a glass of wine—under the garter belt may produce the warm glow that will signal all will go well that evening. However, most men operate under the principle that if a little bit of booze will go a long way, a flood of the stuff will bring forth a deluge of affection.

That's where the trouble comes in. Alcohol isn't a stimulant; it's a depressant. Give a woman enough and you'll end up dulling her physical responses, even sexually incapacitating her at least to the extent that her senses and desires are blunted.

(Continued on page 86)

by JACK STEWART

10 Sure Ways To Unlock It

'I TRACKED
THE
TIGER

When he crept into camp to slaughter my dogs he was letting me know it was hunt or be hunted—with death for the loser.

by MARK KENNEDY

Photo above shows author Mark Kennedy with one of the many kills that built his reputation as one of the top professional hunters in the world. Below is the only photo ever taken of the "Killer of Darjpur". It was caught by an unfortunate couple picnicking near the jungle, who apparently snapped the shutter moments before the cat attacked. Both were killed. Photo was later found.

IT HAPPENED so fast all our carefully laid professional-hunter plans were scattered in roaring confusion. After four days of tracking the killer tiger of Darjpur we were camped under the towering skylines of the Kangachunja and Motombe ranges. Three of us were sleeping: Yasmin, Abdul and myself. Only Karage, our Nagu guide, was on guard and even his keen senses failed to detect the soft fall of the killer's big pads.

Our 60-pound Afghan tracking dogs, bushed from an all day pursuit, lay tied to a post. The fire had died down and the glowing embers threw a vague light into the jungle darkness.

The cat bounced in like a striped thunderbolt. Our dogs tugged at their leashes, and yelped with terror. The cat hit them, tore at their flesh with massive claws.

Karage yelled a warning. He tried to get a shot at the darting beast.

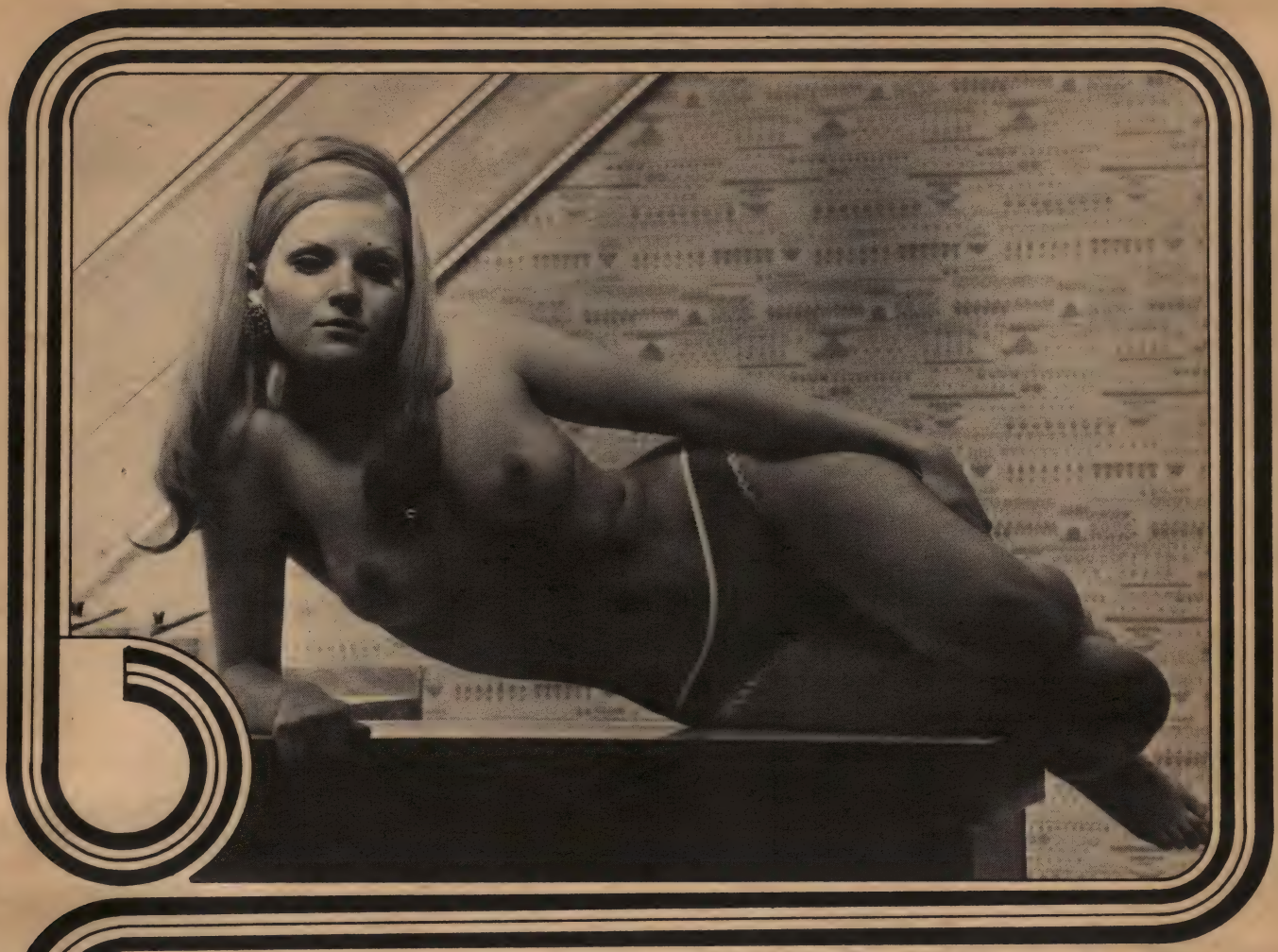
Abdul and I grabbed for our rifles and bolted from our open-sided tent.

The musky smell of the tiger choked our nostrils. I called to Karage, but got no

(Continued on page 82)

THAT TERRORIZED 1000 MILES OF INDIA!'

Helga is a Homebody

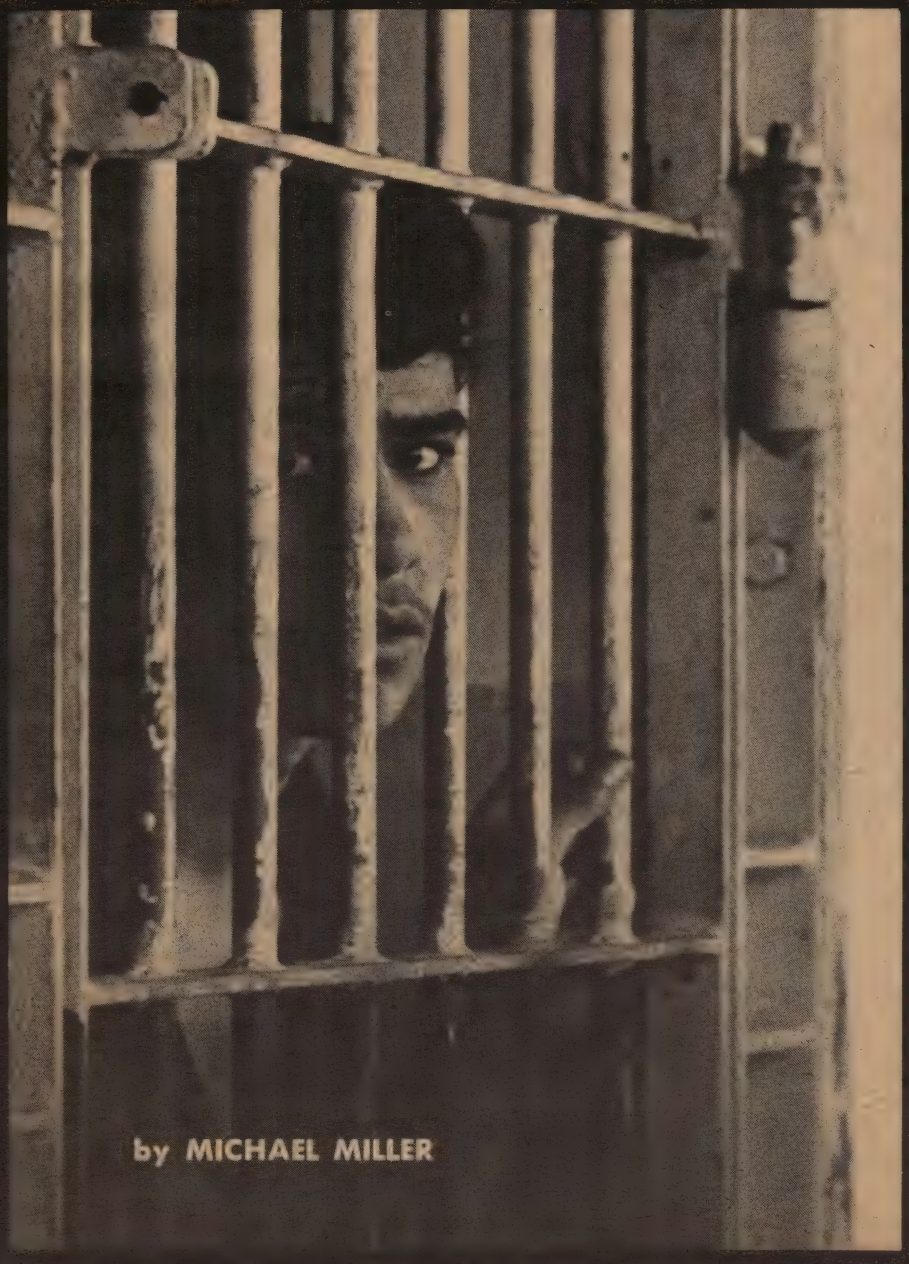


Helga's a girl who stays at home and plays at home with entertaining one of her strong points. Occasionally she gives parties for small groups of close friends and when she does it's a spread. But her favorite fete is a dinner for two—our bid is already in.

Helga

GUILTY UNTIL PROVEN INNOCENT

N.Y.'s "Bridge of Sighs" leads from Criminal Courts Bldg. to The Tombs.



by MICHAEL MILLER

Rotting behind bars in filthy detention houses, most prisoners have committed no crime. They are just unable to pay minor fines.

THERE were four of them in the jail cell, and they were methodically working their victim over with grim satisfaction. As one huge thug held the man, the rest used their fists, feet, and a sawed-off broomstick, smashing the man in the areas that would cause the greatest pain. First they worked on his face, their blows going to the nose and eyes.

"Help! My God, help," Frank Phelps cried. "Guards! Help!" His screams dwindled to gurgles as one of the men punched him in the mouth and blood filled his throat. Then the others begin to work on his body, driving their fists into all the vital areas. Phelps' body jerked and quivered under the impact. One of them used the broomstick across his knee caps.

"The only help you're going to get is when they bury you," the man with the broomstick raged. Then he hit Frank again and again while the other inmates crowded outside the cell, enjoying the spectacle. "Kill the bastard," some of them shouted.

Phelps could no longer feel pain. They are going to kill me because

5-MILLION AMERICANS ARE VICTIMS OF DETENTION HORROR HOUSES

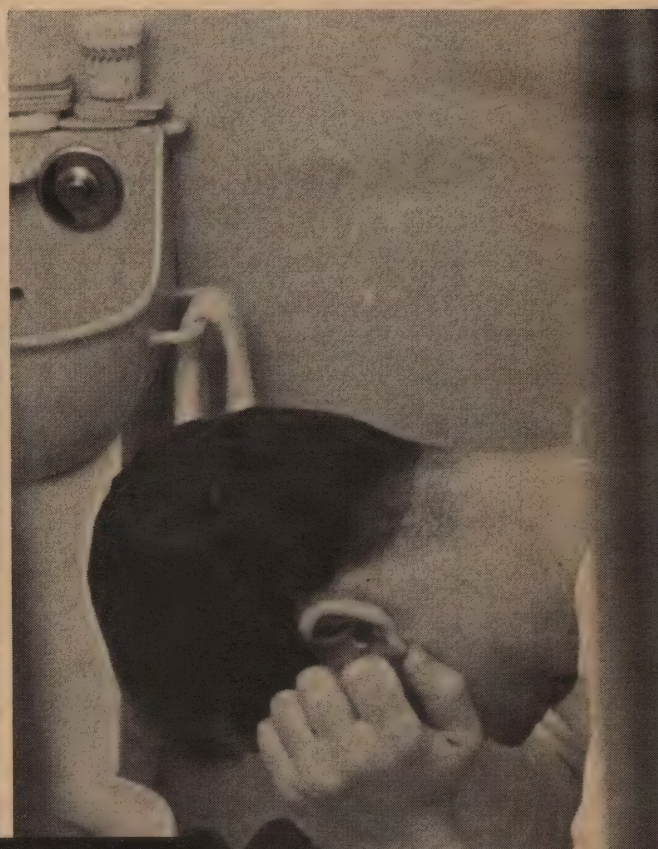
GUILTY UNTIL PROVEN INNOCENT

I'm not the animals they are, he thought; because I wouldn't pay their filthy protection money or stand by when they molested some young kid. They are animals . . . . mindless beasts he thought as he slipped into unconsciousness.

Down at the end of the cell tier, several guards watched, then turned away and climbed to a lower level. They knew better than to interfere with prison "justice."

The prisoners continued to beat the unconscious body until they got bored and decided to look for another diversion. Later—much later—some guards "discovered" Phelps' battered body and removed it to the infirmary and then to the county hospital where

Many states like the one that "boasts" the country jail at left, below, do not even have proper detention houses. They use the county facilities to hold prisoners, throwing the innocent together with the convicted. Photo at right and below, shows despair felt by innocent inmates deprived of dignity, clothes, communication with the world.



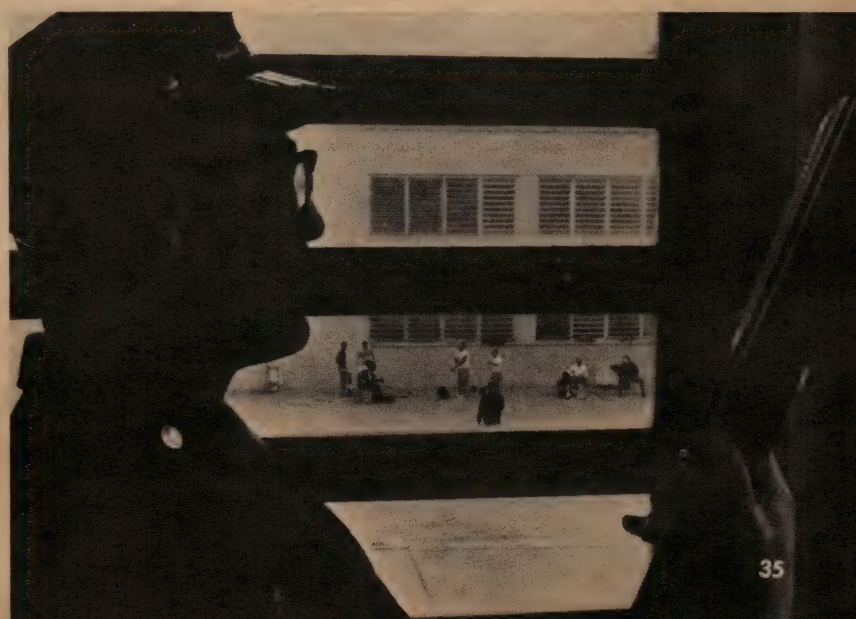
Most facilities housing men awaiting trial have already been discarded by correction officials because they were unfit as jails for convicts.

it took him weeks to recover. Fortunately, no permanent injuries were sustained . . . in this case. But the real horror in this story lies in the events immediately preceeding.

It was the start of a fine-looking day and Frank Phelps felt good as he drove along the wide northern California freeway. He had been transfered by his company to the San Francisco bay area with a promotion and an increase in pay. He and his wife had been fortunate enough to find a nice house in Oakland near a school for their six-year-old son, Patrick. But this weekend was something special. His wife had gone to visit her mother in Arizona, and she had taken Patrick with her. Five days of bachelorhood stood in front of Frank—in a town he had lived in for less than two months. This called for a certain amount of high spirits, and that was exactly the condition Frank was in. Not even the thought that he was on his way to take care of an over-due traffic citation was enough to dampen his spirits.

Frank pulled into the municipal parking lot opposite the Town Hall of Mendacino, which housed the traffic court. The attendant stamped the parking ticket and asked him if he intended to stay long. "No," Frank replied, "I should be back in less than an hour." Frank climbed the steps of the Town Hall, passed through the glass doors and walked up to the girl at the information desk. She (*Continued on page 60*)

Because of recent Vietnam and racial demonstrations, many of those incarcerated in detention houses are college students who may or may not have been involved in riot action. Guilty or not, when they get out it is with prison records to haunt them in the future and, in many cases, after having been sexually molested and abused by guards.



by CARL SHERMAN

As the second tree fell, neatly cutting off any retreat, the Mogei unleashed a deadly barrage of spears.

Amazing Jungle Trek Discovery

ART BY SAMSON POLLEN

SEDUCTION VILLAGE OF STONE AGE SHE-DEVILS

No chance of escape, they were trapped in a land where an unknown disease drove women to orgiastic frenzies of slaughter and sex.

AUSTRALIAN PATROL officers in Marienberg had warned Edward J. Rockwell about the hostile Stone Age Mogei of the remote New Guinea highlands. Still, the encounter with the bizarre, little-known tribe was unexpected.

It occurred one morning last July, near the headwaters of the Yuat River (a tributary of the Sepik), which twists between the Central and the Bismarck Ranges toward the border of Papua.

With Otto Liphold, a Marienberg-born Hollander for a guide, Rockwell, a biochemist, was searching for rare botanicals for research and development by a U.S. pharmaceutical firm. They were traveling upstream. Liphold, with two

(Continued on next page)

STONE AGE SHE-DEVILS

In honor of the "Meri-Kanis" as the Mogei called Rockwell and Liphold, a "goro-goro" tribal dance was held.

As in most primitive tribes, the Mogei women mature early reaching a peak of striking beauty in their late teens.

wiry Sepik paddlers, was in the lead canoe as usual. Rockwell's canoe, also paddled by two Sepik River boys, trailed by twenty yards.

Rockwell, seated admidships, was watching a flight of colorful sicklebills when suddenly a tall borassus palm crashed astern. The tree fell across the iodine-dark waterway, blocking it.

Any doubt about whether the tree had been deliberately felled to cut off retreat, or not, was immediately dispelled by the behavior of Rockwell's paddlers.

"Mogei!" screamed the one in the bow.

"Kuru nunk—the Kuru people!" yelled the stern paddler.

There were two splashes as the pair dived into the water almost simultaneously and swam frantically for the river bank.

"Mogei! Kuru nunk!"

The cries came from Liphold's canoe. Rockwell saw the other two Sepik paddlers hit the water and swim for it.

The Hollander was working his way toward the bow. A big, broad-shouldered man, he moved quickly despite his 230 pounds. Grabbing an abandoned paddle, he reversed his position and began paddling back toward Rockwell.

As he drew closer, Rockwell shouted to him, "What's going on?"

The answer came in the form of another crashing tree. This one fell across the stream where Liphold's canoe had been a moment before. Both canoes were now neatly trapped.

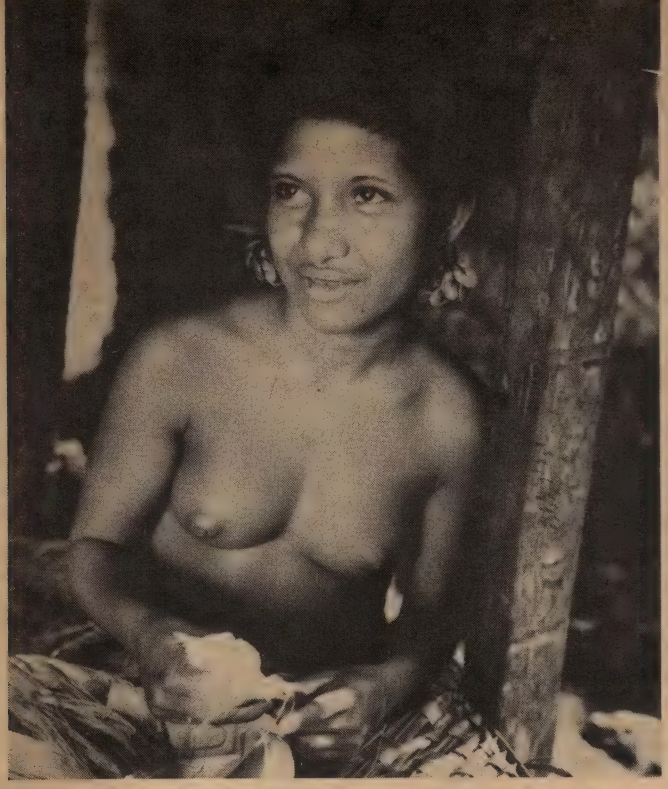
Pulling up beside Rockwell, Liphold pointed angrily toward the bank. "The devils were waiting for us!"

Mogei warriors were emerging from among the trees. Hair in ringlets greased with pig fat and tipped with honey buzzard quills dangled over soot-smeared foreheads. Muscular, breech-clouted bodies were daubed with clay. They carried a deadly assortment of stone axes and heavy wooden clubs, long bamboo spears and double-edged knives fashioned from split bamboo.

There were about a dozen of them. Nightmarish-looking, they rushed toward the bank of the stream, shouting, waving their weapons. The four Sepiks were so terrified they were slow to react. By the time they turned to flee, the Mogeis were swarming around them.

Rockwell, sick with horror, watched the massacre

Among these aborigines of the New Guinea highlands, promiscuity doesn't exist since they have no sexual taboos.



Rockwell, a biochemist, discovered the secret of the potion that Mogeis use to limit the number of their young.

from midstream. There was nothing that he or Liphold could do to stop it. They had only one firearm, a Colt Woodsman .22 automatic pistol Liphold gripped in his big hand.

The Mogeis killed three of the Sepiks quickly, smashing their heads with axes and clubs. The fourth somehow managed to dodge the initial attack. He ran toward the trees, three of the Mogeis after him. The pursuers were armed with eight-foot spears. One of them overtook the Sepik and brought him down with a spear thrust between the shoulder blades.

Rockwell broke a machete out of the camp gear. He asked Liphold, "Think they'll swim out and attack us?"

"Can't tell. You know how superstitious highland natives are about white men. Maybe these devils are afraid of us and will just go away. Maybe they'll wait until dark and try to take us by surprise."

There was nothing to do but sweat it out and wait for the Mogeis to make the next move.

For the time being, the warriors appeared to ignore them, focusing their interest on their four dead victims. They squatted about the severed heads of the Sepiks.

"They're making maneowe—scooping out the brains and eating 'em raw," Liphold explained. "They think that'll make them smarter."

Rockwell looked away from the grisly sight. Ed Rockwell wasn't exactly a newcomer to New Guinea, and he knew that some of the hinterland tribes still practiced cannibalism, that others made maneowe. But in two previous collecting trips to the interior—one along the Ramu River, the other to the head-hunting region northeast of Kanganaman—he had seen no sign of either of these savage customs. He had almost begun to believe that they were no longer practiced. Now he knew differently.

Liphold lashed the two canoes together, side by side. He warned Rockwell not *(Continued on page 100)*

Although they were virtually prisoners and never really completely safe, Liphold and Rockwell were allowed the privilege of watching some rarely seen ceremonies. For the tribal burial above and below, however, they were banished. Rockwell got these pix with a telephoto lens.

by AL SHEY

They bilk the public out of millions a year and their con-game won't stop until there are more enforceable laws to protect buyers from phoney guarantees, quick engine switches and "reconditioned" interiors, as well as countless other ruses pulled by today's used-car pirates. Here's some expert advice that may help keep you from becoming their next prize-patsy....

THIS YEAR'S WORST

THE SIGN read "BEST BUY USED CARS" and Bill Sturdivant drove up onto the gravel of the lot. He got out of the car, heard a screen door slam and saw a sandy haired, thirtyish-looking man coming down the steps of a weathered shack set in the rear of the lot. The man had a polite smile on his face.

"Good morning, sir. Can I help you?"

"Yes, you can," Bill said. "I'm looking for something around '66 or '67. Something that will carry five or six people and has decent luggage space."

"Did you have any special make in mind? the salesman asked him.

"No. Not really. Nothing too expensive. Maybe a Pontiac or a Buick?"

The salesman nodded slowly. "Well, let's look around and see whether we have anything you like."

They wandered around the lot for almost 45 minutes examining different cars as the salesman pointed out the good and bad points of each model. The more the man talked, the more Bill was impressed with his honesty. He began to feel certain this was the right place to get his car. But he just hadn't seen anything he liked. As they started down the last row of cars, the salesman stopped in front of a rich-looking, burgundy Thunderbird.

"Too bad you're not in the market for a T-Bird. I could give you a real deal on this one. I haven't looked it over real close but the manager tells me it's a honey. We just got it in last week from a Cadillac dealer who took it in trade on an Eldorado. He says the (*Continued on page 51*)

USED CAR SALES GYPS

THE NEIGHBOR LOVER

by ALEX AUSTIN
ART BY CHARLES COPELAND

PETE OWENS could always tell when there would be a bad night ten minutes after he walked in the front door. He used to kid himself about this gift. "I should have been a bird dog," he'd tell himself.

It didn't take him five minutes to pick up the scent this night. When his wife, Barbara, gave him a cool, quick kiss in the foyer, he knew it would be only a matter of time before the trouble started.

She returned to the kitchen. He hung up his jacket, removed his tie, and fixed himself a bourbon on the rocks.

It began with dessert, just after she set a piece of cherry pie and his coffee down in front of him.

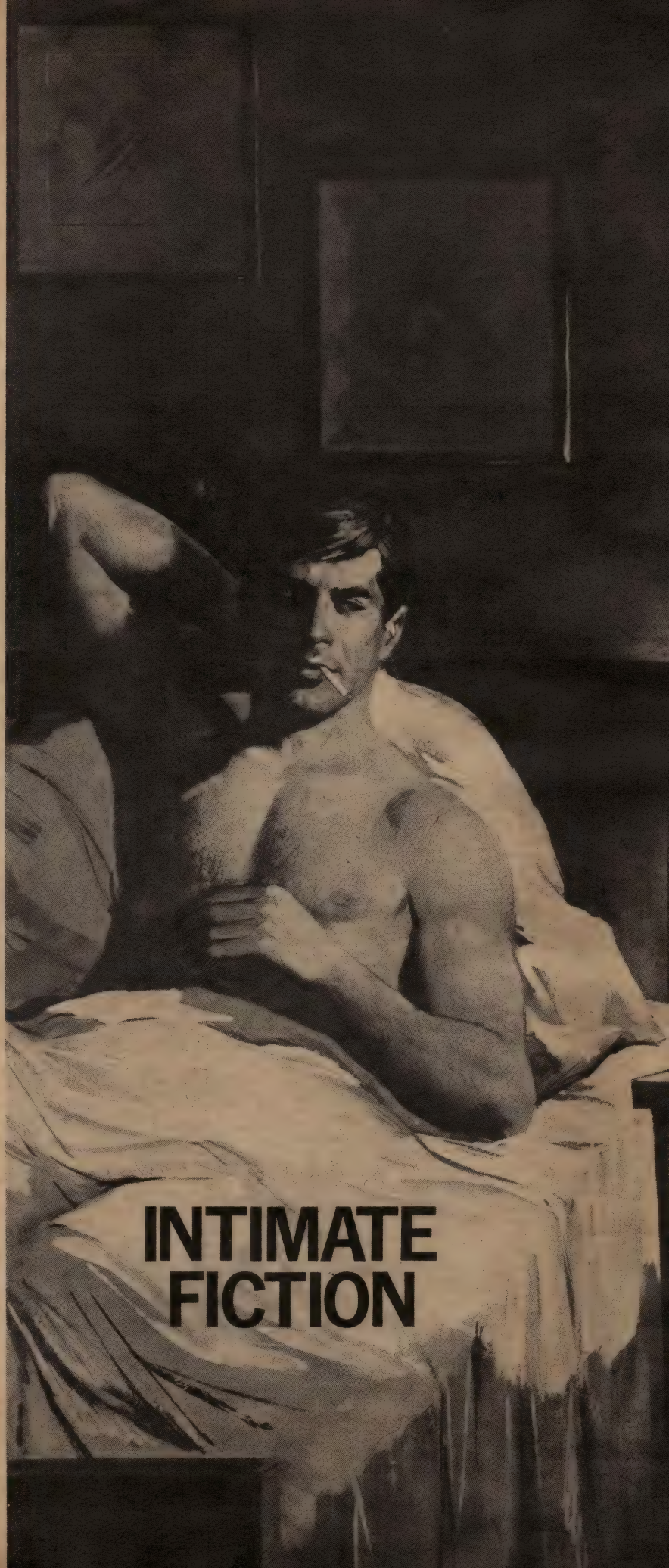
"I had tea this afternoon with Ginny," Barbara said.

Pete sipped at his coffee as his wife went on with some trivia the two women had talked about.

Ginny Lomax was their next door neighbor. She and her husband Ezra were the couple everyone else in the neighborhood had to keep up with.

Pete Owens was an electrician who made enough to keep his wife and their five-year-old son comfortably in their small suburban house. Ezra Lomax was a ladies' garments salesman who made just enough more than Pete to be able to show it—in the car he bought, the clothes his wife wore, the stereo set-up in his playroom and a variety of other luxury items. None of this bothered Pete, but it did bother Barbara.

In the *(Continued on page 92)*



INTIMATE FICTION

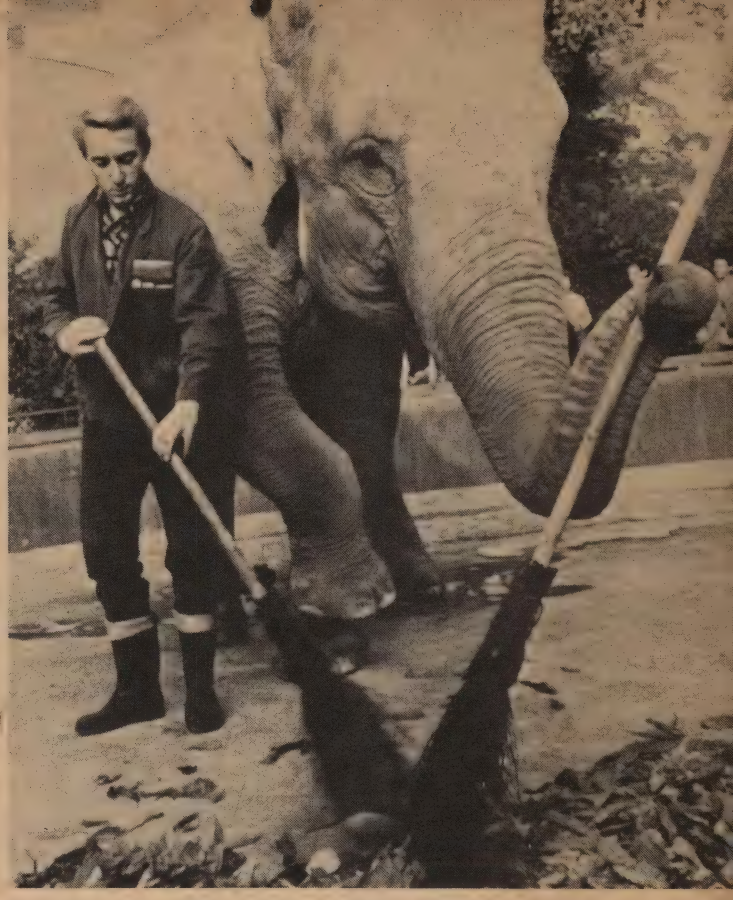
Keeping up with the Jones' was an easier game than it looked, especially when the smoldering redhead next door threw out the whole book of rules.

PHOTOS OF THE MONTH

The editors of For Men Only have selected the most unusual and exciting photos that were sent in by top cameramen around the world.

It's back to the old grind for Sacramento club dancer Suzanne Haines after being cleared of "lewd and indecent exposure" charges by a sympathetic jury of her peers. Watching her act is fellow defendant and Pink Pussy Kat manager, Len Glancy.

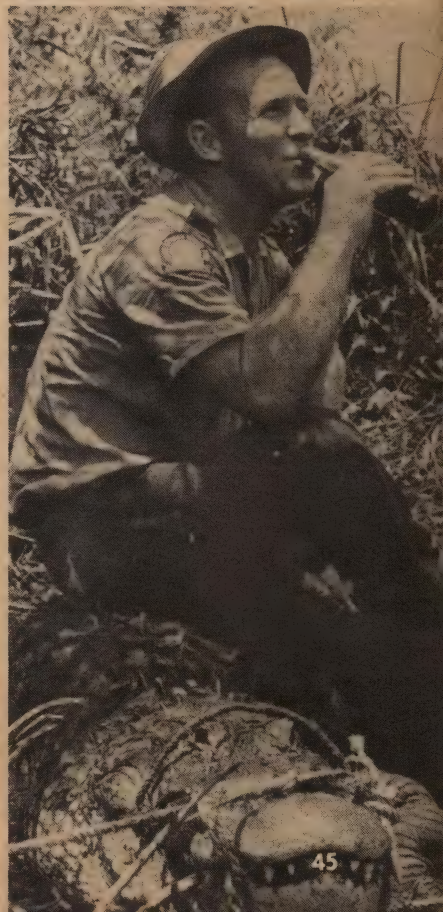
The pie-throwing brouhaha out front was conceived as a "fun event at San Francisco's Film Festival, but police weren't amused—they broke it up.



Lending a helping "trunk" to her keeper a 15-year-old elephant, seen here, is being very busy with a big broom. We don't know if it was her idea or a bribe with a bale of hay.

A competitor in the transatlantic air race checks personal papers after his light plane crashed in a farmfield near Lykens, Pa. The pilot was refused clearance by officials to leave for England because of faulty radio and fuel equipment and was returning to base. He escaped unhurt.

After capturing this 14-foot live alligator, the hunter rests with a soda using gator for a seat.



NIGHTMARE JOURNEY

TO THE FORBIDDEN RIVER OF GOLD

by CHARLES LASSETER

DO you know what it feels like to look into a river and see flakes of pure gold smiling at you from every ripple? And to know that all you've got to do is take a pan and wash the stuff out and grow richer by the hour?

Well, I do. And I'm just glad to be alive to tell you about it.

That river is no fantasy. It really exists—and so do about half a dozen others like it. I'll even give you their exact geographical location, if you'd like to go hunting for gold.

A lot of very tough men have tried to take the gold from those rivers—and not a single one succeeded. Most of them, in fact, never came back.

(Continued on page 105)

Map above shows the area into which Author Lasseter, Roy Blatt and Steve Milford flew in search of Auca's gold.

Many explorers have tried to pan the Rio Payamino, but none have succeeded. Most have simply never come back.

3 YANK TREASURE HUNTERS LOOT A FORTUNE FROM A HEADHUNTERS DOMAIN

Numbering no more than 3000 now, the savage Auca tribesmen started killing invaders in 1600 and haven't stopped yet.

Last Minute Memo for Men

The GI learns his trade—killing.

The cop's nose knows.

(Continued from page 11)

MEMO: MEN AT WAR

Now generally agreed by the military brains, a soldier really becomes a FIGHTING MAN AFTER THREE MONTHS OF COMBAT. Before that he's just learning how to stay alive, then HE DEVELOPS HIS KILLER INSTINCT . . .

Biggest bait to be included for the no-draft Army will be making furloughs automatic and passes a must despite a C.O.'s whim. AN OFFICER WILL HAVE TO HAVE A DAMNED GOOD EXPLANATION FOR THE INSPECTOR GENERAL IF ANY ENLISTED MEN ARE BEING KEPT ON THE BASE WHEN NOT REQUIRED . . .

Newest prostie stalking grounds in Saigon are local movie houses. GIRLS CIRCULATE AROUND IN DARK SERVICING G.I. CLIENTS WHO NEVER GET A GOOD LOOK AT THEM . . .

Big lie in Viet war are those "wanted" posters concerning turncoat GIs supposedly fighting alongside VC. Allegedly the Army is paying big rewards. IT'S ALL A BIG RED HOAX SINCE THERE ARE NO KNOWN CASES OF THIS TYPE. BUT POSTERS ARE EASY PROPAGANDA PLOY FOR REDS TRYING TO DEMORALIZE AMERICAN FIGHTING MEN . . .

MEMO: CRIME FRONT

Frightening fact: OVER 50 AMERICANS A DAY ARE KILLED BY GUNFIRE . . .

Some of the country's top criminologists seriously proposing that CONVICTS WHO AGREE TO STERILIZATION GET TIME LOPPED OFF THEIR SENTENCE. SAY THIS IS SUREST WAY TO REDUCE SIZE OF "CRIME-PRONE" FAMILIES . . .

Any hotelman will tell you that when a couple rents a room, IT'S THE HUSBAND WHO KEEPS THE WIFE HONEST WHEN IT COMES TO STEALING HOTEL PROPERTY. HOTEL MANAGERS REALLY GET UP TIGHT WHEN TWO WOMEN RENT A ROOM TOGETHER. WHEN THEY LEAVE THEY MAY WELL TAKE THE RUGS, SHEETS, BLANKETS, EVEN SHOWER CURTAINS WITH THEM . . .

Most successful vice cops in the business are those with sensitive noses. They can sidle up to female suspect and SNIFF OUT THE MALE SHAVING LOTIONS CLINGING TO HER BODY . . .

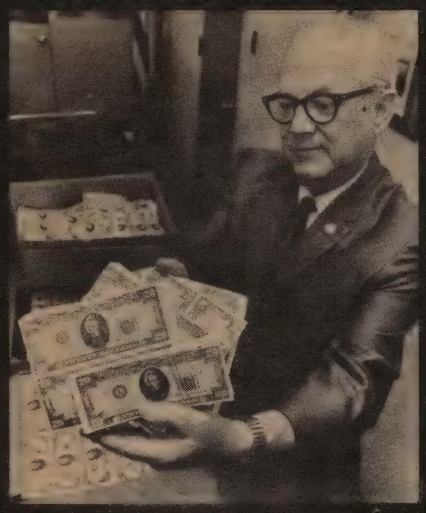
MEMO: WHERE THE MONEY'S AT

While public gets brainwashed on high risk that Internal Revenue will audit their tax returns, fact is Congressional budget-cutters have left tax boys SO SHORT THEY ARE MILLIONS OF RETURNS BEHIND AND ODDS ON AN AUDIT HAVE GONE UP INSTEAD OF DOWN . . .

Counterfeiters virtually given up trying to produce bogus five-dollar bills. COSTS ARE UP SO HIGH THAT ANYTHING LESS THAN A TEN IS WASTE OF TIME . . .

Big shortage of horse dentists. Pay for a good man WORKS OUT TO ABOUT 25 GRAND PER. MINOR HITCH IS THAT AVERAGE DENTIST WILL SUFFER ABOUT TWO FRACTURES A YEAR FROM BALKY PATIENTS . . .

Don't you believe it when the sign in the bug says a driver isn't required to change a five dollar bill. THE COURTS HAVE SAID HE DOES AND IF HE TOSSES YOU OFF, YOU CAN SUE THE COMPANY. IN FACT, MANY DRIVERS ARE INSTRUCTED NOT TO ARGUE



Sorry, nothing smaller than a ten.

Los Angeles—rape capital of the United States.

ABOUT IT BUT LET THE PERSON RIDE FREE . . .

Newest union plans on retirement call for a graduated scale. A man works five days at age 60, four days at 61, etc., down to no days at 65. PLAN HAS DOUBLE VIRTUE OF CREATING OPENINGS EARLIER FOR YOUNGER GUYS AND EASING THE "SHOCK" OF RETIREMENT ON OLDER WORKERS . . .

MEMO: ALL OVER THE LOT

When the alcoholic content of your body hits one-tenth of one percent, you don't have to worry about GOING HOME STIFF--YOU'LL BE STONE DEAD . . .

Reason pro footballers hate those Summer training sessions is that ON A PARTICULARLY WARM DAY A MAN CAN LOSE UP TO EIGHT POUNDS IN A TWO-HOUR WORKOUT . . .

A dog in California can get six one-hour sessions with a psychologist--PROVIDED HIS OWNER CAN PAY THE $233 TAB . . .

Some department stores in Germany have elevators on which CUSTOMERS MUST PAY FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF RIDING . . .

New studies show that the husband who doesn't get fed a good, regular diet by his wife WILL MORE LIKELY BECOME AN ALCOHOLIC. Un-nutritious eating pattern leads to irritability and in turn to heaving boozing . . .

MEMO: A MAN'S WOMEN

Wild new way to spot an ADULTEROUS WIFE is watching how she dials in a color television set in the presence of male visitors. If she consistently goes for too much red, says Dr. R. A. Barbfel, she is probably exhibiting a LUSTFUL STREAK IN GENERAL AND PROBABLY SEXUAL INTEREST IN THAT MAN IN PARTICULAR . . .

Weird rage on some Midwest campuses is for co-eds who have an affair with a guy to insist on taking a Polaroid shot of him in the buff. PIC IS PROOF FOR HER GIRL FRIENDS THAT SHE'S TRULY BEEN MAKING OUT . . .

Turns out German women are more likely to take a foreign lover than any other European females. Surveys show that 80 percent of German women SEX-RATE THEIR MEN AS INCONSIDERATE, SELFISH AND TOO ROUGH . . .

A WOMAN'S MOST LIKELY TO GET RAPED IN LOS ANGELES. Number two trouble city is Baltimore. Despite all the talk about how unsafe their streets are, NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON ARE TWICE AS SAFE . . .

Big baloney that women take romance gone sour badly. Medical researchers have studied HEART ACTION, BREATHING, CIRCULATION AND DIGESTION of equal number of men and women who've gone through unhappy romances and found IN ALL CASES THE MAN SUFFERED MORE . . .

Worst sucker traps for men are those translations of ORIENTAL SEX GUIDES. They work great for Asiatics who can practice great patience in the sex play BUT CAN DRIVE AN AMERICAN MALE UP THE WALL WITH DESIRE . . .

Sex lab investigators are surprised by large number of women WHO CAN GET SEXUALLY AROUSED BY HAVING THEIR SHOULDERS RUBBED. Turns out this is terrific EROTIC ZONE with many females and explains why so many girls GET TURNED ON AT THE MOVIES . . .

MONEY MONEY MONEY

WHERE IT'S AT. HOW TO FIND IT. HOW TO KEEP IT.

TABLES TURNED

Millionaire West German financeer Rudolf Munemann had his telephone numbers for 3 Cadillacs and a private yacht listed in the Munich telephone directory for 20 years. Bellboys always fought to carry his luggage for his habitually handed-out $10 tips. Munemann became rich by borrowing short-term sums at interest rates of 3 or 4 percent and then lending them out at 6 to 8 percent. Recently the revaluation of the Deutsche mark and a very unstable world money market drove the rates for Munemann's short-term loans up to 11.5 percent and fixed the financier's total indebtedness to 91 creditors at a staggering $80 million. The 62-year-old magnate has been yelling for help but thus far no one has come through. Nevertheless, staunch friends and admirers are convinced that in spite of the odds, Rudolf will find a way out.

YANKS GO DOWN UNDER

Contrary to recent reports, the big land rush for territory in Australia continues to boom. There are about 750,000 acres up for grabs in Mountain Valley, Northern Territory and Americans are getting in on it wherever they can. Main attractions are land acquisitions, agricultural ventures and mining opportunities. Over 10,000 Americans have migrated to Australia in the last five years. Many are veteran farmers and ranchers seeking new frontiers. Land can be bought on a massive scale and developed at incredibly low prices. Big Top End Stations sell for between 10 cents and $1 an acre. And there are tax advantages too. Since capital gains aren't taxed, the sale of subdivisions can lead to big profits. A lot of development costs on agricultural land in Northern Territory is tax deductible, as are plant and machinery costs.

POLLUTION DOESN'T PAY

As pollution becomes an ever-increasing problem across the US, it is now apparent that to let it continue would ultimately be more expensive than trying to curb it. Experts estimate that the probable cost of cleaning up the air that is slowly poisoning us, our crops and creating countless hazards, at an astronomical cost of $60 billion for the next 5 years. Many steps have already been taken by the Government and by industries to tackle this enormous project. Many different methods of financing the necessary operations have been proposed, but ultimately the burden will be placed upon the taxpayer and consumer. For example, the cost of cleaning up Lake Erie comes to $230 million which would mean a $23 investment for each of the 10 million residents on the U.S. side of the Lake. Actually it would mean only an additional 20 or 30 cents to every consumer's monthly electric bill to cover the $700 million cost for industrial and power plant pollution—a small price to pay for the privilege of being able to breathe again.

ALMOST LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY

Several families in the U.S. now have computers in their homes that solve most of their daily household problems. These obedient machines actually keep the budget, plan mortgage payments, balance bank accounts, figure your income tax. And they can do your kids' school homework, and even play games with them. All to the tune of $8,000 for a complete model. Rental costs are a bit more reasonable. Per month—$110, plus $7.50 per hour of use.

INVESTMENT FOR LIFE

Charles Atlas, the once puny young man who weighed 100 lbs. when he was 16 and whose life changed because a bully kicked sand in his face, is now 76 years old, a grandfather, and a living testimonial to his Atlas System of "Dynamic Tension." The "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," who still invites visitors to feel his muscles, attributes his success to a total plan for health which includes the right food and exercise, no booze or smoking. Since the introduction of his mail order course in 1932, Atlas estimates six to seven million body building enthusiasts have become subscribers, and according to Charles Ronan, his business partner, Charles Atlas Ltd. grosses about $1 million a year. Cost to you for the body beautiful? Thirty-five bucks for 1 lesson a week for 12 weeks.

ART FOR THE CRAFTY

Think you can draw? If you've really got talent you might be able to follow in the footsteps of Elmyr de Hory, master art forger of the century. Without a single regret, de Hory admits he has contributed some 1,000 forged oils to the world's collection of great art masterpieces. The son of wealthy Transylvanian parents, his notorious career was launched in 1946 when he passed off one of his minor sketches as an authentic Picasso. The proceeds bought him a plush villa on the Isle of Ibiza in Spain where he turns out works that are likely to turn up in the collections of galleries and museums throughout the world. Irate art critics are in an uproar, not being fond of having their ignorance exposed. De Hory estimates the paper value of his forgeries at over $60 million. Although he has spent some time in jail for indulging in his "hobby", de Hory continues to ply his counterfeiting talents and to reap the rewards of his bogus creations.

USED CAR SALES GYPS

Continued from page 41

thing has barely been driven. All power, air conditioning and everything. We haven't even had time to put a sticker on it."

Bill walked over and opened the driver's side door. It had a solid, heavy feel to it. He looked inside. Black leather bucket seats, tinted glass, gleaming chrome. Beautiful. Regretfully he closed the door.

"Just out of curiosity," he said, "how much is this one going for?"

The salesman scratched his head. "Well, I don't know exactly, but on any other lot the price would be $2800 or $2900. Here, we can't ask that much. You see, we sell mostly regular family cars, four-door sedans, you know. The same sort of thing you're looking for. When we get a T-Bird or a Camaro, it just sits there. Sometimes three, four months. To get rid of them at all, we have to sell for less. That one there'll probably go at around $2600."

An adding machine started ticking in Bill's head. Originally, he'd set his upper limit at $2000. He figured he could get maybe $400-$500 for his '63 Ford Galaxy. That would leave about $1500 in cash he'd have to shell out. But now . . . this T-Bird. It wouldn't hurt to ask.

"Just supposing I wanted this car," he said in an elaborately casual tone, "how much would you give me in trade on my Ford and how much would I wind up having to pay out of my pocket?"

The salesman looked down the line of cars at Bill's old Galaxy. "I don't know. What year is that, '63? Pretty old. We couldn't give you too much. Let me ask the manager."

As he walked toward the shack, Bill turned back to the Thunderbird, already seeing himself in the driver's seat.

In a moment the salesman was back, a broad smile on his face. "He says he'll give you $400 on your Galaxy and you can have the Bird for $2550. Brother, that's a steal. He doesn't even want to look at the Galaxy he's so happy to get this thing off the lot."

Bill knew he was exceeding his budget, but after all, he was getting $400 for the Ford and the man said the T-Bird would cost him maybe $300 more somewhere else. It was a good buy no matter how you looked at it. "Okay," he told the salesman, "you've got yourself a deal." They went into the office to make over the registration papers and fill out the bill of sale. Inside, the manager got up from behind a scarred desk and came over to stand behind his salesman.

"We haven't even checked that car out yet, but it's in such good condition I don't see how there could be anything wrong with it. Just the same, we'll give you our standard 30-day guarantee on parts and labor. That covers everything; engine, drive train, everything."

Bill looked down at the bottom of the last page of the bill of sale and saw the words: OUR GUARANTEE surrounded by a fancy, gold filagreed design. He glanced over it quickly, picked up the line, *The dealer agrees to perform such labor and replace such parts as shall be deemed necessary by the owner for a 30-day period commencing with the date given on the bill of sale*. He looked up at the date on the top of the papers—that was the proper date all right. He was satisfied. Fifteen minutes later he drove out of the lot in the big, burgundy Bird, a very pleased man.

That state of pleasant satisfaction lasted about two weeks, until the first strange noises began to come from under the hood and beneath his feet. For a while he did nothing, not knowing what to do. Then he decided to take it back to the dealer he'd bought it from. He had a guarantee, didn't he? "Sure you do," the lot manager told him. "Let us run it down to our garage for a quick check."

One hour of bitten fingernails later, the phone rang and the manager answered it. As he listened, the smile disappeared and was replaced by a scowl. Finally, he said goodbye and slammed the phone down. "Cracked engine block and a bunged-up automatic transmission. That sonuvabitch at the Caddy agency must have packed the trans and the crankcase with axle grease to keep it going this long. That bastard!" Then he seemed to remember that Sturdivant was there. "Of course, we'll take care of it. It's well within the thirty days. We'll call you when it's ready."

Bill heaved a sigh of relief, then took a cab home.

Eight days later they called him. When he got out of the taxi, there was his car gleaming in the sun, parked in front of the old shack. He went inside to thank them and get the keys—and got one of the rudest shocks of his life. The manager handed him an itemized bill for work done and told him, "Sorry it's so large, but the whole block had to be replaced and so did the transmission. We tried to keep the costs down but even as it is we're taking an awful beating."

Sturdivant was dumbfounded. "But . . . the guarantee . . . I had a guarantee. This says I owe you $379.00. What about the guarantee?"

"Mr. Sturdivant," the manager said smoothly, "The total bill was better than twice that. We're paying more than our half. Didn't you read the guarantee? It says you pay half and we pay half. That seems to me more than fair."

For a moment, Sturdivant was speechless, then he regained his voice and yelled, "Give me the keys to my car. We'll see about this!"

His voice still calm, the manager told him that the bill would have to be paid in full before he could release the car.

Sturdivant stormed out and went straight to the local office of the Better Business Bureau. They shrugged their shoulders. He had signed the contract. There was nothing they could do. His lawyer told him the same thing. He should have read the guarantee more carefully. Seething inside, Bill took the money out of his savings account, went back to Best Buy Used Cars and paid.

What happened here? Like thousands of others every year, Bill Sturdivant was suckered by a very old, very simple but very clever con—one that used car sharpies have been working for a long time. The guarantee that is not a guarantee. Very few people are willing to read a guarantee word for word, from top to bottom. It's too long; the type is too small; it's too complicated; they all say the same thing. That's exactly what the sharpies are counting on.

But the bogus guarantee is just one in a bag of many tricks the most basic of which is the process known to the trade as "Detailing." Virtually every used car dealer operating in the black does it, and depending on how far it goes, it can be viewed either as "reconditioning" a car or as an out-and-out attempt to deceive the car buyer.

It's nothing more sinister than replacing worn or missing parts with low-cost newer ones. As long as it stops there, it's reconditioning. But when the dealer orders the odometer rolled back, then he's clearly guilty of trying to defraud the customer.

The average driver covers between 12,000 and 14,000 miles a year and normal wear and tear takes its toll on carpets, floor mats, pedals, etc. The upholstery rips at the seams, the chrome becomes pitted and the tires show wear. If the dealer left these things alone, the sharp-eyed buyer would have an almost infallible gauge not only of what kind of treatment the car had received but what condition it was now in. This is obviously not to the dealer's benefit, so he replaces these items. Very seldom does he actually use brand new mats or carpets. They're always slightly

for men only

sexpert

QUESTION: Most of the guys that I know tend to exaggerate their sexual abilities, so it's really hard to get an accurate answer. But what I want to know is how many times can most men make it in an evening.—Marty S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSWER: This is a pretty complicated question and the answer varies with the situation. The average married male who is thirty years old, has about two orgasms a week, on two separate love-making occasions. Most talk of super potency is exactly that—talk. In the highly competitive society in which we live, it is natural that most men take their competitive natures into the bedroom and later into the locker room. The idea of the sexual athlete is a part of our culture and we are continually bombarded through the media with supposed examples of what the virile male should be. This is just so much hogwash! It's a rare man who can or would even desire to have a second orgasm in an evening. The only exceptions might be sex-infatuated adolescents, and men who have just gone through a long period of sexual deprivation.

QUESTION: I've used condoms for years and I've always wondered about the origin of the word itself. What does condom mean and where does it come from?—Arnold F., San Diego, California.

ANSWER: The word condom was reputed to have entered the English language sometime during the eighteenth century. The myth goes that the king of England tired of producing bastard heirs with such extraordinary regularity. This was bad for the business of being king, because it left a considerable number of heirs scheming to occupy the throne. This, combined with the fact that syphilis was rampant, caused the king to summon his court physician, one doctor Condom, and order him to come up with a solution—or else! The ingenious doctor's first model was a small, loose-fitting linen stocking saturated with a mercury solution. New design and makes rapidly appeared and were hawked on London street corners, each claiming to be the only effective model. But the name of the man who produced the first condom soon became legend and the name of the item itself.

QUESTION: Is there any surefire way to determine if a woman has had an orgasm? Sometimes I feel like I know, but other times, well . . . I'm just not so sure. Besides, most women just don't want to own up to not having one, and I can't stand lies.—William M., Crozet, Virginia.

ANSWER: There are two things to look for if you want to know whether a woman has had an orgasm. Immediately after the climax, most women experience something called a sexual flush. It comes on suddenly, lasts only a few minutes, and then gradually fades away. It appears as a measle-like rash over the entire chest. However, not every woman experiences this distinctive phenomenon; but they **all** exhibit another sign.

After an orgasm the woman's nipples are always erect. This is the most accurate mammary lie detector, if you must have the truth. But keep in mind that to enjoy sex, an orgasm every time is not necessary. The act in itself is fulfilling for many women and men.

QUESTION: The girls like to deny it, but they masturbate too, don't they?—Fred P., Pine Bluff, Iowa.

ANSWER: Female masturbation is a lot more prevalent than the fair sex likes to admit. In other cultures it is almost as widespread as male masturbation, which almost all men practice at one time or another. But clergy, politicians, and a lot of self-styled moralists have made sex such a dirty word in the last 200 years, that no one likes to admit **anything** no matter how normal it may actually be. Kinsey, in many of his far-reaching studies, managed to get the girls to own up to a lot of things, masturbation among them. According to his report, almost 40 percent of the thousands of women questioned utilized self-manipulation during some period of their lives.

QUESTION: Are there any drugs or special diets which can cure impotency? I heard that daily doses of some male hormone does the trick, is that true?—Roger R., Zions Crossroads, Montana.

ANSWER: Diet has little to do with sexual impotency in this country where most are well fed. If you're not getting enough to eat or the right type of balance in your diet, you become ill and sex is out of the question. So unless you are suffering from some sort of dietary deficiency that has confined you to bed, you **should** be making it. As for chemical treatments, experiments with the male hormone testosterone have had good results in a fair number of cases. But a lot of men were getting weekly injections of the drug and many were not responding to the treatment. Then the doctors took a really close look at this problem and decided that in the great majority of cases, impotency is little more than a condition of the mind. Thus, the best treatment requires both an understanding mate, and the guidance of a professional.

QUESTION: I'm kind of ashamed to ask you this, but here goes. I'm very turned on by the idea of two chicks making it together, and I don't understand why. Is there something wrong with me? Do other men like this sort of thing? I've been afraid to ask the other guys because it's difficult to tell what their reactions would be.—Name Withheld.

ANSWER: You can relax. There is nothing abnormal in this type of sexual interest. In fact, many more men share this fascination than are prone to admit it. They are usually afraid, like you, that it might mark them as abnormal. Yet, according to Kinsey, many men actually prefer watching two women together to watching a man and a woman. When it comes to pornography, many men tend to gravitate towards scenes of women together. Kinsey explained this by saying that the men felt that they were getting two for the price of one.

sex answers

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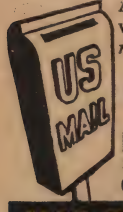

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worn to accord with the figure he has the odometer turned back to.

Rolling back the odometer is the basis for the rest of the shape-up despite the fact that right now there are laws against it on the books of five states—California, Delaware, Massachusetts, Kentucky and New Jersey—and nation-wide adoption seems certain. In fact, there are professionals who do nothing but that, earning from $5 to $25 per car, depending on the difficulty. It's usually done either by removing the lens of the speedometer or by getting at the digit wheels through a hole drilled in the back of the speedometer housing. Only the fifth place digit is changed and once done, it's almost impossible to detect.

Many dealers don't stop at trying to make the car look a little better. They want to make extra money on the deal. So they install "hang-on" air conditioners (which they buy in volume, $60-70 apiece) and tack $150-$200 on to the price. These are not factory units and for the most part are not genuine air conditioners. They are recirculaters which simply re-cycle the air already inside the car and do nothing to rid it of cigarette smoke and other odors. A small fan mounted on the dash would do almost the same thing and cost a lot less.

Even more insidious than the phoney odometer reading and the tacked-on price of the "air conditioner," is the practice of disguising the true condition of engine or drive train components.

If the dealer knows a transmission is going, he may have it packed with a very heavy lubricant or grease to muffle the sound and minimize the slippage. This only works temporarily, but that's all he needs. After you've bought it, he couldn't care less.

Valve clatter and lost compression can be covered up briefly with special additives of the Bardahl, STP type. The same sort of engine medicine can be used to stop a car from belching bluish smoke (always a sign of piston blow-by, which will eventually necessitate a ring job) long enough for you to get it off the lot. These cars are almost always sold "as is," without guarantee; pawned off with the excuse that Bill Sturdivant got: "Well, we just got it on the lot and we haven't had a chance to check it over."

There's even an aerosol spray on the market—and you can bet your hat the used car dealers know about it—that makes a car smell like new. This last is also a favorite with car rental agencies.

At best these tactics are devious and unethical but there are others much, much worse—tactics that can't be countered by measures as simple as reading a guarantee from start to finish. These almost always border on the criminally actionable and depend for their success on some obscure legal loophole.

One of the most frustrating from the customer's point of view is the agency practice of selling installment contracts to finance companies as soon as the buyer has driven his car off the lot. What this does, in effect, is allow the dealership to make all sorts of flamboyant guarantees and promises, safe in the knowledge that he cannot be held to them, because under the prevailing laws in most states, the finance company—while it may legally have assumed the burden of the contract—cannot be held responsible for faulty merchandise. This also ensures the used car dealer against the age-old consumer remedy of stopping payments to enforce compliance with a guarantee. If the poor buyer stops payments to the finance company, the battery of legal talent kept for just such occasions swings into action. The buyer is threatened with court action, credit blacklisting—anything the finance company thinks will start payments coming in again. Except in rare cases it works: the customer pays and has himself only the potentially expensive recourse of suing the dealer for fraud and misrepresentation.

With the larger legions of the law on its side, this last con has become standard procedure for many of the sizeable dealerships operating near major metropolitan areas. There they can expect—and get—a constantly changing clientele. They have no need for repeat customers and can risk outraging some without hurting their flow of business. Lately, however, more states have taken up the cudgel of consumer protection and laws are under consideration that will make the finance and credit companies liable for the shoddy merchandise of their clients.

Unfortunately, not all the used car dealers' shell games can be legislated out of existence as easily as that one. Especially not the ones that depend upon the essentially decent nature of man for their success. The worst of these is a little one-act play staged by the salesman and his sales manager solely for the benefit of the customer.

Take a hypothetical situation. Average car buyer Joe Jones walks onto the lot looking for the best deal he can get on the particular car he wants. He knows exactly what he's looking for and wastes no time hunting around. He shows Ralph, the salesman, the car he wants to trade in and asks the best price Ralph can give him on the total deal. Ralph quotes a price—an unbelievably good one—and Joe goes off to shop around, to see if he can beat that price. Poor Joe has no way of knowing that he'll never come close to beating Ralph's price. Why? Because Ralph has given him what's known in the trade as a "lowball." That is, a price whose only purpose is to bring the shopper back panting to buy.

Joe does come back a few days later, and the salesman greets him with a slightly downcast look. He confesses that when he mentioned the deal he offered Joe to his sales manager, he got his head handed to him. He tells Joe it looks like the deal is off. At this point, Joe, who had his mouth all set to grin at the great buy he was making, gets mad. He calls the salesman every name in the book. The salesman just stands there and takes it, looking very ashamed. Finally Joe runs out of names. Then the salesman tells him, with an eloquent shrug of his shoulders, that he'll go in and talk to the sales manager once more and see what he can do. While Joe waits outside fuming, the salesman walks into the manager's

Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

What About You?

Could *you* get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English *without going back to school.* Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes.*

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and *do* something about getting ahead.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can master good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card or letter today to Don Bolander Career Institute, Dept. 7099, Mundelein, Illinois 60060. No salesman will call.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 7099, Mundelein, Illinois 60060

Please mail to me, without obligation, a free copy of your 32-page booklet,
HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

☐ If 18 or under, check here for special booklet

Also send a copy to my friend who is interested.

Name_____ Age_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

May we use your name in writing your friend? ☐ Yes ☐ No

office.

The play is usually arranged so that Joe can see into the manager s office; or, if not see, at least hear. In a moment or two Joe sees the manager jump up and start waving his arms, yelling at the cringing salesman. A second later the manager stalks out and asks Joe to come in and give his side of the story. As Joe talks, the manager listens attentively, nodding from time to time and glowering at the salesman. When Joe finishes, the sales manager turns and fires Ralph on the spot. Ralph tries to explain why he gave the deal he did and the manager chews him out all over again. In the course of the argument, it comes out that Ralph is new on the job and apparently didn't know he had to check all firm offers out with the manager. Joe, by this time, is feeling thoroughly to blame for getting Ralph fired, so he tries to persuade the manager to keep him on. The manager refuses, blustering about how many customers and sales he's going to lose when Joe tells his friends about what's happened. Feeling even more guilty now, Joe argues back.

As of this moment, the main purpose of the ruse has been accomplished. Joe is now arguing with the manager not over the price of the car—that's already forgotten—but over the salesman's job.

Finally the manager agrees not to fire Ralph and sits down to work out a new deal on Joe's purchase and trade-in. Of course, when he comes up with a final figure, it's nowhere near as good as the original deal Ralph offered him, but by now Joe's so involved in the situation that the idea of going back to quibbling over car price doesn't occur to him and he accepts.

What's happened? Ralph and his manager with their histrionics, have maneuvered Joe into accepting a deal that he might have rejected had it been offered to him in the first place. Joe drives off the lot with a warm glow of satisfaction, knowing he's been instrumental in saving a fine young man's job. Ralph and his manager have a similar warm glow of satisfaction, but theirs has absolutely nothing to do with altruism. It has to do with a few hundred extra dollars in their pockets.

Sound like a pretty raw deal? It is, but there are a couple of others even tougher to stomach, if only because, unlike Joe's situation, the buyer is going to get taken to the cleaners no matter how tough-minded he is.

The first of these is a variation on the hoary "bait-and-switch" game. It can only be worked with car models where two or three different V-8s are available for the same body. Here's how it operates:

Let's say you're interested in a '68 Mustang. You talk to a salesman and he obligingly shows you the only three he has on the lot. One is an ugly color, another shows evidence of body work so you and the salesman go out for a test drive in the third. The interior is clean, comfortable and the engine feels strong and very torquey. It seems much faster than Mustangs you drove from other lots. You are satisfied.

You drive back to the lot, show the salesman your trade-in model, and ask him for his best price. Let's assume you've already done some comparison shopping and have a pocket full of firm prices from other dealers. The price this salesman quotes is the best by $50. You like the car; you like the price; you decide to buy. When the salesman hears this he hastens to point out that there are one or two things on the car they haven't gotten around to fixing. He suggests that you come back tomorrow afternoon with your checkbook. By then, he says, he'll have the papers ready and those other little details will be cleared up. He'll have their shop work on it tonight. Of course, the repairs will be made at absolutely no cost to you. You agree, impressed by his honesty and decisiveness.

The next afternoon you coax your clunker back to the lot and are greeted by the smiling salesman. All the papers are ready; your new Mustang is standing outside, gleaming and ready to go. But eager as you are, you read the bill of sale and registration over carefully. Everything looks fine and you dash off your signature. The salesman walks you to the car, hands you the keys and you climb in. Sure enough, the little doojiggers that were busted now work so off you go.

"Well, well—if it ain't the jolly green slob!"

You don't know it yet—you may never know it for sure—but you have just been taken for a cool $150-$200. How? Easy. Remember how strong the car felt when you took the test drive? There's a good reason for that: you were sticking your foot into 390 or 428 cubic inches of power. Those were the two biggest displacement engines Ford offered in 1968. The car you just parked in the driveway is probably hiding a 289 or 302 cubic inch plant. While you were sleeping last night, the dealer's mechanics were busy pulling the 428 out of the car and installing the 289 in its place. You pay the full price for a big-engined Mustang and the dealer gets an engine which, in good condition, he can sell over the counter for $350-$400.

Even if you figure out what happened, there's nothing you can do about it. The bill of sale and registration you signed will show the engine serial number of the 289, and for legal purposes that's all that counts. Really, the only man who can avoid being cleaned by this swindle is one who takes the time for a close look under the hood and is knowledgeable enough to spot the external differences between the two engines. The man who can do this is usually a dyed-in-the-wool car buff and chances are the sharpies wouldn't risk trying to pull an engine swap on him in the first place.

If the "bait-and-switch" is difficult to defend against, the next one is virtually impossible. Reason? It relies on neither downright illegality nor any extraordinary gullibility on the consumer's part. Rather, it does what all the most effective con games do—it finds a legal loophole it can exploit.

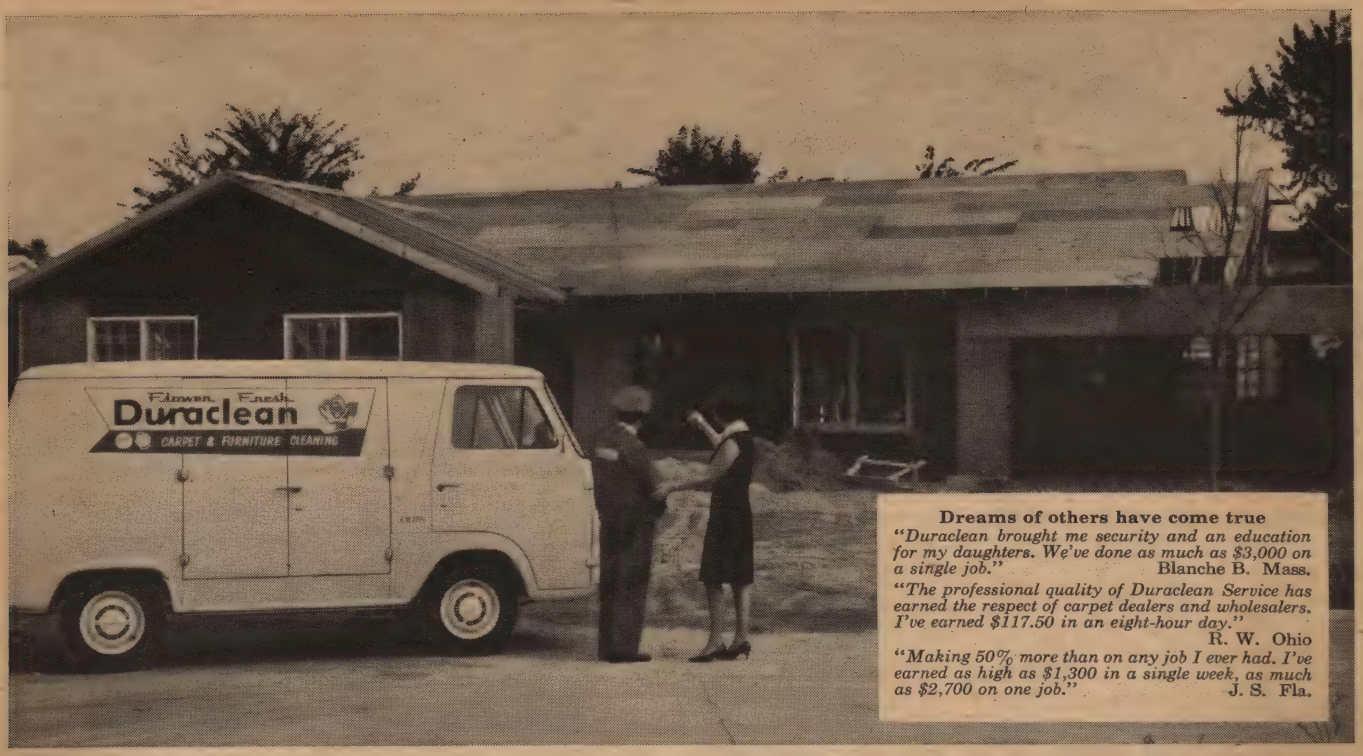
The keys to this one are speed and stealth. First a dummy realty corporation moves into town and quietly rents the property of a defunct used car lot or equivalent space at a bargain price. Then "Forthright Fred" rolls in and takes a short-term lease from the dummy realty corporation at an exhorbitant rent. Meanwhile, a second dummy company—this one a holding company—has been set up nearby. This company buys cars from sources in another part of the state; always at rock-bottom prices. These cars will *look* immaculate, but in the works—where it counts—they're hastily renovated dogs, ready to fall apart at the first excuse.

When the lot is ready and the autos are on tap, Forthright Fred purchases 70 or 80 cars from the dummy holding company. The price he pays per car is at least $500 more than he could expect to get on the resale. Now Fred is almost ready. The only thing left to do is set up an arrangement with one of the less scrupulous local garage owners (there's always one around) in which the man will provide him with bills for mythical repair jobs done at outrageous rates. The explanation for the high rates is that Fred pays top dollar for work turned out extra fast.

At this point, the gates are thrown open to the public and Forthright Fred's Used Cars is in business. By undercutting his competition just a bit and offering 120-day guarantees on all his cars, Fred draws the people in. Because his cars are always clean and shiney, the people buy. In two months, an operator like Fred can move perhaps as many as 150 cars.

Remember, during those two months Fred has been accumulating debts to the dummy realty corporation, the dummy holding company and to the garage ostensibly doing his repair work. Suddenly, to the amazement of everyone (and before the guarantee claims on the lemons he's sold can pile up), a woebegone Fred files bankrupcy papers. His debts just somehow exceeded his profits. He has to fold.

What Fred has done, in effect, is rid himself of liability for the guarantees he issued. How *can* he make good? He has no money, no credit. As a legal corporate entity he's defunct. Infrequently there's a real investigation, but even then the chances are small that the authorities will find even a scrap of concrete evidence to use against Fred. As far as anyone can demonstrate, Fred has no connection with



Dreams of others have come true

"Duraclean brought me security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as $3,000 on a single job." Blanche B. Mass.

"The professional quality of Duraclean Service has earned the respect of carpet dealers and wholesalers. I've earned $117.50 in an eight-hour day." R. W. Ohio

"Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as $1,300 in a single week, as much as $2,700 on one job." J. S. Fla.

Your Dreams *Can* Become a Reality with your own Duraclean Franchise

Hundreds of men—previously working for salaries or wages—now enjoy greatly increased incomes, personal independence, and secure futures as owners of their own businesses under the Duraclean Franchise

Unthinking men may tell you that the day is past when an individual can build a successful business of his own. The fact is that Franchising has opened a wonderful new world of opportunity for such men. The "mama and papa" grocery store, and the corner druggist have succumbed to the gigantic chains. But, in their place an exciting new kind of business abounds with big profit opportunities for the individual.

For twenty years the "service industry" has been growing with fantastic speed. Let the chains have the retail store business. Even a small business providing an unusual service can bring profits to the individual that were unheard of in the old days. And, unlike the chains, the service business today, is thriving under Franchising.

What is the difference? Just this: A chain is a large number of stores in a chain all operating under the same plan; under the same well-known name; *but* are owned by one corporation. In Franchising, the individual uses tested and proven plans for starting his business and building it; he operates under a Nationally Advertised and well-known name, he has step by step guidance *but he owns the business.* He enjoys the advantages of chain recognition, but he keeps all the net profits for himself.

The Duraclean Franchise is such a business. No store to rent. No fixtures to buy. No inventory or stock of goods to pay for. No office or work-room required. And, no special education or experience is needed for success. Men of almost every educational level have made glowing successes with the "know-how" furnished by our Company. They've worked from their homes as all Duraclean Service is given on the premises of the customer. In the beginning they've used the family car as all equipment can be carried in the trunk. Their only investment has been a cash outlay of less than a $1000.

What is Duraclean Service. It is a modern method of cleaning *and reviving color and resilience* of carpets, rugs, upholstered furniture and auto interiors—a method that has almost unbelievable superiority over the old way of harsh scrubbing with water, strong detergents, and power driven brushes. Tests made by an independent laboratory show that the Duraclean "Absorption Method" removes twice as much dirt and soil removed by machine scrubbing. And, the carpets and upholstery are dry and ready to use a few hours after cleaning. In addition to cleaning and reviving, you have five other equally superior services to increase profits. The improved Duraclean process has proved so superior that Duraclean Services are now available through a world wide organization.

Who are the customers? The finest homes in your community, yes. But, of equal importance hotels, motels, schools, shops, stores, offices, theaters, hospitals, and institutions. The commercial business is big and because much of this work can be done evenings or Saturdays, many men have started in spare time without giving up their jobs or pay checks. When they have seen from actual experience that Duraclean could pay them many times their former salaries, they have resigned the old job and become independent businessmen—with all the added respect and standing that a businessman has in his community.

If you've ever had a really strong desire to "some day own your own business" the Duraclean Franchise is well worth investigating. We have no salesmen to try to influence you. The entire Duraclean Opportunity is explained in detail in a 24-page book. This book will be mailed free to any man sincerely interested in a future of security and independence. Just your name and address is all that's needed. Send it today. After reading all the facts, if you decide to take the next step, you can write again and let us know.

We'll help you with financing, with training, with equipment, and with all our years of experience in showing other men how to make their dreams become realities. To investigate costs nothing and does not place you under the slightest obligation. Is this something you should do for yourself? Today?

Ford Marsh
President

DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
0-437 Duraclean Bldg. Deerfield, Ill. 60015

Ford Marsh, President, DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
0-437 Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015

Please mail details of the Duraclean Franchise opportunity. I will read your 24 page book. Then if I am interested I'll let you know. It is understood that I am not under any obligation and that no salesman will call to influence my decision.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

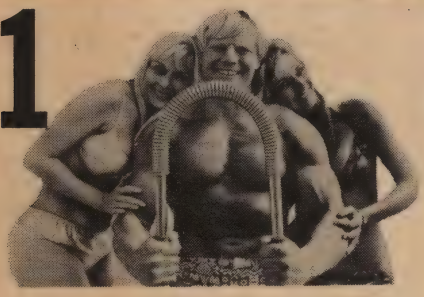
State_____ Zip_____

ANOTHER JOE WEIDER SPECIAL!

SHAPE-UP! MUSCLE-UP! SHOP

BUILD MUSCLES. GAIN WEIGHT. LOSE WEIGHT. EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO

1



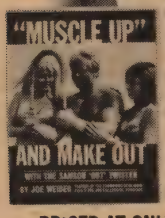
MUSCLE UP & MAKE OUT!

PUT MUSCLE IN YOUR MUSCLES WITH ONE TWIST!

Quickly add up to 2" on your arms, 4" on your chest. Build rippling back muscles. Thick, broad shoulders. The power to lift girls over your head with one arm! One twist of the "007" TWISTER and every muscle in your body ripples with new vigor and power. Builds strong muscles FAST!—muscles that make you an action-packed guy and a supercharged tiger with the girls! Easy-to-use. No adjustments. No assembly. Use it right out of the box for instant muscle-building fun! Made of chromed-steel tubing, the TWISTER is tough . . . durable . . . like *you'll* be! Guaranteed to muscle you up or your money back. ORDER NOW! Only **$9.98**

GUARANTEE: If after using the TWISTER 3 days you're not convinced you can quickly twist it for cobra-like muscles in your arms . . . more muscles on your chest . . . broader shoulders . . . wider back . . . a he-man grip and dynamic power—then return it after 5 days for a full refund. Fair? So order the "007" TWISTER **Now**, while the limited supply lasts! This unusual offer may not be repeated again this year.

FREE! Complete, illustrated "007" POWER TWISTER Manual. Also, illustrated conditioning course, dealing with the new aerobics training that muscularizes your body with athletic vigor, speed and agility. Written by Joe Weider, Trainer of Champions. Yours FREE with your TWISTER. ORDER NOW!



EXTRA BONUS GIFT: 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine, worth $1.80 . . . yours FREE!

PRICED AT ONLY

$9.98

WITH COURSE

2

This "Killer Karate Krusher" gives you pulverizing hand power!

Just 5 minutes a day for 30 days builds your hands into granite-hard battering-rams of power! Simply fit your fingers into the leather grippers, and with your very first squeeze, you'll instantly start building invincible new power into every tendon and ligament of your hands and fingers!

MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO BREAK A BRICK IN TWO WITH YOUR BARE FISTS OR RIP A PHONE BOOK IN HALF — BUT WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF YOU COULD?

Here's a brand new way . . . a fantastically successful system that turns your hands into fearsome, devastating arsenals of power! Based on centuries-old secrets of Japanese Killer Cults and a Space Age hand-building principle, my KILLER KARATE KRUSHER can make you into a two-fisted tank of power . . . able to take care of yourself . . . anytime . . . anywhere . . . in all situations! You'll never again fear any man or turn away from any challenge. ORDER IT TODAY! Only **$9.95** postpaid.

MY GUARANTEE TO YOU: You'll own fearsome, ferocious, crippling arsenals of hand power—and become a "Terror-Fighter," able to take care of yourself in every situation — IN 30 DAYS — or your money back!

GREAT FOR SPORTS, TOO! **FEAR NO MAN!**

FREE My "Killer Karate" Course . . . "The Deadly Art of Hand Fighting." Shows dozens of ways to disarm and counter-attack any man, whatever his size! Yours FREE if you order the KILLER KARATE KRUSHER **Now!**

PRICED AT ONLY

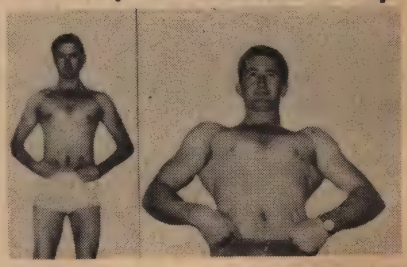
$9.98

KARATE KRUSHER & COURSE

3

THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

Drink on as much as 14 pounds in the next 14 days this delicious FUN way!



BEFORE—James Parker at a thin 158 pounds.

AFTER 14 days on the Crash-Weight Plan, Jim weighed 175 pounds.

GAINS 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!

HEY YOU SKINNY GUYS! Thousands are doing it every day. WHY NOT YOU? Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your hungry-looking, muscle-poor body . . . through a new, scientifically-blended milkshake-tasting drink. **Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan** puts meat on your frame. Fleshes out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms and spindly legs. Nobody likes a bag of bones! With my proven **Crash-Weight** Plan you just drink 4 milk-shake-delicious glasses with your regular meals and take in an extra 3500 calories daily . . . to help you pile on the weight FAST! (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) The nice thing about my **weight-gain plan** is that it's so easy to take. No complicated exercises to do. No bloating, heavy-as-lead foods to force into your system. The **Formula #7 Plan** does all the work . . . you just sit around, take it easy, be as lazy as you want —and in a few days you'll see measurable weight gains pile up! Check the coupon for the Plan and flavor you want to use to put an end to your skinny body. **Guaranteed to put weight on you or your money back.**

To add up to 14 pounds in the next 14 days you need:

- 14-day supply of **Crash-Weight Formula #7**
- 14-day supply of Appetite-Stimulating tablets, and

FREE Weight-Gaining Course. A 48-page illustrated guide crammed with step-by-step instructions in weight-gaining basics. PLUS 3 copies of Mr. America magazine, worth $1.80...yours FREE!

7-day supply: $8.00 • **14-day supply: $14.98**

(Your choice of Chocolate or Vanilla flavor)

PRICED AT ONLY

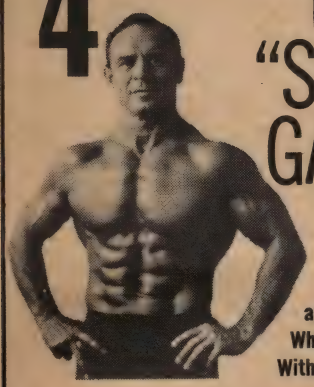
$8.00

FOR A WEEK'S SUPPLY & COURSE

HERE FOR MASCULINE VIRILITY!

CREATE A NEW, EXCITING AND FUN-GOING YOU IS SHOWN RIGHT HERE!

4 NEW "SLIM-GARD"



Trims Inches Off Your Middle, Waist, Hips and Lower Back While You Wear It Without Exercising!

Meet my pupil, Irvin Kozewski, age 46. He has a 48" chest, 30" waist, weighs 190 pounds. He's won more than 50 trophies for "Most Muscular Waist," in various "Mr. America" contests. Says Irving, **"You wouldn't think that a guy like me could wear the SLIM-GARD, but I do. Every day if possible. It keeps my waist and middle trim and muscular while I wear it. I swear by it. You chubby guys will, too!"**

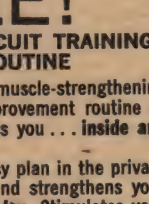
SLIM-GARD is the newest, space age way to tone up and trim down your torso. **All you do is wear it and it takes inches off your waist.** It's fantastic the way it works! SLIM-GARD acts like a waist supporter. It hugs your body, keeping warm air in, cold air out and inducing immediate perspiration. Wear it on the golf course, tennis court, at home, or when you jog. SLIM-GARD won't tear at hairs . . . you won't even know you're wearing it. Stretches to approximately 6". Made from the finest, most resistant neoprene rubber. Easy to slip on and off. Has heavy-duty zipper. SLIM-GARD won't tear, rip, or come apart. Available in Small (22-30 waist); Medium (30-35); Large (35-42). ORDER NOW! Only **$9.98.**

FREE!

NEW "AEROBICS/CIRCUIT TRAINING" EXERCISE ROUTINE

Combining a slimming, muscle-strengthening and heart-arteries-lung improvement routine to help create a more vigorous you . . . inside and out!

Follow this enjoyable, easy plan in the privacy of your own room. Slims and strengthens your body in just **15 minutes a day.** Stimulates your body to use and distribute your food intake more efficiently—to keep you from gaining weight. Helps you melt off fat where you want it. Reshapes your body to youthful lines. Stimulates your body to use and distribute more oxygen so that your heart, arteries and lungs are strengthened.



See results within 2 weeks! Tested by thousands with outstanding results! This program is guaranteed to improve your well-being, fitness and vigor in just weeks. And most important, it's an easy-to-follow program **you can-stick-to-for-the-rest-of-your-life!**

SLIM-GARD & COURSE ONLY **$9.95**

5 LOSES 35 POUNDS IN A FEW WEEKS!

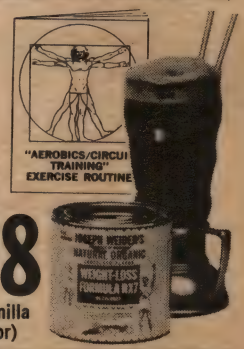
BEFORE—Gerry Murray was overweight, sick and disgusted with life. **AFTER** a few short weeks on the **Weight-Loss Plan**, he was 35 lbs. lighter and happier!

LOSE UP TO A-POUND-A-DAY . . . 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS Without Losing Strength & Vigor

The Only "Weight Loss" Plan that Really Does Something To Shape You Up . . . Keep You Vigorous And Athletic-Looking While Losing Weight!

Your skin won't collapse or sag or develop the deep and wavy lines and wrinkles that give you an aged appearance. This is the only plan that puts vigor, power, muscles and masculinity into your body while it slims you. You'll look and feel younger while losing weight **safely. Weight Loss RX7 SHAPE UP PLAN** is a revolutionary new protein-enriched weight-loss plan. Unlike other reducing plans that make you lose vigor, health and youthfulness, this remarkable drink provides you with a nutritional balance of natural-organic **proteins, vitamins, minerals . . . along** with controlled fats and carbohydrates. Follow the plan, drink nutritious, milkshake-flavored RX7, follow the **Carbo-Gram "Countdown" Diet** and the few simple exercises that come with it. You are **guaranteed** that within 30 days you'll look more vigorous, be more athletic-looking and more youthful than at any other time in your life. THOUSANDS ARE DOING IT DAILY . . . WHY NOT YOU . . . WHY NOT **NOW . . . TODAY?**

FREE New "Aerobics / Circuit-Training" Exercise Routine. Same course as described in the SLIM-GARD ad, with emphasis on waist, hips and small of the back reduction. PLUS FREE: 3 copies of **Mr. America** magazine . . . worth $1.80 . . . yours FREE!



12-Day Supply **$11.98**

(Your choice of Vanilla or Chocolate flavor)

6 SPECIAL OFFER:

- **2-weeks' supply of "RX7" with course.**
- **Plus SLIM-GARD**
- **and 3 FREE issues of Mr. America.**

A $25 value Now only **$17.96**

USE THIS SHAPE-UP . . . MUSCLE-UP COUPON!

JOE WEIDER

Dept. 64-80P4

531-32nd Street
Union City, N.J. 07087

Dear Joe:

Thanks for letting me know about your "Shape-Up"..."Muscle-Up" courses and products. Please send me the items checked below, along with my FREE gifts. I understand all your products carry a full money-back guarantee . . . no "ifs"..."ands"... or "buts."

I enclose check or money order for $ . . . . . .

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

1 ☐ **"007" TWISTER,** Free course & 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine only **$9.95**

2 ☐ **KILLER KARATE KRUSHER** & Free "Killer Karate" course only **$9.95**

3 **CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 PLAN** with Free course (check one):

☐ 7-Day Supply . . . . . only **$ 8.00**

☐ 14-Day Suppy . . . . . only **$14.98**

Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla

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Check waist size: ☐ Small (22-30) ☐ Medium (30-35) ☐ Large (35-42)

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any of the companies with which he did business. He just showed wildly impractical business judgment, that's all.

A few months later, when everything has quieted down, Fred will move away to another part of the country with the rest of his friends from the dummy companies and start the swindle all over again.

Realistically, there's very little the average citizen can do to stop the used car vultures operating on as large a scale as the Forthright Freds. But he can make sure that whatever car he gets is in good condition—or at the very least, know the problems he's likely to encounter if he buys it.

To this end, there are some simple tests the car buyer can do both on the lot and on the road to weed out the worst of the lemons:

Squat down and look along the line of the fender. If you see rippled or grainy paint, the car's probably had body work done as a result of an accident. That could mean trouble for you in the future.

Check the play in the steering wheel. If you find more than an inch-and-a-half play, chances are you've got a case of worn steering gear. Not cheap.

Before you take off on your test drive, check the interior over for the kind of wear that doesn't match up with the mileage on the odometer. The tough things to hide are frayed piping around the edges of the seats, and the pedals. If they're worn, use that as part of your measuring stick; if they're nearly new, figure they were replaced and add 15,000 miles onto the odo reading.

When you start off from rest in a car with automatic transmission, put it in drive and listen closely. It should engage smoothly with little jerking or clunking. Too much of that could mean an overhaul. Very expensive.

If your car has standard shift, once you're going, shift into top gear at low speed feeding it gas all the way. If the engine keeps revving after the clutch is completely engaged, you've got clutch slippage. Not cheap.

Where you find a piece of open road with nobody behind you, let the car slow down from 50 to around 15 miles per hour—in top gear all the way and not using the brakes. Then put the gas pedal on the floor and check behind you for clouds of bluish smoke that may have come from the exhaust pipe. Really thick smoke is a sure warning that you're going to need a ring job soon.

When you decide you have a good one, tell the sales manager you'd like to have your mechanic look it over. If you come up with a big "no" on that, forget the dealer entirely. If he gives you a "yes" drive directly to your nearest diagnostic clinic. There, for between $7.50 and $15, you can give that car the most scientific going over of its life. When you're done, you'll have an 86-item checklist on what's wrong now and what's likely to go wrong in the near future.

Of course, just being careful won't put the brakes on the nation-wide flock of used car vultures who bilk millions from the public every year—only better and more enforceable laws will do that. But it just may keep you from being one of their victims. ■

Continued from page 35

pointed the way to the courtroom which served not only traffic violators, as Frank found out, but all criminal proceedings in the area.

After thirty minutes in the courtroom, it became obvious that Mendacino's judge was a no-nonsense jurist. The judge snapped at the accused, witnesses, and prosecutors alike. At least he doesn't believe in discrimination, Frank thought. He doesn't like anyone. Boy, I wish I weren't returning this summons a week late. Ten minutes later Frank really had reason to worry when the judge sentenced a drunk and disorderly case to a hundred dollar fine and ten days in the cooler. At that moment Frank was ready to walk out of the courtroom except that he had already stated his case to the bailiff and surrendered his license, so he had no alternative but to wait. Ten minutes later it was his turn and, with a great deal of trepidation, Frank took his place in fron of the bench.

"A speed violator," the crusty judge rasped, "were you trying to kill yourself or maybe maim some innocent citizen?"

"Well your honor, I'm new to the area. I just moved here with my wife and child, and I'm not used to the roads."

"Never mind the nonsense," the judge cut in. "Everyone can read signs. All I want to know is how do you plead?"

"Guilty," Frank said.

The judge stared briefly at Frank and then down at the return date on the citation. "I see that you also don't return tickets on the date they're due. The usual fine is $25 for your offense, but I'm going to make it $50 to teach you to be on time. That's all. Next case."

Frank made a hurried search through his pockets and discovered he was $20 dollars short of the required $50. "Your honor, I didn't expect the fine to be this high and I've only got thirty dollars."

"That's no problem. You will remain in custody until you manage to contact someone who will go the remainder of the fine. Now, this is a busy court. Deputy, take this man away."

Frank was lead to a detention cell in the back of the courthouse, where six or seven other unfortunates sat, while waiting to be transferred to the regular county detention unit. The guard said Frank could make a call or two when he was ready, and Frank sat in the cell trying to think who he could call. It was quite a situation, his wife was almost 900 miles away, and he scarcely knew anyone at his new job. Finally, he decided on one of his co-workers, and called the guard over. Ten minutes later he was back in his cell. First one co-worker, then another could not be reached. But then, who would be home on a beautiful spring weekend. He resigned himself to waiting out a few hours in jail.

Two hours later, Frank and the other prisioners were herded into a van and driven to the detention center. There they were separated into small groups. The turnkey took all their possessions, had the men strip, searched them, then gave them prison clothes. After being photographed, fingerprinted, and given a record, Frank was thrown into a cell. Actually, cell is the wrong word; cage is far more appropriate. It was only eight feet high, and occupied a meager 15 by 12 feet of floor area. It contained four bunk beds, a foul-smelling toilet, and seven other men. Frank was greeted by the barn boss, a huge strapping man with enormous biceps, named Harley, who immediately told him the rules. You keep your mouth shut, you never see anything, and you hand over a dollar every two days or get broken into tiny fragments.

Frank swallowed his pride, stayed out of everyone's way, and tried to get to a telephone. He couldn't use one himself, only the custodians could, but they always told him that no one was in, no matter who he asked them to call. After three days Frank began feeling ill and he was good and tired of being pushed around by cheap hoods. Finally, when Harley made them all help him sexually molest a young boy who was picked up for hitch-hiking, Frank could stand no more and threw himself upon the thug hoping that others would follow his example. They did—except they sided with the wrong man and Frank ended up in the hospital.

This is the type of incident that has long been associated with state prisons and other institutions for hard-core offenders. But the truth of the matter is, that while prisons are bad, detention centers are the real horror story. And it is to the detention centers that tens of thousands of innocent men and women are sent every year for one piddling reason or another. *The New York Times*, in a survey of the conditions in its own city, reported that one third of those in detention for robbery had their cases dismissed upon the request of the District Attorney.

The facts are that anyone with the misfortune of finding himself detained by the law, will face a wide variety of degradation and abuse. The situation for

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prisoners being detained for a short time (which usually seems to stretch out for months)is abysmal. For a long time the majority of cities didn't even have separate detention units. Offenders served their time in the city lock-up. State prisons were reserved for offenders who allegedly committed more serious crimes, yet sentences of a year and sometimes more were served in the city jails. With the increase in population—and the corresponding increase in crime—a new system had to be worked out. The cities then built their own prisons for offenders with short sentences, and in many cases turned the old facilities into detention centers. So now the man in custody for some alleged crime often gets to spend months in some ancient dungeon which is pathetically overcrowded and understaffed, and where survival of the strongest is the only natural law. They are nothing more than concrete and steel jungles.

The New York City House of Detention, known throughout the city as the "Tombs," is a fine example of neglect. Presently, it is forced to handle three times as many people as it was designed for. Into its tiny cells are jammed two and often three men. They were originally intended to hold only one. Many of the inmates are not even provided with the blankets so essential for New York's bitter winters. While one reporter was there, the guards passed out sheets and towels. There were nowhere near enough to go around. One man held up a tiny scrap of greyish cloth not much bigger than a handkerchief and said in a mocking voice, "This bikini towel could get me busted for indecent exposure."

The District of Columbia House of Detention is in similiar condition. Built to house seven hundred prisoners, it today contains well over 1,200 with an annual turnover of 38,000. Of this 1,200, the breakdown of the inmates is as follows: about 100 are waiting further court action, about 100 are awaiting either medical or psychological examination or some other sort of administrative action, and 300 have been sentenced and are awaiting assignment to a regular prison. But that leaves over 700 who have been convicted of nothing and are merely awaiting trial!

In a recent survey, it was revealed that many have been waiting over six months to be tried, and an undisclosed percentage had been waiting over a year. Recently the chief assistant U.S. Attorney was shocked to discover that two men were in jail almost a year and had not been indicted. He got them out.

But the conditions those charged with minor crimes must live in are truly not to be believed. Imagine a large room—180 feet by 120 feet—roughly the size of three tennis courts. Into a room this size are herded 500 prisoners. The floor space is almost entirely occupied by bunk beds with a narrow aisle here and there. The few windows are barred and mattresses are crammed into places where the windows are broken. One prison official, ashamed and offended, referred to this prisoner dormitory as "the Black Hole of Calcutta." And this is where they put you if you can't raise bail, or if you are picked up for some fluke reason and the District of Columbia authorities decide that they want to detain you.

Jungle conditions like these bring out jungle reactions. If you are treated like an animal, the next step is to start acting like one. A report on the Philadelphia detention facilities that was published last year demonstrates this in a most ugly and chilling manner.

A young man was picked up by the Philadelphia police because they thought that he was underage and a runaway. Actually he was neither, but he had no identification to back up his denials. So he was thrown into the back of a police van and hauled off to the city detention center. While he was in the van a jacket was thrown over his head and he was beaten and burned by several of the van's passengers. Then they ripped off his clothing and forced him to have sexual relations with several of them. He was told that if he squaled, he would die. When he got out of the van, the officers noticed his appearance and asked him what happened. He said he tripped and fell down. Then he was tossed into a "dormitory" similar to Washington's black hole. Here he was fair game for anyone who was bigger and stronger, and he was gang-raped by nearly 40 men. He lay crying on his cot, but no one would help, no guard would come.

A conservative estimate of homosexual assaults in the Philadelphia Detention center puts the number at over 2,000 in the last two years. And once a man is attacked, he is marked for homosexual advances. A few reluctantly enter "housekeeping" arrangements with the strongest attackers who protect them from other inmates.

Nor is sexual gratification the purpose of these attacks. Instead conquest and degradation is the primary goal of the sexual aggressor, according to the Philadelphia report. The attack seems to be an expression of the same anger that caused the prisoners to committee their original crimes. In general, the attackers tend to be huskier, more violent criminals who are unable otherwise to achieve masculine pride. They do not think of themselves as homosexuals, believing that they are manly as long as they take the part of the aggressor and penetrate.

Where are the guards? Typically, the report goes on to say, each cell block has only one guard who, from his station, "can see into none of the open cells and only 30% of the total area of the dormitory." Since cell doors are often unlocked and prisoners are allowed to roam from one cell to another, the violence occurs in secluded rear cells, where the victim's cries are muted. Of course, there is often guard complicity.

"Looks like another zipper job."

In most institutions the guards are the single most powerful force in the prison. This is particularly true in rural detention centers which are actually county jails run by the sheriff and his deputies. In some areas where the sheriffs are responsible for the prisoner's welfare, they have been known to pocket part of the prisoner's food allowance In certain areas lawmen receive a "turnkey" fee for letting the prisoners in and out. Many sheriffs allow favors for a price. And a four-year-old survey found several sheriffs in West Virginia and Tennessee earning over $50,000 a year, and at least one with an income of $100,000.

In one southern institution, where the guards were known for their extraordinary brutality, bribery was the single most important facet of daily life. Almost without exception, inmates were expected to kick in and buy expensive gifts for the guards. A prisoner who failed to contribute could expect a beating. Examples of this type of extortion included a gift of $130 to a guard for a hunting rifle. In another shakedown prisoners were compelled to raise $350 so one of the guards could take a trip to Texas and buy a horse he had his eye on.

Virtually all prisons, whether detention centers or state institutions, have some sort of guard-operated smuggling system. Anything can be sneaked in if the price is right. For money delivered, the guards usually take a 20% cut. Cheap whiskey is a popular item at the bargain price of $15 a fifth. Drugs of any variety are available and heroin complete with needles and syringes can be had for five or ten dollars above the street price. One southern sheriff had a different twist on this type of racket. The dope he took from junkies, he locked in his safe. When a female addict was admitted, he would keep her supplied as long as she submitted to him. An addict will do anything rather than suffer the agonies of "cold turkey." He usually got what he wanted.

But the guards and sheriffs are not always the top dogs in the prison and detention system. There are many prisons across the country where the real power is in the hands of a few sadistic "barn bosses." The name comes from the days when city prisoners were sent to horse stables with orders to clean them out. This put them a cut above the other prisoners because it meant daily freedom outside, and the chance to make contacts and get favors from civilians. Today, these men are strong-arm types who control other prisoners, and often the guard, through terror tactics.

A 22-year-old college student ran into the barn boss horror in the Cook County jail. The young man was convicted of using another man's credit card to buy $150 worth of clothing. He got a four-

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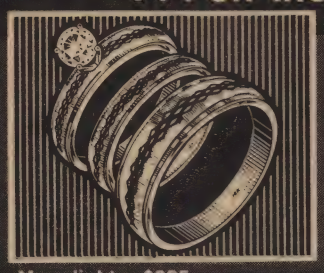

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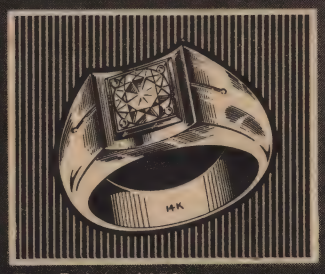

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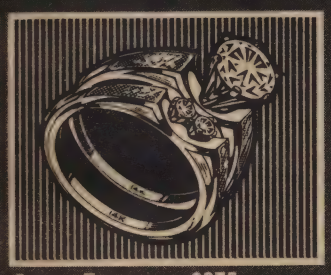

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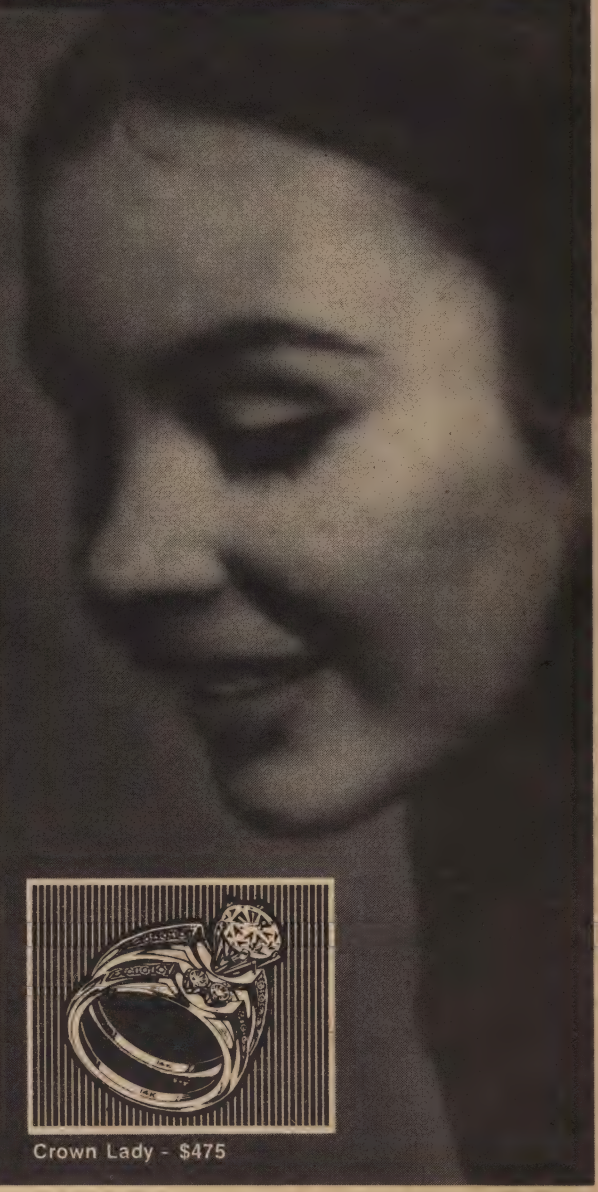

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week jail term. The Cook County jail serves multiple purposes: it is a detention center, a jail for terms up to a year, and a stop-over point (sometimes for as long as six months) for criminals who are on their way to stricter penal institutions. When the college student arrived in his tier, he was greeted by a barn boss named "Satchel," a Negro con in for a number of serious offenses.

"You need protection," Satchel told him. "You're white and you're weak. Everybody's gonna push you around, and get you sexually if you don't have any protection."

Having already heard what jails were like, the youth was visibly upset. "How do I get protection," the young man nervously asked?

"I'll give you protection, but I got to get something out of it. Give me your coat and five dollars."

The student paid the fee, but that night Satchel and another convict came into his cell. They stripped him and then, laughing sadistically, raped him.

"I begged them to leave me alone," the student said later, "and then I told them I would tell the authorities. But they laughed and said that one prisoner had already tried to do that, so they beat him and set his cell on fire. Before I got out of that place they forced me to have homosexual relations with them three more times."

Barn bosses are so powerful that they frequently are able to solicit the guards as accomplices to their crimes and perversions. These tough cons often get a cut of incoming merchandise, special treatment and privileges, as well as inside information of impending crackdowns by the warden. Guards also help them in their attacks on "straight" prisoners. Certain cells are unlocked at night so the homosexuals can get out of their own and into the cells of their victims.

The results of these horrendous conditions have recently been making themselves felt in courts nationwide. In Philadelphia, judges have released offenders without bail because of rampant vice in detention houses. Similarly, a federal judge in Washington, D.C. refused to send four college students to a workhouse to serve the five-day sentences he had handed down for their parts in a campus disturbance. His reason: He did not want to subject the students to physical and sexual molestations in the workhouse.

Clearly, something must be done. There are too many people passing through our detention centers and prisons who will be permanently affected by what they experience there. Former President Johnson's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice reported that 50 to 90 percent of all male slum dwellers have police records and that 40 percent of all male children living in the United States today will be arrested for a non-traffic offense sometime in their lives. Of course there will not be that many convictions, merely arrests along with subsequent imprisonment of varying lengths. Actually, according to the FBI Annual Crime Report of 1968, 7,200,000 arrests were made. Now, police officials admit that at least 75 percent of all arrests were made illegally, and that 5,000,000 men and women eventually went free. Out of that 5,000,000 a heavy percentage spent anywhere from one day to a year in detention facilities! The story of Frank Phelps and others like him was not a fluke horror tale, but a terrifying reality. This has probably already happened to a number of you who are reading this article, and it's likely to happen to even more of you at some undefined future date.

The Santa Rita stockade story is a chilling example of how you can be sent to a house of detention for just walking on the wrong street. It centers around the Berkeley demonstration over the now famous "peoples park" that the University tried to take away from the community. During the days of demonstration thousands were arrested, but many hundreds of these people had taken no part in the demonstrations. Fortunately, a *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter, Tim Findley, was one of those swept up during the mass arrests. The story he wrote sounded more like a prisoner of war film script than like the truth it portrayed.

The prisoners were brought to the detention facilities in busses, then they were hustled out of their vehicles with curses and billyclubs, and forced to lie on their stomachs on the hard concrete and gravel for two and a half hours while threatened and beaten by the guards. If anyone moved, he was forced to kneel while the guards clubbed him.

"Any of you creeps got a camera, put it out in front of your head," shouted a guard. "We find a camera later, we smash it and your head at the same time."

"Don't none of you move," yelled another. "We shoot to kill here."

Everyone was terrified; these lunatics had life and death control over them. Some became visibly agitated—these unfortunates were pounced on by the guards and savagely beaten. They were systematically trying to provoke their prisoners into some open display that would be reason enough to unleash their full fury.

Findley, risking the wrath of the guards, managed to talk to some of his fellow prisoners. One was a postman, still in uniform. He was taken in because he had longish hair. Another was a zoology student who had been buying stamps when the National Guard had appeared. "I told them I wanted to leave," he said, "and they told me to go down to this corner. That was the corner where all the police were."

Sleep was not allowed at this detention center, and the captives were threatened by an unending succession of guards all night long. Finally, the next afternoon, the prisoners were released on bail that averaged $800 per head—if they had it.

And it's so easy to find yourself in this sort of degrading and terrifying situation. Anyone who lives around a college community has seen plenty of demonstrations. Minority groups are continually protesting in the streets. Then there are the police, who arrest millions every year for one mistaken reason or

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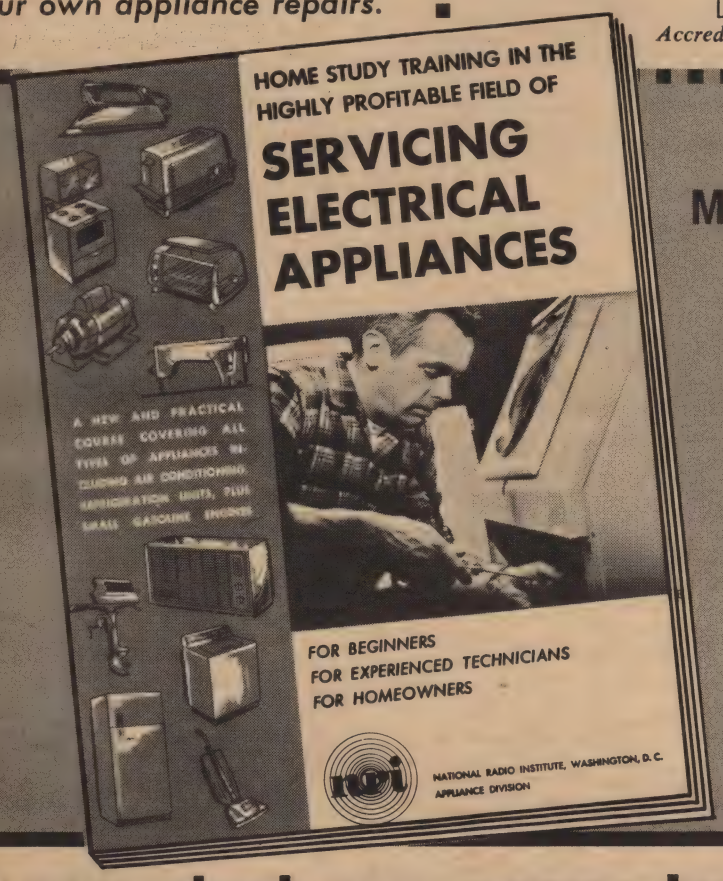

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another that has nothing to do with public disorder. According to the National Council on Crime and Delinquency, "thousands are unlawfully arrested every year who just get into arguments with neighbors, talk back to the police, stand around idly, make speeches on street corners, play music in parks, grow long hair on their chins or heads, gather in large or small groups, or just *look* like homosexuals.

Once you have been illegally arrested, there is not much in the way of justice to look forward to. This reporter personally knows one sixteen year old boy who was kept on the Adolescent Remand Shelter on Riker's Island in New York without a court hearing for three months. His family had no idea where he was; no one did except the police and prison authorities who kept him there. The conditions are among the worst in the nation. There are 1700 inmates living in accommodations originally set up for 600 youths. The library is closed because there is no one to man it. Meals have to be eaten in shifts because of the tremendous over-crowding, and one group is awakened for breakfast at 3:00 A.M. Medical facilities harken back to the dark ages. When one boy complained of bleeding ulcers, he was given two aspirin and sent back to his cell. This dehumanizing environment inevitably takes its toll in broken spirits; there have been three suicides so far this year.

Men and boys are not the only victims of the detention system. Women receive treatment that is every bit as degrading. A woman in New York recently startled a criminal court when she pleaded to be given a five-year term in the state's prison for women instead of serving a one-year term in the city's women's jail. Speaking of Manhattan's notorious House of Detention, she told an incredulous judge, "I can't begin to explain what that jail is like. You can't know how bad it is from the outside." Well, this reporter has some idea. More than once I have passed by that hell-hole and heard the women screaming through the barred windows. Filth, perversion, sadism, and corruption are the words ex-inmates have applied to that institution!

And it doesn't seem to matter which institution you go to, it's virtually the same everywhere. Take the case of a businesswoman who got into a quarrel with a local court in Chicago over a complicated inheritance suit. She was cited for contempt of court and sentenced to seven days in the Cook County jail. When she got there she was stunned to find female prisoners walking about nude from the waist up—it was meant as a lesbian sexual turn-on. Then she was handed over to a woman accused of murder, who was in charge of that section of the jail. She was provided with filthy clothes, dirty linen, and a bedbug-ridden and malodorous cell. The shower room was used more for sexual perversions than it was for showering, and new women were often attacked there. But sexual molestation was also carried on in the open—even at the eating tables. Narcotics withdrawal cases were plentiful but no one helped these unfortunates. Often they were preyed upon by other prisoners who assaulted them sexually even though they were in the agony of withdrawal. Mentally ill patients were tormented and physically tortured by other inmates.

What should be done with our outmoded, antiquated, jails and detention centers? Tear them down—that's the only respectable solution. These penal snake pits are burning up the taxpayers dollars at the rate of hundreds of millions a year, yet perform no genuine positive service. For the most part there is little need for them. A high percentage of those arrested can be released on their own recognizance. In the past five years bail projects have been started all over the country in which the prisoner has been released on his honor. And of the 50,000 defendants who have been released to await trial, fewer than two percent have failed to show up in court. Bail bondsmen can't claim a record that good!

These men and women can be returned to the community under supervision. Moreover, the taxpayer will save a great deal of money because the cost of keeping a prisoner is surprisingly high. In Texas, for instance, a U.S. probation officer estimated that it costs $8.50 a day to house a possible law breaker, compared with 85 cents a day for an offender placed on probation. One experiment in San Francisco has shown that by classifying the grouping probationers according to offense, one supervisor can handle as many as 300 cases—with fewer than 3 percent committing new crimes.

The fact is that most of those in detention centers are sick people not hard-core criminals. The overwhelming inmate population is comprised of drunks, dope addicts, and prostitutes. Sending these people to jail doesn't cure them, it only makes them worse and serves to embitter them further against a system which they already find oppressive. Just by releasing these people to proper treatment centers, we could probably reduce the over-crowding by half. Another 25 or 30 percent of the inmates are blameless, having been in the wrong place at the wrong time, and should also be released on their own recognizance. That leaves about 20 to 25 percent of the inmates who have actually committed some crime, and out of these only half the offenses are of a serious nature, the remainder being petty thieves or peeping Toms. Most authorities acknowledge that only 10 percent of all inmates in detention centers, and other facilities that serve as detention centers across the country, should be imprisoned as dangerous to society. Meanwhile, the other 90 percent are made to suffer with the hard-core prisoners. No wonder our prison systems breed crime so effectively!

Once the hospital was the most despised and detested pesthouse in our communities; a place to die in, a stinking horror. Today our towns and cities are proud of their beautiful, efficient hospitals and rely on them as protectors of health. But the jails have remained horrors for centuries. They have not progressed as have the hospitals. What kind of justice is served by these medieval institutions? The old dungeons must be smashed, and their image made over anew. ■

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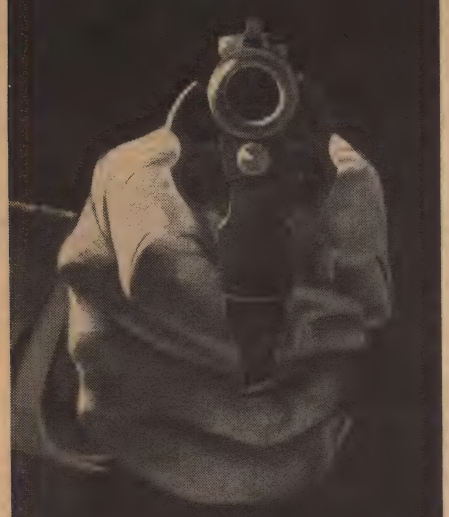

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Continued from page 23

The water was surprisingly cold for that part of the world. I swam hard toward the life raft which had drifted some distance away. Gorth was just climbing up over the side. Good, I thought, that would save me the job of looking for him. I swam harder but when I looked up I saw the raft was farther away. The bastard had taken out the paddles and was leaving me to drown.

But Gorth had no talent for rowing even though he had been a deckhand most of his life. His uneven pull on the paddles was causing the raft to go in circles. I kept swimming and got closer. The raft bobbed down and up under his efforts. I swam close to it. I saw Gorth's heavy sullen face staring over the side at me. He had removed one of the paddles from its lock and was now ready to bash my head in with it.

I treaded water and shouted, "Gorth, don't be a fool! You'll never make it by yourself. You need my help to make it back to land. What do you know about navigation? Let me come into the raft."

Gorth took a while to think that one over. Then he stepped away from the side of the life raft and dropped the paddle. I climbed into the raft.

What was left of the *Frederick* sucked down beneath the surface. I yelled for Gorth to grab a paddle, and with me keeping us going straight, we rowed like hell to get away from the whirlpool that the sinking ship made. Otherwise, we'd be pulled under. We just made it. After we rested a minute I said, "You're still my prisoner and I'll run everything on board this raft until we get rescued. I'll ration out the water and food. I'll make the decisions. If you give me trouble I'll tie you in the bow with rope. You got that?"

"You're not tying up anybody," Gorth said softly. "And when we get close to land I'm going to feed you to the fishes." He laughed. "I got all the cards. You won't kill me because you're too goody-goody. But I'll kill you any time I think is right. I can't now because I need you. But I don't have to worry about you double crossing me. Right? You have to worry about me all the time. I can just relax."

He was right. He had nothing to lose. If I got him back to land the only thing he had to look forward to were fines and jail. And after the trouble he'd caused on this cruise, no American ship line in its right mind would hire him again. I had to bring him back alive for two reasons. One: even if he's a bastard and crazy, you just don't kill a man for convenience's sake, especially if he's been a shipmate. Two: I damn well might need his help on this raft. Also, they might give me some kind of reward if Gorth had the money to pay for the damage he'd caused aboard ship.

So I told him to rig up one of the spare paddles as a mast. We'd have to sail. We were still in the shipping lanes more or less, and the raft had plenty of supplies so I thought either we'd be picked up right away or else it would just be a long ride to land. I'm glad I didn't know the truth then.

The sun was really hot now and I stripped down to my shorts. Gorth had the mast up in the bow and I used my shirt as a sail. I told Gorth to strip and use his outer garments for sails. It worked fine. The wind sent the raft skimming over the ocean waves. I put Gorth on the rudder while I checked the supplies.

We had water, canned biscuits and canned meat. Enough for 30 days, according to the lettering on the cans. Which with two men meant 15 days. The water would last according to how it was rationed and how much evaporation took place once the sealed canisters were opened. I figured out a ration that would keep us alive and that would make everything last for 40 days. That should be enough. I thought we'd reach some sort of land by then if we weren't picked up first.

There was a flare gun for signalling. *Very* good, I thought. There was also a fish boning knife which could be a nasty little weapon. I put it into my waistband. I had, of course, lost my gun, jettisoned it when I had to swim off the sinking freighter.

The sun was even hotter now. Gorth was sweating heavily, his huge frame hairy and sunburned. He squawked when I doled out the dinner ration of food and water. "You expect me to stay alive on this?" he asked. "I'm a lot bigger than you, I should get a bigger ration than you."

Medically he was correct, practically he was out in left field. I told him to shut up. Aside from that argument it was very pleasant that first day on the raft. The weather was perfect, the ocean as smooth as the hockey ice at Madison Square Garden before a game. That night we both slept like babies, Gorth in the bow of the raft and me in the stern. But I had put a barrier of cans between us just in case he had any plans during the night—like trying to strangle me. At least he'd have to make some noise getting to me. But the sea air had quieted him down.

We followed this routine for four days

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and the weather remained good. I was still hopeful of being picked up and, sure enough, on the afternoon of the fourth day I spotted an ocean liner on the horizon. Gorth jumped up and started waving his arms. The dumb bastard didn't know that they could no more spot us on the ocean than they could spot a blob of spit. The ocean liner was coming nearer but I saw that they would pass us by too far away to see us. Gorth must have thought it looked like they couldn't miss us, so he was already thinking ahead.

When I reached into the stern compartment for the flare gun, he took a great leap, nearly the length of the raft, and hit me with a bruising block. He knocked me half out of the raft and the flare gun went arching up into the air to disappear beneath the water. "You crazy bastard!" I yelled at him. He was laughing like a maniac. He thought he could get rid of me and then be rescued all by his lonesome in the raft. He still hadn't realized that the ocean liner was passing us by. I kept yelling at him instead of fighting him off and that was a mistake. He had become the brutal waterfront fighter, out of control again just as he had been aboard the ship before they had locked him up and assigned me to guard him. He banged my head against the paddle locks, then tried to throw me into the ocean. He was trying frantically to get rid of me before being rescued. I could feel a huge lump blowing up on my head. I reached down and pulled the fish boning knife from the waistband of my shorts. I still didn't want to kill him. I tried to pull away, to show him the knife and hold him off. I pulled it up close to his face so that he could see it. All I got was an extra hard bang on the head. I stabbed with the knife, blindly at his face.

It was a funny feeling. The knife slid through as if it were piercing a plate of jello. Gorth let out a terrible scream of pain and fell back into the bottom of the raft. And then I could see what I had done.

The point of the fishing knife had stabbed the pupil of his left eye and disintegrated it into a bloody, pulpy red flower. It was completely destroyed. The socket was filled with blood from the shattered veins. For a moment I thought I had killed him. But then I saw his hairy chest heaving with his labored breathing and I knew he was unconscious with shock and pain.

The ocean liner had disappeared over the horizon, there was no longer any hope of rescue from that quarter. And with the flare gun overboard, our chances of attracting attention were slim unless a ship passed very close to us. So now I took the first aid kit from the storage compartment and started working over Gorth. I wiped the blood from the socket and dressed the wound putting sulfa powder over it and a white bandage over the socket.

He had become conscious while I was working on him, moaning with pain, so I gave him a shot of morphine to put him to sleep. I took the clothing down from the mast and covered his naked body. He was already shivering from shock. It was a hell of a note, I thought, patching up a guy who'd tried to kill you. I started to think maybe I was the one who was going crazy.

I nursed Gorth pretty good for two days, gave him triple water rations and triple food rations. I dressed the wound every day and put a fresh patch over it. Finally he recovered enough to take over his share of the duties on the raft.

The sun was blistering down. We must have drifted out of the shipping lanes because for the next eight days we never sighted a ship or any sign of land. Then on the ninth day a storm hit. It wasn't as violent a storm as the one that had broken up the freighter but it was violent enough to throw us way off course and send us farther out in the middle of the Atlantic. I'd been steering by the stars at night or trying to, since the navigation equipment of the raft had been lost when it was overturned. Assuming it was there in the first place, as it should have been.

I told Gorth to try trapping rain water in

"I think we can rule out sunstroke."

the empty canisters but he just held on to the bow line to keep himself in the raft. He hadn't let me near him to dress his wound and the patch had gotten rotten and mildewed. In the rain it became sodden and bothersome so he ripped it off. Now I had to stare at that ruined eyeball and it was a sight to give you nightmares. Having one eye made Gorth skittish. He was afraid of falling out of the raft and he was afraid to let me get near him.

But when the storm was over I saw him grinning at me from the bow. Then I saw him working his way toward me. And then he spoke—one of the few times he'd opened his mouth since losing his eye. "You dropped something while you were catching all that rain," he said. He grinned again wolfishly, then held up the fish boning knife.

It must have slipped out of my waistband during the storm and with wind howling and tossing the boat I had never noticed. There was no mistaking the homicidal rage on Gorth's face. He was going to kill me. But he was having trouble getting across the bottom of the raft, being extra careful with his one eye. That gave me a chance to talk to him.

"You kill me and you'll die on this raft," I said. "You can't navigate it. You won't last two days. You can always kill me when we come in sight of land or if a ship spots us. Why kill me now? I can get you out of this." I kept talking as he kept advancing until I was on the stern edge of the raft ready to go into the water. I was trying to time it so that if he took a jump I could drag him into the ocean with me. But as I kept talking some of the sense seeped into his crazy brain. He stopped.

"OK, I won't kill you now," he said. "But I give the orders. I give out the water and the food. Now *I'm* captain of this damn ship."

I didn't have any choice. I let Gorth take over the stores, all the supplies. And I must say he didn't hold any grudge. He gave me my usual ration of food and water.

But he was crazy, all right. He drank water as if he had a well he could tap any time. He gobbled down a week's ration of food for one meal. I tried to argue with him but he just held the fish knife toward me as he slugged down a whole canister of water. He only started getting panicky when he got down to the last canister of water and a few tins of biscuit and beef. Then he told me I wouldn't get my ration any more.

We started suffering at the same time. He was right when he said his big body needed more food and water than mine. In three days he was all out of supplies. Meanwhile, using my remaining clothing as a seine, I had been able to scoop up some of the tiny silver bait fish from the schools which often swam by. I ate them raw. But I was dehydrating. The weather was too good, too hot. I was praying for rain so that we could fill our canisters, but there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

Ulcers started forming on our dehydrated bodies. Gorth had big ones all over his chest. I had ulcerated sores in my mouth and on my caked lips. But worst of all, Gorth's blinded eye socket had become infected and was filled with a yellow liquid that kept him blinking and wiping and cursing. He was to weak to do me any harm so I started slipping into the water to take a bath and cool off. He wouldn't follow me, because he was too frightened of sharks. But so far we hadn't seen any of the killers.

I was using buttons from the sail shirts as bait and deck rope for fishing line, trying to catch some fish. For two days I didn't get a nibble. Then I caught one of the weirdest looking fish I'd ever seen. It was almost round, like a roll of bread. It was like something primeval. But I didn't care. I tore it apart and gave Gorth half. I was about to eat my half when Gorth pointed his knife at me and said, "I want yours too."

"Like hell," I said. "Try to take this off me and I'll go after your other eye."

That made him think things over. Even though he had the knife, the lack of food and water had hit him harder than it had me.

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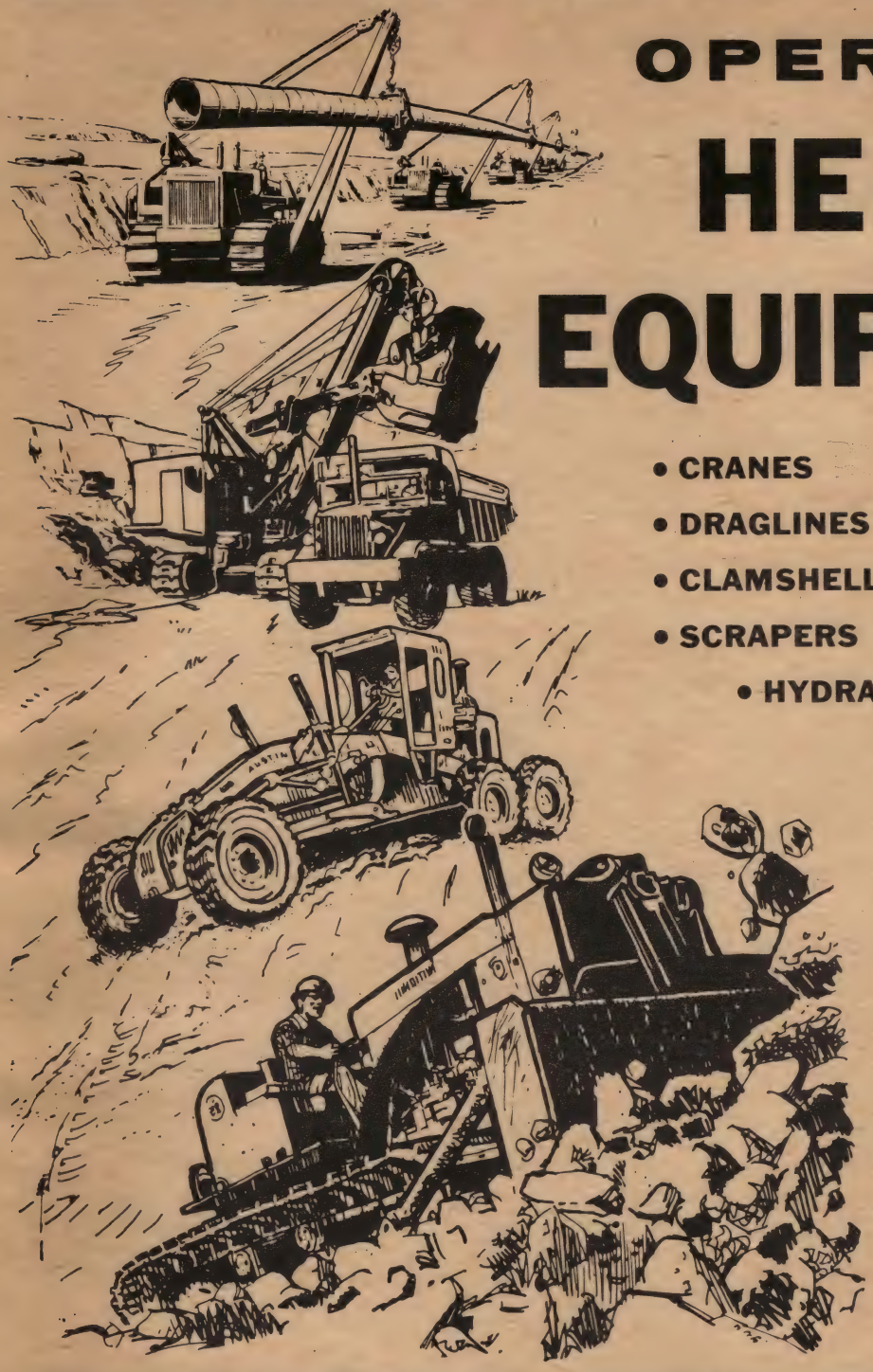

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As time went by we got weaker and weaker. Our toenails and fingernails turned black. Our beards were white from salt evaporating into them from the spray of the ocean. Ulcers and salt water boils covered our bodies.

One night I caught Gorth trying to sneak up on me, crawling over the bottom of the raft with the fish knife in his hands. I wondered why he wanted to kill me now until I saw the way he looked at me. Like a lion looking at raw meat. The bastard was turning cannibal!

Maybe it was because I was so damned scared but I got the knife from him easily. "OK," I said, "any more tricks and you are going to be playing Blind Man's Bluff on this boat."

Finally, Gorth went completely off his rocker. He began to see ghosts—people he once knew. He kept yelling at them. His skin was the color of lead because of the poisonous salt in his system retained by the dehydration of his body. For the first time since the survival voyage started I seriously considered killing Gorth. But what was the point? We'd both be dead in the next couple of days anyway.

But that night a storm blew up and it rained. The ocean turned from green to greasy gray and then the water came down in sheets. We filled all our water canisters and bathed our bodies in the rain, letting it wash off our skins, soak our hair. We drank our fill and then filled the canisters again as the rain kept coming down.

The storm must have blown us within range of some little island we couldn't see because in the morning the ocean around the raft. They couldn't have had any experience with men because some of the more daring ones landed close by the raft. The rain had brought Gorth back to his senses and he was completely cooperative when I explained how we should snare the birds with rope. We worked as a team. At first we were unsuccessful but the curious birds were not scared off. Finally we learned the trick. Gorth held their attention with strips of fluttering sail shirt while I worked to noose them, pull them in. Then Gorth ripped their heads off. We drank their blood and tore their carcasses apart to get at the half digested fish in their gullets. The bird flesh was stringy and fishy tasting, but we gobbled it down as if it were sirloin.

A sight I never hope to see again was the one-eyed Gorth gnawing at whole sea gulls, feathers and all, like some wild animal, his good eye rolling with ecstasy.

We threw the bloody remains overboard and rested, our stomachs full. Suddenly there was a churning geyser of water next to our raft and we were rammed by some heavy object. Dorsal fins appeared all around us. We had been joined by sharks.

We had killed so many birds that the floorboards of the raft were slippery with blood and gluey feathers. Still, more of the birds came. The scavenger gulls were eating the bits and pieces of their brothers which landed in the water. I wanted to provision the boat as fully as possible so we started to slaughter more birds and stash the carcasses. Then Gorth fell overboard.

Working frangically to bring in as many birds as possible, he had leaned far over the side of the raft to wave his luring cloth. He must have slipped on the bloody floor boards. His terrified scream sent the birds sailing together in a white cloud overhead. The sharks had just the opposite reaction. I saw their heavy bodies barreling down on Gorth, fins cleaving the surface. For a split second I thought how easy it would be now to end my troubles. But I just couldn't let the sharks tear him to pieces.

Heaving the end of my snare rope to Gorth, I grabbed the mast with the other hand. Even with only one good eye he saw the rope in an instant. Clutching wildly he pulled himself toward me, toward the raft while I heaved too. He was up over the side when the first shark reached the raft's edge. It's huge jaws snapped shut half out of the water. You could actually hear them crack shut. With one swirl the shark

"You've got to hand it to Harry . . . he's nearsighted."

turned away ignoring the lost meal and heading back for the gull guts.

I had the raft headed for Africa as nearly as I could figure out, and the presence of the birds meant we had past some kind of land body. Which was good in a way, but also bad in a way. Now I'd have to start worrying about Gorth again. I knew he didn't want me getting out of this raft alive.

The next five days were good sailing. We ate to our heart's content and I rationed out the water so that it would last. I hoped it would rain again. Meanwhile Gorth kept eating like a pig and throwing the bloody bones and feathers overboard. This kept the sharks following us. I tried to do some fishing with the sea gull heads but sharks kept snatching them off the line and I had to give up.

I don't remember how long after the storm it was, but finally we saw the outline of land on the horizon. I let out a shout of joy but Gorth didn't look too happy. It turned out to be one of those bare tiny islands surrounded by coral reefs so that we couldn't chance landing on it. And in any case there was nothing on the island. But the sight of it must have made Gorth decide the time had come to get rid of me.

I'd gotten careless and so I didn't notice how close he was to me when I gutted one of the birds for a meal. I put down the fish knife, and all of a sudden Gorth threw himself along the bottom of the raft and made a grab for the knife. I snatched at it and hit it so that it tumbled to the bottom of the raft. We both dived for the knife but it had disappeared into a mess of blood and feathers. I groped around frantically but Gorth found the blade first. I scrambled to the stern and perched, ready to go into the water. But a dorsal fin cutting the water behind us made me stop.

Gorth laughed. "I'm not going to kill you yet," he said. "I just wanted to get the knife. But don't count on walking on dry land again."

He retreated to his part of the raft. And that's how we spent the following days. It's surprising how easy it is to eat a big bunch of birds. Soon we were out of food once more and we were running low on water. Gorth, of course, was drinking a lot more than his ration but I couldn't stop him. I couldn't talk sense into him either. The salt boils were erupting on our bodis again. We were getting weaker. Finally, Gorth came to a decision. He was going to kill me now. His other eye had become infected too, and it limited his vision. He must have been afraid that this plus the fact that he was becoming rapidly weaker would prevent him from getting me if he waited longer. I noticed that he had to grope around him to pick up a water canister. He was almost completely blind.

Gorth told me he was going to kill me before nightfall. I tried crawling to him on the bottom of the raft but he had just enough vision left to see a dark blur so he backed up yelling, "I see you, Hawkins, I see you!" But I think he heard rather than really saw.

I retreated way back to the stern. Gorth was sitting up forward, his fish knife extended and ready, squinting his one good eye that wasn't so good anymore. He was trying desperately to see. I knew that I could never sneak up on him. There was only one thing to do.

The last dorsal fin was still trailing the boat. But I had to gamble. Time was running out, fast. I could hear Gorth mumbling and cursing about carving me up. So I slipped over the stern of the raft into the water as silently as possible.

I tried to swim to the bow of the raft as smoothly as possible. I knew that sharks would usually come after something that moved very quickly or jerkily and I was more worried about that dorsal fin than the knife in Gorth's hand. It seemed years before I swam the length of the raft to the bow. I was behind Gorth now. I could just reach up and pull him into the water but somehow, evil as he was, I didn't want to

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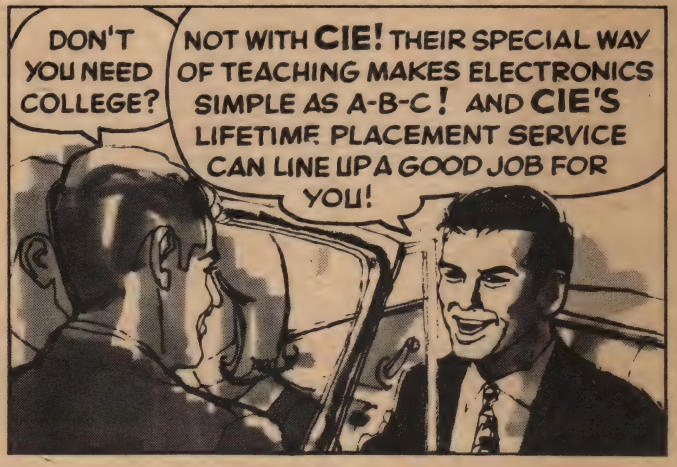
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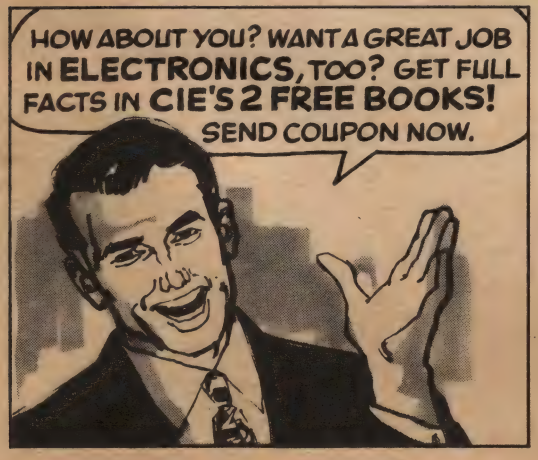

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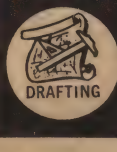

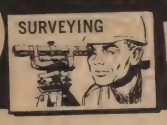

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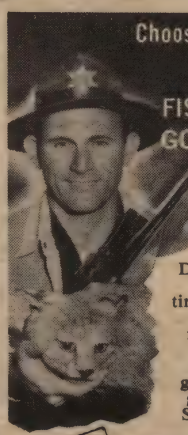

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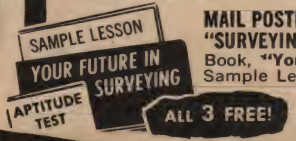

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do that to him. I started to lift myself up and then I saw the dorsal fin cleaving the water with the speed of lightning, coming toward me. My legs were dangling deep in the water and I knew that in seconds the shark's massive jaws were going to mangle them, tear them off. I would never have time to climb into the raft especially since Gorth might turn and push me back into the water. I had only one chance to save myself.

I reached up with my right hand, grabbed the thick mat of Gorth's hair and yanked him off the bow into the water. Then I heaved myself into the raft.

Maybe I had turned into a bloodthirsty animal but I might almost say it worth all my pangs of conscience to see what happened. Gorth thought I was in the water with him. He slashed out with his fish knife with a hoarse exultant cry. His huge arms went out to encircle me. He was willing to die if I died with him. Almost blind, he had no idea what happened to him. He must have thought it was me. He let out a terrible scream of surprise and pain as the shark struck. The arm holding the fish knife floated away from him and the water around the boat churned into a bloody froth. The shark struck again and Gorth's body seemed to leap out of the water and into the air. Before it fell back again I saw the shark had severed his body almost in half. He had met, finally, a creature more terrible than himself.

There was nothing more to see. Even the dorsal fin had disappeared. I huddled in the bottom of the raft. All I wanted to do was sleep. A doctor friend told me later that I had probably gone into shock.

And then began what was perhaps the most terrible part of my survival voyage. I was alone in an open raft that stank of the birds we had killed. Their bloody entrails had dripped down between the floor boards and caked heavily there. They were rotting. For a little while I was able to seine some of the little baitfish which provided some moisture and nourishment. Then even they disappeared. The sun was unbearably hot. There was now no food, no water. No hope. I didn't dare lower myself into the ocean to cool my aching body because the terrible dorsal fins still followed and I could still hear Gorth's last scream. I lost all track of time. I lay in the bottom of the raft in a comma, waiting to die.

One morning with my last remaining strength, I raised myself to the bow of the raft. There were no dorsal fins in sight and in my utter misery and despair I decided to take a chance and go into the water and refresh myself. The boils on my body were as big as golf balls now. The water burned them but it was a pleasurable pain. I held onto the side of the boat and ducked my head underneath the water. When I clawed my way back into the raft I was so thirsty I almost unconsciously let my mouth open to gulp in some ocean water.

I knew better of course. I knew it was certain death to start drinking salt water. One time would not kill you, but the water tasted so good that you couldn't stop doing it and then the salt water would destroy the functionings of the kidneys. Death would be certain. But I had to drink something. I leaned over the raft and let the ocean water pour into my parched mouth. By a supreme effort of will I made myself stop gulping and hauled myself back away from the side. I felt better. At that moment and for a few hours afterwards I felt revived.

Then the torturing thirst began, ten times more terrible than before. The ocean water shimmered around my raft and I knew now it would slake my thirst. Was it so certain that it would kill me? Maybe all the textbooks were wrong. Maybe drinking the salt water would save me from dying of thirst. I leaned over the side to dip my head into the water and drink my fill but then by some miracle of the mind, my powers of reasoning won out and I kept my mouth closed as the deadly water bathed my lips. I let my head soak in the ocean, let the water enter my ears and nose but never my mouth. Water never cooled my parched throat. I drew back into the raft and lay down, staring up at the blazing sky. I prayed for rain. It never came. I began having hallucinations as the days went by, and I saw Gorth sitting at the other end of the raft shaking his one-eyed head reproachfully. I heard his final scream over and over again and I saw his arm floating away from his body as the shark struck in its terrible primeval fury. But despite all this I refused to drink the salt water around me, the salted shimmering poison that Gorth's ghost was trying to make me kill myself with.

Days uncountable, immemorable, passed.

My mouth was so ulcerated, my tongue so swollen, that I could not even relieve my pain with groans. But now the hallucinations vanished. I was absolutely clear-headed, though weak. I was also terribly lonely in the blue infinity of an ocean of solitude.

There finally came a time, a day, when I wished to die. My body ached unbearably with ulcers and boils. My tongue was so swollen I could no longer keep it inside my mouth and it hung out between my lips like some huge animal's. I existed as close to death as it is possible for a human being to come. And then finally, on what proved to be the 43rd day of my survival voyage, I saw a huge ship on the horizon. With my last remaining strength, I pulled myself to my feet and clung to the bare mast. I had no hope of attracting its attention without a flare gun and I was too weak to make any useless effort. But gradually I saw that its path would cross very close to the path of my raft. I stood on the bow and willed to be seen. I stood so for seconds, for hours, and the sun beat down on my head and I felt myself toppling. With my very last strength I turned my body so that it fell into the raft rather than into the ocean.

And that's how the rescue party from the oil tanker found me. I was unconscious for three days and when I woke up I was in a hospital in Nairobi. My raft had been only 200 miles from shore when I was picked up and a helicopter was sent out to take me off the tanker. It took me weeks to recover from my ordeal and then I was flown back to the States. ■

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Continued from page 15

actually larger than the demand. Most tourists come to gamble, not to make love. For them there is only enough time for the "big jackpot in the sky."

For others, though, it is a different story.

These are the elite: big-name movie actors, TV personalities, high-income businessmen, public figures and big-time hoods. For these people, there is a little more time, a little more money to spend. Some are jaded, some are not, but all have one thing in common: reputations which have to be protected.

Bev's Place, as it is referred to by regular customers, is located a few miles from Vegas' main drag. It is unlike any bordello that ever existed—anywhere. At first glimpse it appears to be a large, sprawling luxury motel, complete with well appointed kidney-shaped pool.

Inside, the illusion of plush motel is even stronger: soft, thick carpeting, wall to wall; expensive, ultra-modern furniture; subdued lighting; piped-in music, tastefull and relaxing—all the comforts you'd expect to find in, say, a swank hotel in New York City.

And there's more.

In the west wing, in the bar, a "client" can sit back in an over-stuffed chair, sip the finest cognac and, through a wall of glass, watch the sun sink below the desert horizon. If he should desire to appease his hunger instead of wetting his palate, he simply has to amble into the room next door, an intimate, tastefully decorated dining area where inch-thick steaks, broiled to order, are a specialty.

If a visitor hasn't yet gotten Las Vegas' main attraction out of his system, there is always the "Game Room" in the east wing, complete with roulette wheel, card tables and, yes, even slot machines.

And then there is the No. 1 commodity of Bev's Place: sex. But let Beverly herself tell about that:

What about the men who come to your place? Are they really movie stars and big-name personalities?

Are you kidding? (She laughs here.) Honey, you wouldn't believe who visits my place. One of the most well-known comics on TV drops by quite frequently, and there's a very popular movie actress who comes around occasionally. She's got a thing for girls, you understand. Hell, there's even a governor who's one of my regulars. Comes by several times a year. I entertain him myself.

Do you offer any "different" services at your place? You know, certain off-beat specialties a man with a particular kind of fetish might look for? I don't want to embarrass you.

Sweetheart, I *can't* be embarrassed. Yes, we've got a few oddballs who visit us regularly, and we satisfy most of them.

Could you give a few details?

Well, there's the Polaroid nut. After we've loaned him a camera he'll go with a girl to one of the rooms. He'll ask her to start undressing, to do a real striptease routine, and when she gets down to panties and bra, he'll snap away like a madman.

Do any of your picture-taking clients request other subjects, like a man and woman together?

A few, although it's difficult to find men willing to pose in this way. And there's one businessman—he owns a company that manufactures prophylactics, of all things!—who takes two girls to a room. He has them take off all their clothes and climb into the sack. And while the two go through all the motions of love-making, this guy takes pictures.

What about the discipline addicts, guys who like a little whipping with their sex? Do you provide for them?

You mean the S and M boys, sadists and masochists—absolutely not. I don't let any of those sickos in my place. They spell trouble. One of them did manage to get in once. He beat the hell out of one of my girls; it took months before she was able to work again. But almost all our customers just want good, wholesome sex with great looking girls in privacy. They're friends and we treat them right.

Do you stage any shows or show any movies—you know the kind I meant?

Oh, sure. Once in a while a guy'll come in who wants to influence a big business deal. He'll bring the man or men he's trying to impress to my place and request the works: a couple of stag films, a "vaudeville" routine put on by two or three of my girls and, to wind it up, a bedmate for the night. We're always glad to help out.

What do you charge for an evening's pleasure with one of your girls?

For the night, two hundred. For an hour or so, it's half that. Special requests, of course, run substantially higher.

Speaking of special requests, how about group sex? You know, affairs where more than one couple participates in sexual relations? Orgies, if you like.

We've held this sort of party on occasion. The action is usually limited to three or four couples—almost never more than that. I get two grand for one of these shindigs—and that includes the booze—so I don't get too many calls for it.

Could you describe some of the girls working for you, how many you have, how you recruited them and where they're from?

I've got twenty-five girls who work regularly for me. Since I give them a week's vacation every few months, I usually have about fifteen or so on hand.

They're from all over the country and, I might add, most of them are college graduates. I personally interview each girl before she is hired, and the requirements are quite demanding. Besides an education and being physically very attractive, she must have poise and have an understanding of the importance of discretion. If I even suspect that a girl might be inclined to talk too much, she's not hired.

How I go about finding the girls is a secret I'd rather not reveal.

How do you go about soliciting customers? Advertising or word of mouth?

Advertising would be disastrous to my operation; the secret to my place's success is that a gentleman can come for an evening's diversion, sample the very best in merchandise and never once have to worry about his reputation being in jeopardy.

Word of mouth is about the closest you can come to the way I operate. But that doesn't mean that a guy who hears about my house can just drive out and ring the doorbell. Every one of my clients is carefully screened by me in advance. When one of my regulars runs into a man whom he thinks may want to pay my place a visit, and has the dough to pay for it, he gives him one of my cards. The card is simple enough. It has two words imprinted on it: Premium Entertainment. Below this is a telephone number.

No, the number is not mine, not the place anyway.It isn't even listed under my name. If a man calls this number, he gets a hotel room in town. One of several men I have working for me answers this phone. He takes the caller's name and sets up an appointment, usually the next day.

My man gets in touch with me, fills me in on who the prospective clients are and I go and interview them. Where I interview them usually differs from week to week. It's been a good system so far; I think it's the only way to keep from being busted by the cops. And, of course, it lessens the chance of some private detective snooping around trying to dig up some dirt for a suspicious wife.

Do you have any unusual anecdotes to tell, incidents other than routine that may have taken place in your house since you've been in business?

Hell, yes. I recall one in particular because it happened to me personally, about a year ago. The John was a movie actor—not a leading man or anything like that, just one of those character actors who

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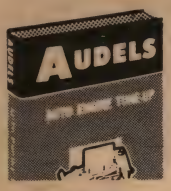

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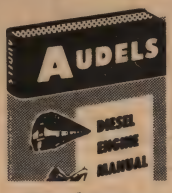

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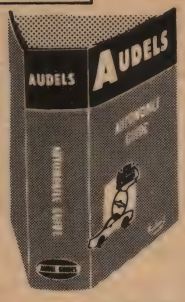

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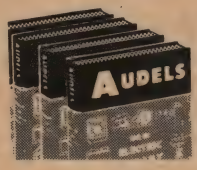

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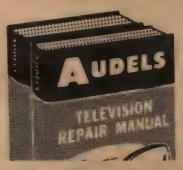

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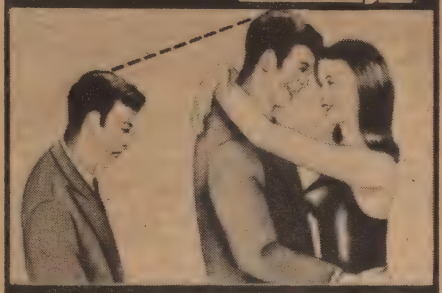

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seem to be in a couple of hundred movies a year. Actually, you'd recognize this guy right off; he's in his 40's and has been around for quite some time.

I was impressed with him the minute he arrived. His manners were impeccable and there was an aristocratic air about him. He didn't strike me as handsome, but he did exude a kind of magnetism which got to me right away.

He asked me to have a drink with him in the bar and I complied. One thing led to another and before I realized it, we'd had three drinks and were working on the fourth. I don't usually drink during working hours, and almost never with the customers, but this guy just oozed with manliness and charm. And he sure had a way with words. I suppose you might say he had me hypnotized.

Anyway, he finally began touching me, not aggressively, just a light stroke of my arm or a casual caress of my knee. Well, let me tell you, his fingers made my skin tingle all over, and I was burning up inside. I wanted him, and he knew it. When he told me that it was me he wanted to spend the night with, I didn't waste any time taking him to my private room.

When we got there *he* didn't waste any time either. He pulled me close to him and started moving his hands all over my body. He put his lips on my neck, on my shoulder, and his tongue did crazy, wild things to me. Next thing I knew he was pulling off my clothes.

And then he made love to me. He was good, an expert, the best I'd ever been with, I think. Then, just as I was ready to experience ecstasy, he started to talk to me. He asked me if I thought he was as good as so and so, did he move as well as someone else, was his timing as good as someone else. The bastard was asking me to compare his sexual skill with other men I'd slept with! And the names he used were legit. They were all Johns I had entertained at one time or another—all show business people.

I told him that I'd prefer not to discuss the bedroom performances of former customers, and that's when he went berserk. He kicked a table over, picked up a chair and heaved it across the room and smashed the mirror with his fist. He shouted four-letter obscenities at the top of his voice. He was like an animal, a goddam raving maniac.

Anyway, a couple of my boys busted into the room and politely but firmly showed him the way out. He hasn't been around since.

And then there was this nut who showed up a few months ago. He seemed all right when I screened him, a well-mannered, neatly-dressed and obviously wealthy stockbroker from New York.

Well, he goes to a room with one of the girls and everything's quiet for about an hour. All of a sudden, I hear this commotion coming from outside, where the pool is. I hightail it out there, turn on the pool lights and there's this stockbroker and the girl neck-deep in the water. They're both naked, and she's flailing water like crazy. The s.o.b. is trying to make love to her while she's swallowing half the pool. We got her out before she drowned, and we got rid of him real quick. I think the jerk thought he was a fish.

I've also got another yoyo who's one of my regulars, but he's harmless enough. He's a professor of something or other at one of the western universities.

This bird comes in about once a month. He picks out one of the girls and takes her to a room where I've had a piano wheeled in. He has the girl strip down to the buff and then he peels down to his underwear. And for the next two or three hours all he does is play the piano—in his bloody underwear—while the girl just sits there and tries to look interested.

Sometimes he has me come in and sit. These times he plays the piano a little, talks a little. He discusses the breakdown of this, the breakdown of that, goes on and on about why we shouldn't be in Vietnam or what's wrong with the country's tax system. The guy's wigged out, but he pays his tab and he tips well.

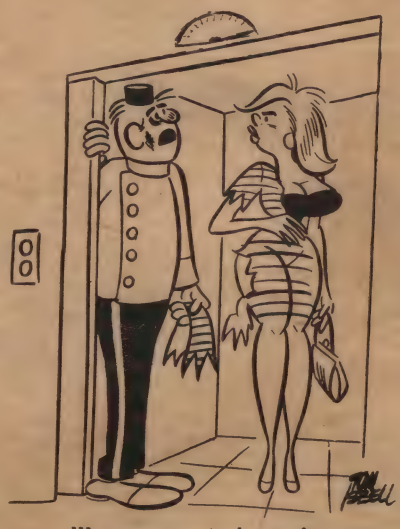
This is the usual sort of incidents?

No. I'm glad you asked, though, because I wouldn't want you to think that I ran a place for strangies. You know, I'm probably more sold on my work than most people because I believe in sex as about half of a normal man's life and nine-tenths of a normal woman's. If you have to hide to do what is natural—because of the newspapers or maybe a sour wife—then I'm happy to help. And that's why I run a happy place. If you don't think so, ask the new bride of one of Hollywood's biggest marriages. I'm not about to spill names but it's one of best known May-December marriages. The inlaid coffee table in their living room is a wedding present from her former employer—me. I'm just sad that he won't be coming around here anymore because we had some lovely times.

One last question. Have you ever thought about the future, about selling the business and retiring?

I've given it some thought, but I haven't any immediate plans. I'm young and I've already got a sizeable bankroll stashed away, so I probably won't be doing this for too long. I don't know yet—it depends on a lot of things. Why? Do you know any girls who might want to invest in my setup?

No. But, thanks for your time. ■



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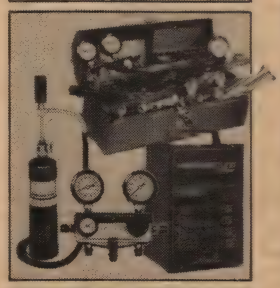

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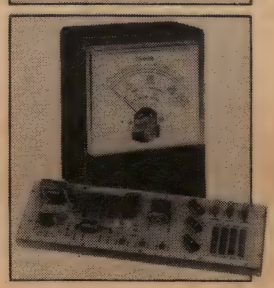

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answer. Then I heard the whining of the dogs and ran to them. Three were already dead, flanks and bellies shredded open like cabbages. Another lay near an acacia tree several yards away and toward the bush. This dog had literally been ripped apart. The tiger had disappeared.

We found Karage lying face down. I was almost afraid to look. Finally I bent over the old Naga and turned him right side up.

We were surprised to find him grinning, although two of his front teeth were missing and his lips bled profusely.

He explained that the tiger had not laid so much as a paw on him; in his haste to get a good shot, he had tripped and fallen on a jagged piece of shale.

After we patched Karage up, we sat around the fire and talked. Abdul secured wood for the fire, while his wife, Yasmin, made coffee.

"The devil cat will go to a cool spot and sleep after his meal," Karage warned. "He will also leave a blood trail. I think it wise that we follow him quickly."

We all agreed to this. Although the prospects of the tiger raiding the camp again were remote, we nonetheless set up a guard schedule for the night. Abdul had first trick, so I returned to my tent. I was unable to sleep, tossed restlessly as I thought back to the strange series of events that had led me on what I now knew would be the worst hunting safari of my big-game career . . .

I'd heard of the Darjpur killer at a reunion of my World War II squadron. Rick Larson, my old CO, knew I was interested in hunting and spun a tale about a tiger that had killed so repeatedly that he had made ghost-towns of villages and settlements along the lower reaches of the Himalayas. No human being was safe from the man-eating Bengal, estimated by a fortunate few as twelve feet in length and in the neighborhood of 650 pounds.

It took me little more than twenty-four hours to reach my destination via Aif-India 707 jet—Calcutta. After checking through customs I hurried to see the local official in charge of inland government hunting expeditions. His name was Ben Ali Krishna; he was a British-trained agriculturist, whose main concern was crop conservation and production. He spoke fluent English but seemed cool to my offer to hunt the cat, even though all I asked was expenses to cover guide supplies, rifles, and ammunition.

I showed him several newspaper clippings I kept handy to influence reluctant clients. He was impressed, but not totally convinced.

"By what means will you effect this chase? We have tried the finest native hunters on elephant, we have sent military troops, we have even used helicopters. All without success," he said.

"The scheme I have in mind is relatively simple," I answered. "I'll need several men of good experience, some tracker dogs, and telescopic-sight rifles."

"You propose to hunt the tiger on foot?"

"Exactly. We'll need transportation only as far as Darjpur, from then on we'll hike it. If this cat is as smart as I've heard, he'll be put wise to anything other than the human scent. Is it a deal?"

Krishna still appeared wary of the proposition, but desperation obviously had worn thin even his stoical nature.

"As you say, it is a deal."

"Good. I'll need a few days to get my men together."

"Before you go, I must tell you that the Indian government, whom I represent, will not be responsible for your activities after a fortnight from tomorrow. If you have not returned by then, with results, we will be forced to terminate our agreement. However until then, please consider me at your service. Anything within reason will be provided."

We shook hands and parted.

It was several days later, after scouring in the tougher waterfront districts that I got word of the man I knew was vital to the success of the hunt. He was an old Naga tribesman, who was just about the finest guide east of the Ganges.

I was put onto him by an interesting old peddler at the marketplace: "You seek the one whose face is shriveled like the apricot, but whose eye is as keen as the stars. You will find him visiting his daughter."

The address was in a reasonably fashionable section of Calcutta, where women wore saris made of silk and exquisitely cut gems of jade and turquoise. The old Naga, whose name was Karage, jumped at my offer. Being a guest in a house of concrete, where the tools of living are more for show than for use, had made him long for the freedom of the jungle and the grassy plains.

"You have lifted a heavy stone from my heart," he told me, "it is I who am to be thankful."

The next day I found the last member of my team—Abdul. I had wandered onto a side-street when I stopped to watch a bald-headed strongman perform truly amazing feats. After the act ended, and an awed group of onlookers departed, I wondered if this man wasn't the kind I would need on this the most dangerous hunt of my career. When I approached the India muscleman, I found him difficult to convince.

"I am not a pack mule," he said. "I am an entertainer."

"Hundreds of your people have already perished. More will die if the maneater is not killed."

A slender omali girl who had been window-dressing for his act, moved toward me. She said she would go. This enraged Abdul so much that he vowed to take on the tiger bare-handed.

I agreed to let his wife come along as cook. She was a pretty, dark-haired girl in her late teens. Her name was Yasmin. They were both welcome additions.

The four of us began early the following morning, supplied with one 12-gauge bore gun, two Weatherby Magnums, a .350 Rigby, all equipped with scopes, and other essential gear, including half a dozen well-trained Afghan tracker dogs. We were given a military escort by jeep to Darjpur in the lower plain region of the Himalayas.

When I awoke on that fifth morning out, and realized we were alone and without dogs, I was sorely tempted to turn back. Although I had no delusions about the Afghans being able to tree the tiger, I had hoped they'd bring him out in the open where a well-placed shot could be made. Now we would have to go it alone. We packed our gear and headed after the tiger.

Several hours of close tracking left us hot, and perspiring freely. We stopped for a break.

"I cannot understand it." Karage wiped his brow with a large red bandana. "The devil cat has vanished."

I looked at the ground. Yasmin and Abdul seemed puzzled by the discovery. We had followed the trail—squarish pug marks together with bits of blood and fur, and now they were gone.

I scanned. The area we had covered had been grassy plains, no streams in sight, for the tiger to wash away the evidence. Trees grew sparcely and well-spaced beneath a low-slung group of hills. Between the hills, in behind the trees, was a ravine.

Abdul dropped the heavy pack near the trunk of a leafy betal palm. While Karage and Yasmin rested, Abdul and I walked to the edge of the precipice. I hefted a rock and tossed it over the side, there was a splash—a long way down. The width of the ravine was too wide to think the tiger could jump across. It was a good 20 feet.

A throaty growl from the other side gave the whole mystery away. It was the striped devil—"Damned if that lousy bastard isn't daring us to follow." I raised my rifle to fire, but the tiger moved out of sight, behind an uneven formation of rocks.

"He will wait over there for us," Abdul

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remarked.

"He's clever all right, but there must be a way for us to cross over," I said. "Karage will know."

When I asked the guide if there was a way across without having to skirt miles out of our way, he scratched his head and said, "I can remember many rope bridges built by the ancient tribes of Johorei; they were used by these people to bring food from the more fertile regions. However since the highways have broken into the great mountains they have been abandoned. Some were cut to prevent adventurous children from getting hurt. There was one . . ."

"Where?" I interrupted anxiously.

"It was at the narrowest point and was said to be the sturdiest crossway in the province. It can't be far from where we are now."

I didn't have to say a word—Abdul was already strapping on his heavy pack. Yasmin too seemed more interested. The despair that had followed the loss of the dogs was gone. Everyone in the party suddenly seemed more willing, more determined to get the tiger.

We located the bridge; several hundred yards to the east on a downhill lie. It was however, hardly what we expected. By modern standards it looked like a jumble of logs woven together by wrapping cord. There were hand rails made of vines that had withered. One side had been weather-beaten so, it had unwound entirely. The other side had one vine-rope intact and a second dangling near enough for me to pull up.

It was no more than 12 feet away, but someone would have to do some dangerous tight-rope walking or our hunt was ended.

Karage volunteered to chance it.

"If Abdul holds a rope tied to my waist, and you will hold the loose bridge line secure, I think I can get over. The bridges are stronger than they look."

Abdul eagerly welcomed any part in our project. "Do not worry, old Naga, you will be well supported." He flexed his chest muscles.

"Be careful," Yasmin cautioned Karage softly, then stepped forward to give him an old good luck piece she said her grandfather had once given her. The old Naga seemed touched by her show of concern. Then he moved forward: 125 pounds of sheer guts.

I knew if Karage could cross safely he'd be able to pull up the other supporting vine-ropes, throw them across, and we could repair the bridge.

The first quivering of the crossing made my pulse quicken, as Karage, light though he was, appeared too heavy for the weary roped-logs. I strained to keep my rope taut, since this was the one he held, as he toed lightly on the strand just below. Abdul braced near the edge, ready for a sudden slip.

When Karage was halfway, we heard a rumbling growl. The tiger came to the opposite end of the bridge, spitting and swiping toward Karage. I couldn't release the rope and go for my gun or Karage would fall. The little Naga whipped out a machete and, hanging one-handed, slashed at the tiger. Still growling, the animal backed off into some bushes.

I felt like giving Karage the Medal of Honor. He scampered onto the opposite ledge and tossed the ropes to us.

It took us about an hour to bolster the old bridge; ropes we had with us were spliced, sent across and driven into the gound. Karage and Abdul used the tools of their ancestors: rock to hammer, and wood as peg. I stood watch with the .350 Rigby.

We crossed with all hands safe.

Without a breather, we checked the spot at which the tiger had growled his challenge, and quickly picked up his trail. But by late afternoon, uncertain of what lay ahead, and weary from the all-day chase, we were forced to make camp.

We camped in an open area, bounded on one side bz the hills of Marashanja, and on the other by a fresh water stream. While Abdul secured the tents and took care of the fire, Karage and I hunted up some game. I put my Rigby to good use for the first time in weeks, planting one between the eyes of a young buck.

That night Yasmin prepared the best meal we'd had—a welcomed relief from the steady diet of beans and bacon.

While Yasmin washed her dishes in the nearby stream, I sat down by the fire. I began to worry about meeting my deadline. I was afraid we might have lost our best opportunities; the cat could have vamoosed so far by now, that it would take another slaughter just to pinpoint his whereabouts. I sure as hell didn't want to wait for that.

The smoke from Karange's thin-stemmed pipe shook me from my reverie. Its relaxing aroma, and the patient expression on a man who had seen many hunts in his day, told me to ease off—my chance would come.

The hour was getting late. I was about to sack out, when Abdul came over to talk. He seemed to sense something, and yet wasn't sure himself. Whatever was eating him wasn't halfway out of his mouth when we heard a blood-chilling shriek.

"It is Yasmin. I go." Abdul tore toward the stream, before I could speak.

Karage and I went for our rifles and followed.

We were about two-thirds there, running quickly across the sandy earth that dipped and swung sharply downward to the stream, when I first saw the girl. She was in the water swimming upstream toward the rapids. She seemed to be faltering against the strong current. What could be scaring her?

Then I saw—a Bengal tiger had leaped in after her and was pursuing. It was hard to tell if it was our tiger until I saw Abdul. He was kneeling on the sandy shore beside the stream. His chest was torn, obviously in an attempt to stop the tiger from getting to Yasmin.

We could hear his cries, "Come back devil cat, come back."

He had taken the tiger on barehanded. Now he was getting to his feet, making like a strongman, pleading with the tiger to come back and face him again.

The tiger paid him no heed. He swam swifter than the current—after Yasmin.

From our present position, it was impossible to get a clear shot. Knowing there wasn't much time, I yelled to Karage that my only chance was to use the power scope from atop the hill to the left. Then I might get a shot down on the cat as he swam.

Karage nodded, and ran to the shore in case the tiger came back for Abdul. I made tracks up the slope, and adjusted the power scope. The distance was close to 100 yeards, the distance guaranteed by the manufacturer of the sight. I hoped he hadn't goofed. The tiger was framed, for a split second, but disappeared. Could this tiger be smart enough to know—*to dive* when he sensed danger?

I looked for Yasmin, she had reached a rock jutting out from the water and dragged herself onto it; she looked very tired, probably couldn't swim a stroke more. I had to find the target. I had to.

I lowered the sight slightly, scanned the water directly in front of Yasmin—and then I saw him. The tiger rising up out of the water. He was about to strike when I squeezed the trigger.

The cat seemed to halt in midair, its sharp front claws groping, then it toppled backwards. I had hit one home through the head. The tiger floated downstream—bait for the carnivorous fish that were gathering.

It took hours to coax Yasmin from the rock. She was too terrified to swim. Finally I had to go out and get her.

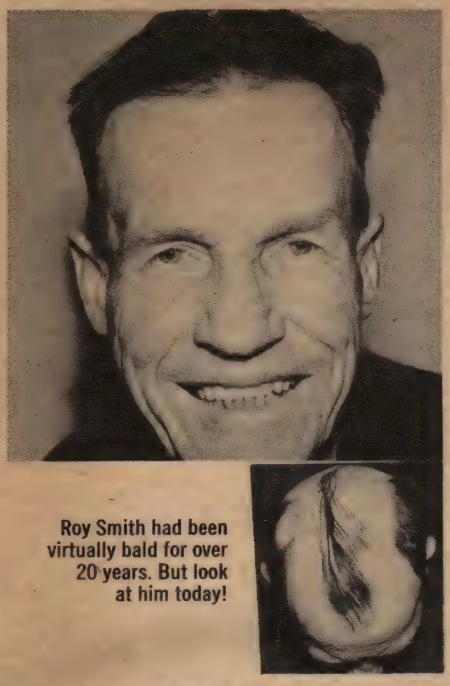
We got back to Darjpur the following afternoon and spread the word of our success. We had no tangible proof of our conquest, but looking at Abdul, yasmin, Karage and myself, the government, including Ben Krishna, seemed satisfied.

Abdul spent months in a Calcutta hospital, finally deciding to quit his strongman's job and settle down in a hunting-supply business with his wife. I guess the tiger decided it for him, though. His chest would never again be a thing of beauty. Karage went back to his Naga village to spend his remaining days with his people; to re-tell by the evening fires the tale of his hunt for the now almost legendary, striped devil of Darjpur.

Me, I'm back in the States. But I'm sure it won't be too long before I'll be off on another expedition. You can bet it won't be another Bengal tiger. ■

"I hope you have a good explanation for this, Pearl."

THEY LAUGHED when we had our photos taken "before"



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FEMALE SEX URGE

Continued from page 27

Many men who've tried this approach have been cruelly disappointed to find the liquor method, far from producing a state of sexual bliss, instead brings on a passionless nightmare.

Give the right woman the wrong amount of liquor and you'll have a quarrelsome wench on your hands. Either that or she'll drop off into an uncooperative stupor. Once this happens there's nothing a man can do. Making her guzzle a quart of black coffee won't do any good either. The best you can wind up with is a wide-awake drunk.

Simply put, Ralph W. was married to a woman who was not the most overly-passionate female in the world. Alcohol was no way to try to turn her on. The counselor did have a suggestion, however.

Many wives have to be trained to enjoy sex with their husbands, and the best way to do that is to approach them at time when their response will be most favorable.

Ralph W. started to be a calendar watcher. His wife, as most women, experienced heightened sexual desire just before and just after she menstruated and sometimes during ovulation, which occurs about 14 days after the first day of menstruation.

By appealing to his wife at just the right time, Ralph found he had a most responsive sex partner. His wife began to think of him as a "perfect lover." Soon, the entire basis for their sexual incompatibility had vanished. Ralph no longer had reason to call his wife a block of ice, and his wife no longer held herself back whenever Ralph wanted to make love, instead being eager and passionately desirous of pleasing.

Here, in question form, with the answers as given by many of the country's leading authorities, are some other important tips on how you too can train your partner to become a more perfect lover and produce a marriage with the most rewarding sex life possible.

Q. Is foreplay a necessary first step in putting a woman in the proper state of mind for sex?

A. No, it is the necessary *second* step. Foreplay is not for the purpose of putting a woman in the proper "state of mind" for intercourse, but rather for putting her in the proper physical state. "Pre-foreplay," say psychologists K. and M. Wagner, "is not arousing a female sexually but making her *want* to be aroused. Before a woman is ready to be aroused, she must become emotionally involved with the man. This is what makes courtesy, good manners, candlelight, etc., so important. These things tend to make the man more attractive to her, and this is very important as far as women are concerned. It is very difficult for a woman to become sexually involved with a man, many of whom can quite readily make love to women they really don't even like or whom they find dull, stupid or even vulgar.

Q. How long should foreplay last?

A. Dr. W.F. Robbie sets the average at between half an hour to 45 minutes. Dr. L.I. Berg sets the minimum at 15 minutes. And Dr. E. Philips Meyers says American men should become like their counterparts among some American Indian tribes in which the brave lay beside the maid the entire night, bringing her to new heights of arousal. Intercourse would take place at just about dawn.

Q. Are there any boundaries on the type of foreplay a man may engage in?

A. As long as the sex play is mutually acceptable to both partners, any type of stimulation, digital or oral, is approved by the experts. Dr. Meyers insists their is no such thing as overstimulation of the female, but that "the sole danger is stopping too soon." Dr. Meyers also insists men should engage more in "sneaky foreplay."

Q. What exactly is "sneaky foreplay"?

A. While all men know most of the so-called erogenous zones or pleasure areas of a woman—breasts, neck, mouth, behind and inside the ear—few pay attention to other spots that can often produce rather speedy arousal. Often a man can stimulate a woman by caressing her scalp, says Dr. Meyers. Other recommended spots: coccyx or tailbone and any area of particularly sensitive skin such as the armpits, the backs of the knees, and fingers.

Q. Can dirty words be a part of foreplay?

A. Often, with quite a few women. Dr. Berg notes: "Some women, even those of respectable background, will employ incredible smut, repeating sidewalk words as added thrills overtake them." Other women react with astonishing passion when they are made the butt of such language.

Q. What positions are preferred by most women?

A. There is, of course, no single preferred position, but if there is one position that is overrated it is the man-above state since it seldom provides the esthetic edification to be found in other postures. Dr. Edwin W. Hirsch finds the position has so many unphysiological features that "it is not to be recommended for beginners."

Q. What positions are preferred by most women?

A. The lateral or side position is probably the best. "Nature did not ordain that the man's weight be imposed on the woman," Dr. Hirsch declares. The virtue of the lateral position, he notes, is that "it places the female on an equal plane with the male, and thus there is no inequality of status." Other experts favor the "woman above" position—provided the regular use of this method does not give the man a feeling of inferiority.

Q. Does a woman prefer variety in her lovemaking?

A. Much more than the male. Many wives complain that their husbands fail to try enough varied positions for intercourse—there are over 100 acknowledge ones—but most authorities agree with Dr. Austace Chesser that there are 11 basic ones that every couple should practice.

Q. Do women like to be hit by surprise lovemaking?

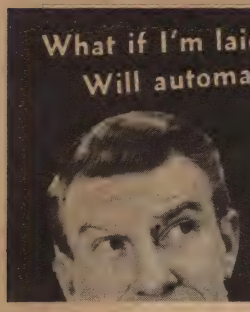
A. This is almost the same thing as variety in position. "Nothing deadens female desire," says Dr. Meyers, "more than love play that follows a predictable pattern. A man should not practice the use of the same words in the same place at the same time. Once a women is receptive to a man, she wants the unexpected. If a man's basic approach is one of gentleness and gradualness, he should once in a while pick her up in his arms and sweep her into the bedroom."

Q. Do most women like the caveman approach?

A. Within limits, yes. Most women take the let's-get-down-to-business approach as a compliment, but that doesn't mean they want a lover who's crude, blunt or generally impatient. Act that way with an unmarried woman and the law calls it rape, yet some husbands think it's the only way to woo a wife. But of course a woman does like to feel pursued and dominated. That's why, despite the general opposition by many experts, the standard position for intercourse is important in many marriages. A man must judge if his wife favors it since it represents for many women an acceptable method for demonstrating submission to the male.

Q. Is living with in-laws bad for a couple's sex life?

A. Very definitely. Dr. J.J. Kaufman tells of a young man who enjoyed regular premarital sex relations with his wife, but found after the marriage that he was impotent and unable to satisfy her. It turned out they'd moved in with his parents and that "every morning at breakfast I'd feel that they're looking at us, maybe with a kind of tolerant amusement, trying to figure out whether



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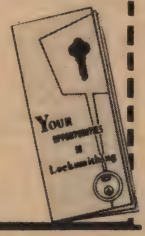

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we did or we didn't the night before." After the couple followed the doctor's advice and moved into their own apartment, their lovemaking problem vanished.

Q. Does a man's general inability to get along with his mother-in-law have a sexual basis?

A. Absolutely. Many mothers attempt to keep their daughters from enjoying sex with their husbands. Some mothers will question a daughter about her sex practices "to make sure that man is not taking advantage of you." Some constantly call their daughters in the evening, trying to interrupt any sexual activity that might be going on. Dr. Meyers solution: "After a certain hour only the husband should answer the phone and his wife should be unavailable. And it goes without saying that not only should a couple not live with their in-laws but they should avoid living in the same part of town."

Q. Does the size of an apartment affect a man's ability to give his wife a happy sex life?

A. Very definitely. The biggest mistake newlyweds make is to take too small an apartment, say one consisting of a kitchen and a living room with their sleeping confined to a convertible sofa or some other makeshift arrangement. If a couple must have just two rooms, they should be a kitchen and a bedroom—even if that means giving up entertaining friends at home. As Dr. Hirsch puts it: "By personal survey of the sleeping equipment used by many young couples, I was amazed to discover how many there were who slept on thin mattresses, on day beds or on cots with old and worn-out springs. Psychotherapy is of no value in remedying sexual fatigue unless attention is paid to one's comfort and health. I have helped several cases of sex neurosis in young persons by persuading them to purchase good beds with firm springs and mattresses. A state of bliss can be introduced in a union that was falling apart because of physical exhaustion due to miserable bedding."

Q. Does a woman always want to be "led" in bedroom activities?

A. Generally speaking, yes. Dr. Alvin R. Kramer suggests a husband be "kind, considerate and sensitive to his wife's sexual needs—but never over-solitious or over-permissive. Should he be the latter his wife will soon lose her ability to respond correctly to his sexual advances." This doesn't mean, says, Dr. Kramer, that the wife may not occasionally take the lead in sexual methods, but the "husband must be sure he doesn't create the impression that he doesn't care what kind of sex they have. Many women today are castrating types, nagging, brow-beating and attempting to dominate their spouses, and when they are it is usually a sign that the man has surrendered his masculine role in the sex act.

Q. Should a husband ever admit to having enjoyed pre-marital relations with other women?

A. No if he wants to have a happy sex life. Women can "forgive and forget" most of the time, but as research at a Midwestern university shows, they have a habit of recalling such matters during the actual sex act and often turn cold.

Q. Does smoking cause impotence?

A. This has long been argued, but there has been some evidence of reduced sexual interest or a faltering of capacity by men who are notorious chain smokers. More recent research points to the posibility that heavy smoking on the woman's part may be a more serious problem since she may be developing oral habits that cut down on her need for male attention.

Q. Does a woman enjoy getting presents which indicate she is desired?

A. This is a trap that many men fall into. If a husband comes home with flowers or some small present and then tries to drag his wife off to the bedroom, he will often meet fierce resistance. To a woman this merely means she is being bought.

Q. Do many men stop too soon after sex?

A. This is probably the biggest fault of most men at making love. To a woman, the sex act is a highly romantic event. The noted authority, Van De Velde, refers to the time following coitus as "the afterglow." For a man, climax is the peak of his experience. For a woman, who often fails to achieve climax, the time following the act is most important. This is the time when she wants to feel wanted, to have her mate hold her in a resting embrace. Here a woman finds peace and spiritual satisfaction that makes her feel there is a true element of love to the sexual experience. The man who knows how to make a woman feel loved will never have any complaints about her performance. ■

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Continued from page 19

Often, the problems facing the returning GI are overwhelming. Take one case not at all untypical.

It happened last year near Pleiku, in Vietnam, to a soldier we'll call Chuck Davis.

Davis, a specialist fourth class, watched as the men ahead of him leaped from a helicopter and scrambled into action. In turn, Davis threw himself from the chopper, advanced in a running crouch toward the enemy. He didn't get very far before a Vietcong slug ripped into his flesh.

A month later, at the Forest Glen annex to Walter Reed Hospital, near Washington, D.C. Davis, wearing baggy, blue hospital pajamas, told the rest of the tale to Virgil J. Livingston, a Veterans Administration (VA) representative and another visitor, a newspaper reporter.

The VC bullet had ripped through Davis' hip. It broke bone, tore muscle, "did a lot of harm," he related. He believes the Army will give him a "70 percent-disabled rating," because he will have to wear a leg brace from now on. The leg isn't much good any more, he explained, and it pains him most of the time.

Specialist Davis is a high school graduate. He had one year of college before the army drafted him. He asks the big, tough question: What will he be able to do now that he is—well—crippled?

Livingston, the VA man, gave Davis general answers. At least he explained what benefits the VA can offer. And the answers seemed to satisfy the soldier. But they do not completely satisfy others. Although two major laws have been passed which increase benefits for the returning veteran, in some cases Specialist Davis along with other veterans will not be getting as square a deal as their fathers and brothers did during and after World War II and Korea, though these young men fought as bravely and sacrificed just as much as their predecessors.

The newest law, called the Veteran's Pension and Readjustment Assistance Act of 1967 provides benefits for the Vietnam Veteran similar in most respects to those granted Korean veterans. But there are still exceptions.

For example: A Korean veteran with a 50 percent disability received an average monthly compensation of $144.67 while the Vietnam veteran with the same 50 percent disability is now only entitled to $129.36.

Specialist Davis and any other man who has served in the Armed Forces since August 5, 1964 is considered eligible for the new benefits. The legislation provides increased education allowances, aid for veterans who haven't finished high school (stipulating that this assistance must not be subtracted from their right to 48 months of college or university training), higher pension rates, more group life insurance, loan guarantee benefits as well as increased compensation payments for service-connected disabilities.

The compensation payments directly affect Specialist Davis. At the present time he is entitled to benefits from the Veterans Readjustment Benefits Act of 1966, the so-called "New GI Bill." It covers most two-year veterans and certain others who served after January 31, 1955. What is more important though, is that the benefits from special provisions that apply to military personnel performing "extra

hazardous duty," pilots, submariners, etc., as well as servicemen in Vietnam.

Because Specialist Davis has technically lost the use of his leg, he is entitled to a "statutory award" of $47 per month. Also, since his injuries were "incurred in or aggravated by active service," he is entitled to "compensation," which means he gets an additional payment based on the severity of his wounds. Since he is single, has no dependents, and has a 70 percent disability, he will draw $174 in compensation.

Davis is entitled to other privileges, too. The VA will guarantee him against loss up to sixty percent of a home loan with a maximum of $12,500. And the interest rate may not exceed 6¾ percent per year. And, since his wounds are serious, warranting a disability rating of 30 percent or more, he qualifies for vocational rehabilitation and education. This means that the VA will pay for his tuition, books and supplies at a vocational training school or college for four years or more, if necessary. At the same time, it will pay him a stipend of $110 a month. This vocational benefit can go as high as $175 for married men with two or more dependents.

As with other GIs now on duty, Davis carried $10,000 of group life insurance written by commercial firms. Within 120 days of his discharge, he will be able to convert that special insurance to regular insurance without the need of a physical examination.

Also, Davis may apply for up to $10,000 of Service Disabled Veterans Insurance at low rates—$2.00 a month for a $10,000 term policy, for example. Only veterans with service-connected illnesses who were "separated from active service under conditions other than dishonorable" may purchase this insurance.

Lastly, Davis is eligible for hospitalization at VA hospitals on a priority basis, and his next of kin will receive $250 toward his burial expenses.

But what about the World War II veteran? What would he have gotten under similar circumstances? Well, a veteran of Anzio who sustained injuries identical to those received by Specialist Davis and was discharged in 1946, received a $47-per month statutory award, too. He received $96.60 compensation instead of $174, but the $96.60 bought about as much then as Davis' $174 does now.

Like Davis, he could have had a home loan backed by a VA guarantee—with one difference: the world war II vet paid approximately 4 percent interest on his mortgage. Davis would have to pay as much as 6¾ percent!

The remaining benefits available to Davis, which were listed previously, were also available to the World War II veteran. But the World War II GI had additional benefits that Davis *does not* have.

He received up to $300 in "mustering-out pay." And because, like Davis he had been technically rated as having lost the use of his leg, he received up to $1,600 toward the purchase of a new car. Typically, disabled War War II veterans

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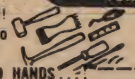

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bought new Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles or Dodges with that money. If Specialist Davis were to receive a similar car allowance, he could buy about half an Oldsmobile according to today's prices. And yet, he may get that same allowance, deflated though it is, because a $1,600 car-allowance provision is being considered by the Congressional conferees.

Another important problem facing many fighting men coming back from Vietnam, particularly Negroes, is that they are unable to find decent housing. And those who remain in the service are often even worse off. Around most military bases, rents have been pushed up as fast as GI pay has been raised.

The World War II veteran was, of course, eligible for home loans; he also could obtain business loans backed by a Government mortgage guarantee. Vietnam vets get the home-loan guarantee, but not the business-loan warranty.

Incidentally, it's worth pointing out that World War II and Korean veterans were able to buy a home with special GI financing that required no money down. This was finally extended to Vietnam veterans in 1966—about the time that the tight-money squeeze put an end to the building boom and made mortgages difficult to obtain. Today, a home-loan executive says: "Vietnam veterans can get a loan like anyone else, providing they have a big enough down payment to qualify. But as far as a 100 percent veteran's loan goes, I haven't heard of anybody getting one."

The World War II veteran had Government term insurance, "which you just couldn't beat," as one VA official put it. The post-Korea veteran has commercial group insurance, and, unless he is disabled, he gains little or nothing by continuing that particular kind of policy after he leaves the service.

Bad? It gets worse.

A high Pentagon official told this writer how GI families in Michigan had so little money left after rent that they had to apply for welfare. Men in the uniforms of their country, he said, stood in welfare lines waiting for free food. "I could cry!" blurted the official, and he almost did.

The housing on the bases often is no better bargain either. An Air Force official, after inspecting some ramshackle enlisted quarters at Robins Air Force Base outside Macon, Georgia, angrily described them as "slave quarters."

There has been a big furor over the housing conditions at Fort Dix in New Jersey. "Definitely substandard" is the way one Negro tech sergeant described his house in Kennedy Courts—"Little Harlem," he called it—an area on Fort Dix reserved for personnel from adjoining McGuire Air Force Base.

Negro residents claim it is becoming more and more segregated. One airman counted eight Negro families of 10 on his block.

The 15-year-old Dix development includes 200 units for McGuire families, and like all military neighborhoods, looks tidy from the outside. In fact, Kennedy Courts resembles a Westchester garden community: 24 two-story, red brick houses with one to four bedrooms, around a central lawn. The lawns and houses are as well kept as any on the base.

Inside, it's another story.

Both Negro and white residents complain of inadequate heating, inadequate street lighting ("I'm just waiting for the night I break my neck," one housewife exclaimed.), inadequate maintenance and an overabundance of insects.

By tradition and policy, Air Force housing is assigned according to rank and seniority, and McGuire has an acute housing shortage. A staff sergeant may have to wait as long as six months for a house. Lower grades are not allotted housing there at all.

Thus many enlisted men face the choice of accepting an assignment to Kennedy Courts rent-free, or living off-base, in which case they receive a $106-per-month housing allowance.

The expensive apartments in nearby industrial communities "are always more difficult for us to rent," one Negro airman complained.

"Secretary Laird's war on discrimination in housing near military installations," said another airman sarcastically, "obviously hasn't reached South Jersey yet."

As a result, a walk through Kennedy Courts shows more Negroes than whites, and more Negroes of higher rank. According to Air Force Housing Officer, Sam Ponticelli: "We discourage tech sergeants and above from moving into Kennedy Courts, but some are desperate for living quarters and accept.

"I once issued an order allowing noncommissioned officers to move to McGuire, but I got little response. Now once they move to Kennedy Courts, they will not be allowed to come to McGuire unless they have good reason."

This leaves numbers of Negroes and their families, who find themselves unable to obtain apartments nearby, feeling clumped together in what they consider inadequate housing—housing that whites of the same rank are in a position to reject.

In addition, the families feel that the Army lacks interest in the area. Complained one tech sergeant: "They say we should call if we have problems, but they never come. As for inspections, they drive around the area and because everything looks all right from the outside, they assume everything is OK.

"We could have washing machines and dryers like the houses on McGuire have. Hell, the warehouses are full of used ones. But the Army refuses. Private repairmen aren't allowed to fix government machines."

The Army housing in Fort Dix offers a counterpart to Kennedy Courts in age and inadequacy called Sheridanville. Here segregation is more obvious though still unofficial enough that one 11-year-old boy didn't realize it himself. Asked if his neighborhood was segregated, he replied, "No," but then counted up and realized that most of the white families lived across the street.

Employment is another serious problem the Vietnam veteran finds he has on his hands when he returns to civilian life.

"Fifty dollars' worth to go, please."

Federal and state employment offices have set up a preference system to help find jobs for veterans, but there is no major push to open the doors of business for them. Often, a returning veteran has less chance at a job with a future than he would have had if he'd successfully avoided combat duty by signing up with a reserve unit or by staying in school.

And for the disabled veteran, the problem of employment is sometimes more than he can cope with. The VA can offer assistance but there is a very real need for the support of the community. Communities must accept the handicapped, in the fullest sense of the word. They must see that the handicapped are provided with job opportunities. Former Administrator of Veterans Affairs, William J. Driver put it this way:

"Rehabilitation of the handicapped is a kind of chain, stretching from initial medical treatment to final rehabilitation. Many links of this chain make use of the newest and best developments of medical science. Other links require large expenditures of time and money by those responsible for rehabilitation.

"The final link is the all-important link of placement in a job. Too often it is the missing link. Too often the chain, forged with such care and over so long a period—fails to reach its goal—fails as a lifeline because the final link is missing.

"When the final link is missing we are condemning to eternal waste the most precious commodity of all—one of God's noble creatures."

In June of last year, President Nixon announced the withdrawal of 25,000 Americans from Vietnam. A month later he ordered the withdrawal of 14,000 military men from overseas bases. And in September, Nixon announced that 35,000 more troops would be sent home by December 15. That brings the total number of returning GIs to nearly 75,000. On November 3, 1969, in his report to the nation, Nixon announced a plan to bring home *all* American ground forces on a measured but secret timetable.

What does this mean in terms of the nation's economy? With unemployment already on the increase, we now face the additional and enormous task of securing jobs for our returning troops. With our whole economy fighting inflation, unless preventative measures are taken, these GIs will get the dirty end of the deal.

Limited by the rules of this strange war, these American troops have done an extraordinary job. They have received small thanks in return.

It's about time this country's politicians took off their jackets, rolled up their collective sleeves and went to work to do something about the "2nd-class-citizen" treatment American servicemen are getting today.

It's about time they started considering paying more than lipservice to our combat veterans, started leveling with them, started giving them the fair shake they certainly deserve.

It's also about time that the American people showed a little more warmth to the men coming home from the front. Is it too much to ask for boys who are laying their lives on the line for us? ■

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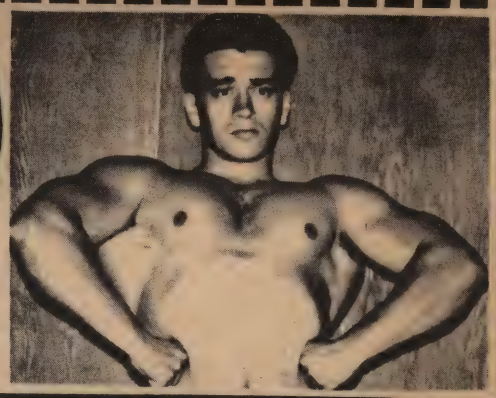

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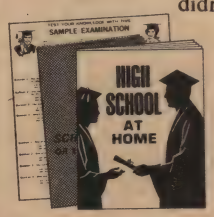

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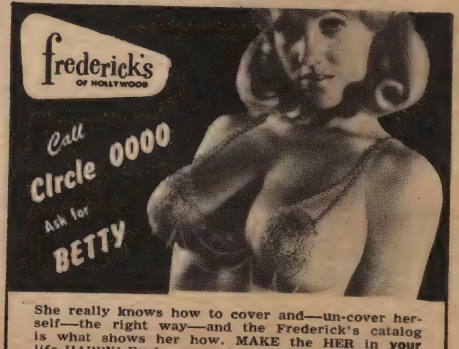

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Continued from page 42

beginning, around a year ago, when Ezra and Ginny had moved in, Barbara had been easy about the business of keeping up. Little by little, however, she became caught up in it and the battles began. It was always a matter of "Why can't we have . . ."

On this night, it was the stereo. She told Pete how beautiful music sounded on their set. Pete remembered the time Ezra had demonstrated it to him by playing, not music, but a record of train sounds. You had to sit back in just the right spot between the speakers and then you'd hear the train "traveling" from one speaker to the other.

Barbara went on with it. Pete quietly reminded her about a few bills they had to pay.

"We could charge it," Barbara said.

"When I can help it, I don't charge," Pete said.

"Ezra did," she said.

"The hell with what Ezra did!" he said.

It went back and forth this way, building, for the next ten minutes.

"Do I have to go next door to really hear music? Do I have———"

Pete stood up, went to the hall closet, took out a jacket.

"Where are you going?" Barbara said.

"I'll buy you a goddamn violin so you can have your music live!" Pete said as he slammed out the door.

Pete drove around aimlessly for a while. He had never, from their first meeting, liked Ezra Lomax. Tonight he hated his guts.

He pulled into a roadhouse that was not more than five miles out of town. He needed a drink.

Not being much of a bar drinker himself, Pete was surprised by the size of the crowd. There were at least thirty men and women—all of whom seemed to be looking for company.

As Pete sipped his bourbon, he saw Ezra Lomax seated at a back corner table with a pretty local divorcee named Bess Allen. She was laughing at something Ezra had said. Pete started to turn away just as Ezra looked up and caught his eye. Pete pretended he had not seen Ezra. He finished his drink, left the bar and drove home.

The next day, Saturday, Pete was working in the yard. He was clearing some weeds from a patch of ground where he had planted tomatoes.

"Like a real farmer."

Pete looked up. It was Ezra Lomax, smiling down at him.

"Hey, do a buddy a favor, will you?" Ezra asked.

Pete knew what Ezra Lomax was going to say and he said it. "Don't say anything to the wife about last night. O.K.?"

"I wasn't planning to," Pete said.

The tight look on Ezra's face relaxed. "If you're ever in the mood," he said, "You ought to come out to 'Sally's'." That was the name of the bar. "All the action you can handle. Like sticking fish in a barrel."

"Thanks for the information," Pete said.

"Neighbors have got to stick together, right?"

The next big fight between Pete and Barbara took place after a party Ginny had arranged in honor of her husband's promotion to sales manager of his company.

The expensively catered party had been lavish. The fight that followed it was an ugly scene.

Barbara, loaded on champagne, began to dig at Pete in a much stronger manner than she had ever used before.

"Why can't we give a party like that?" she asked her husband. "It was an absolutely beautiful party. French champagne—not New York State like we buy!"

"Relax," Pete said.

"I'm perfectly relaxed," Barbara said. "On French champagne!"

"Enough," Pete said.

"If Ezra Lomax can do it, why———"

"Shut up!"

Barbara began to laugh in a sarcastic way. "It doesn't cost much to say shut up to your wife, does it?"

Pete stormed out of the bedroom, out of the house, slamming the door behind him. Without thinking much about where he was going or why he was going there, Pete drove directly to Sally's Bar. He entered it quickly, like a man coming in out of a blizzard. He went directly to the bar, ordered a bourbon, finished it, ordered another. Half-way through the second drink, he could feel himself relaxing.

When he looked up out of himself, he saw the divorcee Ezra Lomax had been with. She was alone now, sitting at the end of the bar.

Pete, drink in hand, walked to where she was sitting. She had a thin, finely boned face, like the fashion models in some of Barbara's magazines. Her black hair was cut short. Pete didn't like short hair on women, but he liked it on this particular woman.

He put his empty glass down on the bar. "Will you join me?" he asked her in an easy manner.

"Thank you," she said. She turned and smiled at him. "A vodka sour."

Pete ordered their drinks.

Ezra Lomax had been right about sticking fish in a barrel. She was as friendly from the very beginning as if they had known each other for months. They were old friends within twenty minutes and in less than an hour Pete felt perfectly comfortable suggesting to her that they leave the bar.

"I've got a big empty house my hubby left me," she told him. "Or, should I say, my hubby's lawyer left me. Want to come and see?"

Pete followed her in his car. She lived in a neighborhood where all the houses were large and very expensive. Her house was imitation Tudor. The branches of two towering oak trees covered most of the lawn in front of the house.

The living room was decorated in shades of brown and gold that made him feel for the first time that a house could be warm in the same way a human being can be.

She fixed drinks, placed his down on a cocktail table in front of the sofa. She sat in a brown leather armchair facing him. She kicked off her shoes, drew her fine legs up under her and made no move to pull down the mini-skirt that had ridden high on her thighs.

They talked about how many bars like Sally's had opened in the past two or three years. Pete said he thought they were sad places. She said yes, they were sad maybe, but they were convenient too. "People shouldn't be lonely," she said. "It's bad for them. It makes them do crazy things sometimes."

When she reached for his empty glass to get him another drink, Pete took hold of her hand, gently, but firmly, and drew her down onto the sofa next to him.

She started to shake her head no. He kissed her, holding her head still. She pulled at both his arms and tried to back off from him. "No . . ." She snapped the word out like a warning. She had suddenly become stern and angry. He went to kiss her again. She held him off with both

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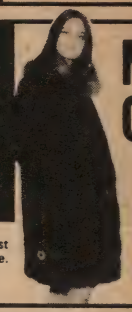

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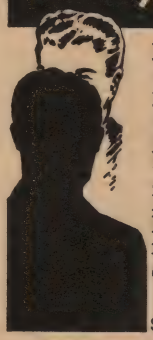

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hands, shaking her head. Pete was surprised. He had expected her to be as easy as a revolving door.

She fought him in a silent, intense way when he gave it what he told himself would be a final try.

She continued to fight him off for only a few seconds this time. Then, as suddenly as you turn a light on in a room, she stopped fighting and her arms went up quickly around his neck, her mouth opening wide to the probing of his tongue. As they kissed she moved her body in under him on the sofa and she began to grind her hips into his as if they were already naked and making love.

She clutched his face with both hands to keep him from kissing her again. But this time it was only so she could say, "Let's go upstairs to bed. It's much more comfortable."

She stood perfectly still beside the king-sized bed as Pete undressed her. Then she undressed him. It was a silent ritual for her. But as soon as they were in bed, their bodies joining in fine ways, she laughed and moaned and cried out and finally reached her climax, head thrown back on the pillow, bending her body to him in an arch of both demand and surrender.

They lay silently in each other's arms for a while. Then, her face resting on his chest, she said, "Forgive the little battle, dear. I feel I owe it to myself. It sort of keeps me half-way honorable."

This brief time with Bess eased the anger and tension in Pete. It enabled him to consider the fight with Barbara and then dismiss it by saying, "The hell with it!" He was not going to be one of those people who feed on misery. He had more than his share of hungers, but that was not one of them.

In the morning, the battle was over. Another truce was declared. They could go on as before.

But this truce, like many others in recent months, was a brief one. A new station wagon pulling into the Lomax driveway two weeks later was the shot that shattered the truce and started the war again.

Ezra Lomax had bought his wife a new Ford station wagon for her birthday.

The battle was like all the others. Cool kiss at door, not too much talk at dinner, the big news with coffee, the "Why can't we get . . ." in the living room. A few rounds of jabbing, moving around, some in-fighting, a couple of low blows, no clean breaks out of the clinches. When Pete realized this one was going to go the full fifteen rounds, he just climbed out of the ring. He put on his coat and when his wife said, "Where do you think you're going now?" Pete said, "I'm going to see if the Rolls-Royce showroom is open. Maybe they've got a little something that would make you happy." He was out the door before Barbara had a chance to say anything more.

Pete knew immediately what he was going to do this time. There would be no driving around, wondering. But he did realize that he'd been a fool to play around in a bar so close to home. He drove further out on the highway, 15 miles. He pulled into a large roadhouse that looked likely from all the cars that were parked in front of it.

The place was jammed with the same kind of crowd he had seen at Sally's. The ages ran from early twenties to early thirties. The sexes were about evenly split. There was no rush. He'd find something.

He found something all right—a lot more than he expected. There at the bar, alone and obviously ready, was none other than his good neighbor, Ginny Lomax. She was wearing a very short mini-dress made of a material that clung to her body. Her red hair was pulled back, tied behind and the long, loose tresses hung down below her shoulders. Pete had never bothered to notice before just what a damned good-looking woman she was.

As soon as he got over his initial

"For the tenth time—we are not lost!"

astonishment, Pete was amused by the situation. Here he was worrying or being worried by his wife about keeping up with the Lomax' and all the Lomax were doing was playing around in separate beds.

Ginny was embarrassed when Pete came up to her and said, "Can I buy my neighbor a drink?"

Ginny hesitated a moment, then shook her head and smiled in a way that indicated she had surrendered to the situation. She said, "You'd better!" Pete realized she had accepted the fact that he knew exactly why she was there alone.

She asked him if he had ever been to this bar before. He said no. She said it was a comfortable place. He agreed with her and added, "I like this English pub look. It may be phoney, but it looks good."

They had a second drink. She was relaxed now. Pete could see that. He liked her gray eyes and her long hair.

"I know one rule we can make," she said when Pete asked her if she wanted another drink. "No talking about husbands or wives. OK?"

"And any kick that goes over the goal line, you bring out to the twenty yard line. OK?"

She laughed now in an easy way.

Half-way through their third drink, Pete said, "Let's move out of here."

She was silent a moment. Then she said, "It would be too awkward."

"Wouldn't have to be," Pete said.

"Lovers don't belong in your backyard," she told him.

Pete smiled. "I figure, as long as we're here . . ."

She shook her head no. Pete paid for the drinks, then took her hand and led her calmly out of the place to the parking lot.

"There's a motel just a few miles down," he said.

"We're being very silly," Ginny said.

"There's a time for being very silly too," Pete said. He opened his car door. She hesitated, looking at him in silence. Then she got in.

The motel looked like a Spanish hacienda with too many doors.

"I'll have to admit," she said once they were in their room, "that you always do wonder about your neighbor's husband."

"Is that a fact now?" Pete asked her. He kissed her casually as he reached around and pulled down the zipper on her dress. She nodded. He started to pull the dress up over her head. She stopped him, slipped the dress off her shoulders and let it fall to the floor at her feet. She stepped out of it. Pete picked it up, tossed it over an armchair.

"Don't men always wonder about their neighbor's wife?" she asked him.

Pete unfastened her bra, removed it. Her breasts were firm enough not to have needed one. The nipples were small and already erect.

"Depends," he said.

"Did you?"

He kissed one breast, then the other. She stepped out of her shoes, removed her panty hose.

"I'm wondering now," Pete said.

She pulled the spread off, then lay down in the middle of the bed.

She smiled at him when she said,

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"Come and find out."

Pete undressed and joined her in bed. It did not take him long to find out. Attractive as she was, Pete had always pegged Ginny as being a cold woman. He was very happy to discover how completely wrong he had been. She managed to do more in an hour and a half than most women do in a couple of months.

Then they lay still and talked quietly for a long time. It was almost as though they had always been lovers. It was a very comfortable feeling. Suddenly, they realized they were hungry. Pete called room service, ordered some food, and when it came, Ginny stayed in the bathroom until the busboy had left.

They ate ravenously. When they were done, they dressed and left in a dangling, smiling sort of silence.

They hardly spoke as he drove her back to her car.

"I didn't expect to feel like this," she said when he parked in the lot, turned out the lights. He could see her face colored by the blue and yellow neon sign of the bar. "I just needed a little exercise," she added with a lightness in her voice that did not ring true. "Ezra's too busy making all the money in the world." She caught herself. One hand went to her mouth as she exclaimed, "Ooops! I broke the rule!" She laughed in a sad way. "I don't like games," she told Pete. She had one hand on the door handle. "I want to see you again," she went on, "so there's no sense in my just saying goodnight without letting you know. I'll keep a light in the window. OK?" She leaned over, kissed him quickly, then got out and went to her new station wagon.

The following weekend, on Sunday morning, Pete was trimming his driveway hedges when Ezra Lomax came over and invited him to watch the Giant-Packer game that afternoon on "our new color TV. Makes you feel like you're right there on the fifty-yard line. You can't really get the whole thing until you see it in color."

Pete started to feel the anger he always felt when Ezra went at it this way with "You've never really heard music until . . ." or "You've never really seen a game until you see it . . ." But Pete recalled Ginny, the excellent time in bed, the open invitation she had given him and the anger immediately subsided.

"Thanks," Pete said. "But I've got some work to do later."

That night Barbara went into considerable detail describing the beautiful advantages of having a color TV. "It's almost better than watching the real thing," she said. Pete let most of it go by him as he sat, beer in hand, watching an old Bogart film—in black-and-white.

"We really should get one," Barbara was saying while on the screen Bogart was calmly telling Peter Lorre that he had made a fatal mistake.

The following afternoon, Pete called Ginny Lomax. He asked if he could see her that night.

"I told you I'd keep that light burning, didn't I?" she said.

"Same place then," Pete said. "Around nine."

"Why don't we save time," Ginny said. "We can meet at the motel. You get there first . . ."

Ginny Lomax broke her rule again when they had finished making love.

"I saw Ezra digging at you about our god damn color TV," she said. "I'm sorry. I heard the big spiel he gave Barbara too. It's like he's saying, 'Look at me! Look at me!' all the time. I guess that's why I have to look at someone else every once in a while or I'd go buggy."

Pete was surprised to hear Ginny complaining about all the things Ezra bought. He had heard too many wives, including his own, egging their husbands to buy this and buy that and make sure no one got too far ahead of them when it came to owning all the right things.

But there was an explanation. "Sure I'd like to own all the things he buys," Ginny went on. "Only I'd like them to be paid for. He thinks a credit card is a magic wand. You just wave it in the air and you get anything you want. Well, we owe money on every damn thing in the house. And to top it off, Ezra, poor damned dear, has become a nervous wreck in the bargain."

She was silent for a while nestling against Pete's naked body. He couldn't see her face but he could hear her crying softly. When she stopped, she moved up so she could kiss him.

"Tomorrow," she said, trying very hard to smile and make it some kind of joke, "they're coming to repossess the TV." She laughed bitterly. "They really are. Can you believe it!"

When Pete told Barbara about how Ezra had charged himself into a nervous wreck, she said, "He and Ginny seem to be happy enough. You'd better check your information."

"Why don't you watch them haul the big, beautiful color TV away tomorrow," Pete said.

Barbara got into bed. "That's not funny," she told him.

"Nobody's laughing," Pete said.

Barbara greeted Pete at the door the following night, wearing the black negligee she hadn't worn since the second year of their marriage. He could see she didn't have anything on underneath it.

"Hey now!" Pete exclaimed with a broad smile.

She put both arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Is it Bastille Day or something?" he asked.

"I'm sorry," Barbara said. "I've been a god damn bitch. All I can say is, 'Please forgive me. And let's go to bed.'"

"You've just made yourself a deal," Pete said.

As they walked upstairs to the bedroom, Barbara said, "Poor Ginny and Ezra. They actually came and took away their TV set today. I didn't think things like that happened anymore."

"Don't worry about it," Pete said. "We'll invite them in to watch anything good on our set."

"But not tonight," Barbara said as they entered the bedroom.

Pete smiled. Barbara turned to face him. She removed the negligee, threw it across the foot of the bed. "Definitely not tonight," Pete said. ■

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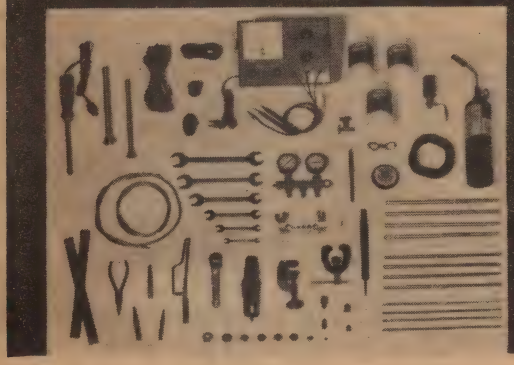

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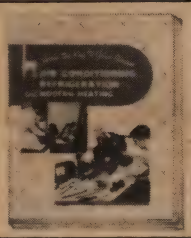

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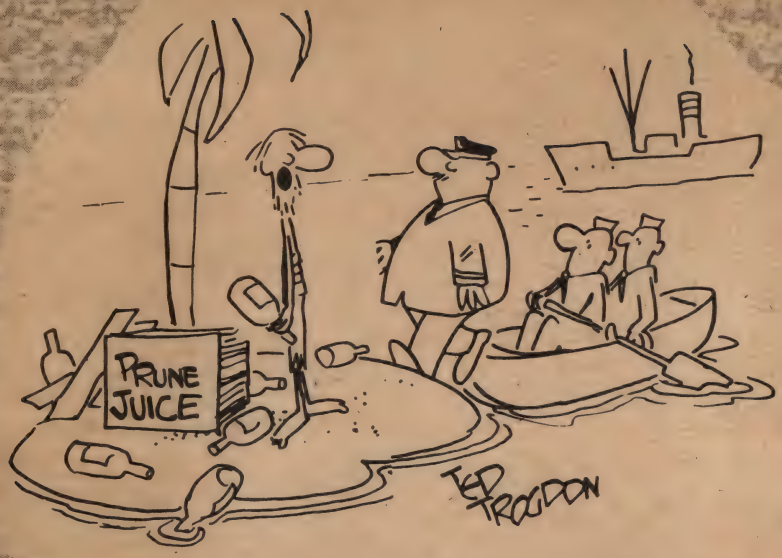


"Boy, am I glad to see you!"

"Al sent me."

"Head or tail?"

AWAY

"We can't go on meeting like this. I think my wife is getting suspicious."

"Tell me, what did you think about all these years?"

"I'm telling you for the last time, George — BUNT!"

FROM IT ALL

Sometimes the worst form of loneliness is being with people.

STONE AGE SHE-DEVILS

Continued from page 39

to make any move that might attract attention to himself. Keeping their voices down whenever they spoke, they watched tensely to see what the warriors would do next.

The Mogeis were in no hurry. They remained in plain sight for over an hour, then a few of them wandered off into the trees and did not return. Others left, one or two at a time. Another hour went by before the last of them disappeared.

Liphold glanced at his watch. "We'd better stay put awhile longer," he cautioned. "They could be up to something."

Another hour dragged by. The sun was now directly overhead and the surface of the river reflected the furnace like heat. There was no sign of the Mogei.

Liphold handed his pistol to Rockwell. "Here. I'm going to take a look at that tree they dropped behind us."

Stripping off his shirt and shorts he quietly lowered himself over the side and swam back to the borassus palm blocking their escape downstream. He returned about 15 minutes later.

"Heavy as hell. Couldn't budge it," he said. "A foot above water—too low for a canoe to pass under."

"We can chop through it with a machete," Rockwell suggested.

"No good." Liphold shook his head. "Take too long. Borassus wood is tough. Besides, the sound of chopping might bring the Mogeis back again. No, our best bet is to haul a canoe over the top."

They each paddled a canoe to the bank opposite the one where the Mogeis had disappeared. Here they emptied their canoes, piling the camp gear and supplies on shore, then they moved one of the canoes to a midstream position against the trunk.

They maneuvered the bow upward—Liphold straddling the tree and Rockwell at the stern of the canoe. They strained for several minutes. Then Liphold grunted in frustration.

"Can't get the damned bow high enough. We need more weight aft."

They moved the canoe back to the bank and loaded the stern with rocks. This helped. The added leverage made it possible to raise the bow higher. They edged it up and over the trunk, dumped the rocks into the river, and tried hauling the canoe upward. It was slow going.

They had the cumbersome craft almost balanced across the trunk when Liphold happened to glance toward the bank.

"Look over there!" he said, keeping his voice down, "where we unloaded the canoes."

Rockwell looked—and saw that the Mogeis were returning. Materializing silently out of the forest shadows, they gathered around the pile of supplies, gesturing excitedly.

A Mogei with a bushy beard and a headband of cuscus fur appeared to be the chief. Advancing to the edge of the stream he pointed to Rockwell and Liphold, then to the supplies. He let his stone axe fall to the ground and spread his muscular arms, the palms of his hands forward, indicating that he was unarmed.

"Showing us his intentions are peaceful," Rockwell remarked. "Think he's trying to decoy us to the bank so they can jump us?"

Liphold frowned as he studied the chief. He deliberated before answering. "I don't think it's a trap. They probably figure we're giving them all that stuff we piled up on the shore and they want to be friendly. Otherwise, they'd have walked out on this tree and attacked us."

This seemed to make sense. Liphold leading, holding his pistol, they made their way along the tree trunk to shore. The chief displayed brownish, decaying teeth in what was meant to be a grin of welcome. His warriors remained several feet behind him. The expression with which they regarded the white men was one almost of awe, and they made no hostile move.

Liphold addressed the chief, or *udata*, in the Sepik River dialect. Rockwell knew just enough of the dialect to get by.

It developed that the udata, whose name was Tobri, and his warriors believed that the two white men were members of the "Meri-Kani Cult"—which takes a bit of explaining:

When the American armed forces left New Guinea after WW II, they took with them their kerosene refrigerators, jeeps, cigarette lighters, flashlights, and many other wonders of civilization which they had introduced to natives along the coast of the Bismarck and Solomon Seas. They left a legend behind. Some day the Merikanis would send large canoes back from their own country. These canoes would be piled high with gifts.

The natives were so convinced of this that the Australian District Commissioner had great difficulty getting natives of the coastal villages to help themselves after the war. Why work, they asked, when the Meri-kanis would soon send them wonders to do the work for them?

With the passing of time, the legend instead of being forgotten spread to the interior, passed on from tribe to tribe until, at last it was heard—and believed by the Stone Age Mogeis.

As the udata explained happily, pointing again to the pile of supplies on the river bank, the story of the Meri-kani had come true—just as Laplap, the tribal witch doctor, had said it would. Now the two *taubadas*, a respectful Sepik River term for "foreign elders," would return with them to their village and show them how to use the many marvels.

"We were confronted with a serious situation," Rockwell related afterward. "We had witnessed the primitive savagery of the Mogeis earlier in the day, when they killed our four paddlers. Despite their apparent awe of us, the same thing might well have happened to us, if we'd refused to accompany them to their village.

"If they let us go unharmed there was no question that they would keep all our camp gear and supplies. The chief made it very clear that he regarded everything as gifts. This meant that we would face a journey of at least two weeks back to the nearest patrol post on the Sepik, with no more equipment than Liphold's .22 Colt. Even the machete was in the pile.

"We decided to go with the udata. Liphold reasoned that two or three days in their village would satisfy the Mogeis. We could present them with my cigarette lighter, the kerosene lamp, and some of the other nonessential items that intrigued them and retrieve enough needed supplies for our return journey."

The Mogei village was several miles from the stream, reached by a faint trail that wandered through a forest of fine agapetes, several varieties of pine, and palms that had become adapted to the highlands.

At the outskirts of the village they came to a clear, spring-fed lake. Beside it was a field of corn. Several girls were bathing in the lake or basking naked in the later afternoon sun. Their tawney bodies were well-proportioned, their breasts large and

firm. They surveyed the white strangers with curiosity, conversing in low, animated voices.

Suddenly one of the girls broke off the conversation, threw her head back and began to laugh. Shrill, uncontrolled, near-hysterical laughter.

"Kuru," the udata commented, pointing to her. "She is of the Living Dead."

The girl was still laughing uncontrollably when they entered the village where the villagers, headed by Laplap, the witch doctor, were waiting for them in front of the high-steepled "spirit house."

Unlike the udata, the witch doctor was clean-shaven. His head was topped with a crown of cockatoo, parrot and bird of paradise feathers. His forehead from hair to eyebrows was painted a bright blue.

He looked expectantly from the strangers to the supplies, carried by the warriors. At a sign from him, each man placed his burden on the ground in front of the spirit house.

The Mogeis watched silently as the witch doctor walked slowly around the pile. Once he stopped, fascinated by a small tin of sardines whose shiny top reflected the late afternoon sunlight. He picked up the tin. (Later, he wore it suspended from a thong around his neck.)

Rockwell took his cigarette lighter from his pocket and glanced enquiringly at Liphold. The Hollander nodded. "Give it to him," he said softly. "He seems to carry more weight around here than the udata, and we want him to be friendly."

Rockwell flicked on the lighter. An awed murmur rose from the Mogei at the sight of the tiny flame. "Ai!" they breathed as he flipped the lighter shut and the flame vanished.

Laplap took the lighter with a grunt of pleasure and proceeded to work it several times. He gave an order and all of the supplies were carried inside the spirit house.

"That makes our gear taboo," Liphold pointed out. "It doesn't look like he intends to distribute it among the tribe. We'll probably have him alone to deal with to get back what we'll need when we leave."

The witch doctor gave another order. Warriors ceremoniously escorted the two white men to one of the stilted, thatch-roofed huts and left. The interior of the hut, which was about eight feet above the ground and reached by a notched ladder, was bare except for two palm frond sleeping mats.

That night the Mogeis held a goro-goro in honor of the two Meri-kanis. Women gathered wood and heated a flat, circular layer of rocks in the center of the clearing. Men butchered the carcasses of wild pigs and spread them on the hot stones, alternating layers of meat with green, leafy branches.

At sundown, all adult Mogeis were summoned to the clearing by the eerie wailing of two bamboo "ghost flutes" inside the spirit house. The women kept their eyes averted when they went by the spirit house. It was taboo for a woman to see one of the tribal ghost flutes which kept the baus—the evil tree demons—at a distance from the village. Violation of the taboo, even accidental, meant death. The Mogei reasoned, simply, that if a woman could gaze upon a ghost flute without being harmed, it would show the baus that they, too, had nothing to fear.

When the Mogei were all gathered in the clearing, two drummers appeared outside of the spirit house. They stood on either side of the entrance and beat out a slow rhythm on hollow logs.

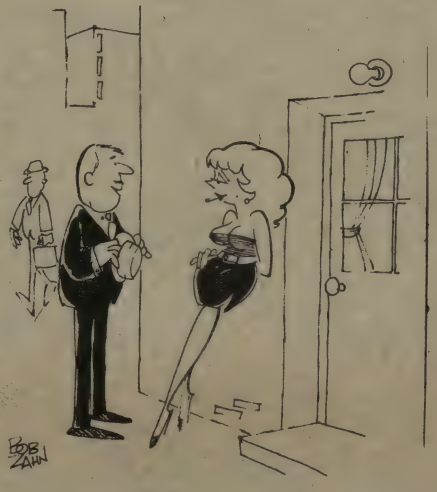
The Mogei seated themselves on the ground, forming a large square with the feast fire in the center. Married couples occupied the far end; unmarried females sat on one side facing the unmarried warriors on the other. The udata and witch doctor and their two Meri-kani guests sat on log stumps at the near end of the square, their backs to the spirit house.

At a signal from the udata, the feasting—on steamed pork and roasted corn—began. It was accompanied by much lip-smacking and belly-patting to express enjoyment.

The feasting went on for some time until, at a cue from the witch doctor, the drummers began to pound more loudly and the rhythm quickened. The married couples at the far end of the square got to their feet and performed a shuffling dance around the smouldering fire. The women circled in one direction; the men, in the outer ring, circling in the opposite direction.

The drumming abruptly stopped. It was the time for the married couples to retire to their huts. The women took with them pieces of pig entrails and bits of pork they had saved for their children.

The drummers resumed their pounding, louder and faster than before. It was now the turn of the unmarried females to dance, and they did so with wild abandon. They writhed and twisted to the primitive rhythm as they circled the fire. Approaching the side where the warriors sat, their movements became even more provocative, as they pantomimed the pleasure of mating. There was nothing subtle about their exhibition. This, Rockwell thought as he watched, kept it from being lewd. He reflected, too, that few white men have ever witnessed the primitive Mogei mating dance.



"What are you doing after work?"

Now, here and there, a warrior responded, leaping to his feet, seizing a girl and carrying her off into the darkness.

Abruptly, one of the girls stopped dancing. Her body, glistening with sweat, trembled from head to foot. Suddenly, she began to laugh—the shrill, uncontrollable laughter Rockwell and Liphold had heard when they'd entered the village.

Before anyone was aware of her intention, she seized a club lying beside a warrior and swung it wildly above her head. The warrior started to rise, protesting, and she brought the club down with all her strength, splitting his skull. Standing astride her victim, the girl swung the club down again, laughing hysterically as she smashed what was left of the warrior's head.

Still shrieking laughter, she swung the club above her head, flailing the air wildly, holding back the warriors who hoped to take the weapon from her.

"Kuru!" they shouted and retreated.

She laughed more loudly, mocking them. And then she saw the udata approaching, spear upraised. Turning to strike at him, she stumbled over the body of the warrior she had killed. Before she could recover her balance the udata thrust the spear through her heart. She fell, the point protruding from her back.

Rockwell and Liphold sat in stunned silence while the bodies of the girl and her victim were carried off. The udata rejoined them, shaking his head grimly.

"Kuru!" he said, as if in explanation, and signaled to the drummers.

The two white men exchanged glances as the girls returned to the center of the circle and resumed their dancing. They had expected that the ghastly incident would put an end to the goro-goro. Instead, the dancing became even more frenzied.

Several of the young women moved away from the warriors' side and danced toward where the udata and witch doctor sat with their guests.

"Myta!" the udata called. He pointed at one of the dancers, then at Rockwell.

The girl stopped dancing and walked toward Rockwell, smiling.

The udata pointed again. "Sutil!"

A second girl came over and stood before Liphold.

"I have chosen these two as suitable mates for you," the udata said. "They are young, strong and healthy. They do not have the kuru. They have proven in the ceremony of Basiari-atu, the Woman Maker, that they are well-grown females. Take them to your hut."

Rockwell groped for words to decline this unexpected gift without giving offense, and the udata's face hardened at his hesitation. The more experienced Liphold quickly sensed the potential danger of the situation.

"Don't try arguing," he whispered. "It's the udata's way of proving that his intentions to us are friendly. Either we take the girls—or we're likely to wind up dead."

They returned to their hut with the girls. Liphold pointed to the sleeping mats.

"You sleep here," he told Sutil. "And Myta will sleep over there."

The girls grinned. Sutil stuck out her belly, ran her hands up and down her hips. Myta postured in the same fashion. Both girls looked puzzled when the two white men retreated to the platform outside the hut to talk the situation over.

Rockwell filled his pipe and took a puff. "I'm no virgin," he said, "but I didn't figure on this—even in the interest of science."

"Maybe you started this trip in the interest of science," Liphold pointed out. "But right now what we do is in the interest of our lives. You remember what happened to our Sepik boys this morning."

"I remember." Rockwell grimaced. "It's not something you're likely to forget."

Later, he and Liphold bedded down on the platform, leaving the girls inside the hut. Later, still, Rockwell awakened to find Myta's arms and legs locked about him in tight embrace. She had the strength of a young tigress. Liphold was no longer on the platform. From the darkness of the hut, Sutil giggled . . .

In the days that followed, Rockwell observed several more cases of the baffling disease, kuru.

Kuru is called the laughing death. Rockwell had learned on previous visits to New Guinea that medical science still knows very little about it. Kuru, which means "to tremble like leaves in the wind," to tribes of the interior highlands was first reported by a Hollander, a gold seeker named Dorfmann. He observed cases of the disease in the Okapa area in 1932.

Dr. Andrew Gray, in charge of the government hospital in Okapa, thinks kuru is a hereditary disease occurring only among some of the most primitive New Guinea tribes. Possibly, it is transmitted by an unknown virus. In any event, it is always fatal. According to Rockwell's own observations during his stay among the Stone Age Mogei:

"Although the witch doctor treated the sick and the injured with herbs, roots and barks—as well as incantations and popona charms worn around the neck to drive out the spirit demons—he made no attempt to cure kuru victims. As soon as the first trembling symptoms of kuru showed themselves, he pronounced the victim to be a 'nunk': one of the Living Dead. The victim was permitted to remain with his family, or with fellow warriors in the Bachelor House, until he succumbed to the disease.

"Death usually occurs between six months and a year after the first symptoms appear. Victims are seized by fits of trembling and uncontrollable laughter, followed by normal periods. Toward the end, they lose all interest in food, become lethargic and literally starve themselves to death."

"Does 'stick-up' have a hyphen in it?"

Male and female victims react with a marked difference, according to what Rockwell observed. The men seemed resigned to their fate and accepted it with calm fatalism. The women, especially the younger married woman and the single girls, developed a form of nymphomania and engaged in frenzied sexual relations with every man they desired, both single and married.

"Adultry is no sin among the Mogei," Rockwell points out. "Excessive promiscuity among female victims of kuru is condoned even by wives whose husbands are taken by the victim. Occasionally, as in the case of the girl who bashed the warrior's skull in at the goro-goro, female kuru victims become violent."

Although the Mogei men are formidable warriors, it is the fear of kuru that keeps them from being attacked by warriors of other tribes. Even the aggressive Uraris, who ravage villages throughout the Yuat highlands, give the Mogei—whom they call the Kuru Nunks—a wide berth.

During his stay in the village, Rockwell's scientific interest was aroused by another discovery which made him change his mind about leaving as soon as possible. He had observed that no Mogel family ever had more than two children, and he questioned some of the parents.

"They all come up with the same answer," he told Liphold. "The women do most of the work, including growing corn. About all that the men do is hunt, fish and trap flying foxes. They resent taking over any of the chores between the time when their wives give birth and the baby is weaned. So they limit the number of children to two at most."

"You mean, they practice some form of birth control?"

"It seems that way to me," Rockwell said.

He set out to determine what it was. He learned that when a girl reached the age of puberty she was sent to the Basiari, the Woman House, at the far end of the village. Here she remained for three days and nights and was given sex instruction by older women.

On the third evening there was a ceremonial procession and the girl was conducted to the spirit house. Here Laplap waited for her at the entrance. Taking the girl inside, the witch doctor sprinkled her naked body with a powdered popona charm to protect her from spirit demons, and had her drink a bitter-tasting concoction from a small gourd.

Several hours later, a second male entered the spirit house. This was the Basiari-atu, the Woman Maker. Young and virile, he had been chosen from among the warriors by Laplap. He, too, was naked, and his face concealed behind a grotesque mask of painted bark. He remained with the girl until dawn and, as the witch doctor explained to Rockwell, "made her into a woman."

From then on she was free to have sexual relations with any male who attracted her. If the attachment became permanent, her husband took her to the witch doctor after the birth of her second child and she was given another dose of the potion. This was repeated at intervals of not more than twenty months, and she never became pregnant again.

Rockwell was excited at the implication of this discovery.

The secret of the drug was known only to Laplap, and he was reluctant to reveal it. Although friendly toward the two Merikani, he became suspicious whenever the subject was brought up and refused to discuss it. Time and patience was required.

Rockwell was prepared to wait and worked at establishing himself more firmly in the witch doctor's confidence. In the meantime, he collected a number of botanical specimens. Among them were several plants found only in that region. One was the small and thorny yencapi bush which grows deep in the lush, shaded forests.

Intoxicating beverages are unknown to

the Mogei, who drink only water. Periodically, however, the women gather yencapi bushes, dry the roots for several days under the hot sun and then pound them into tiny pieces. The end product is a snufflike drug which the Mogei blow ritualistically into one another's nostrils through hollow bamboo tubes.

About a week after they arrived in the village, Rockwell and Liphold attended a yencapi ritual which was held in the evening in front of the udata's hut. Only males participated. Females were forbidden to use the drug.

The udata initiated the ceremony, taking a pinch of the powdery yencapi from a small, elaborately carved calabash and stuffing it into one end of the bamboo pipe. Placing that end of the pipe to Rockwell's nostril, he put the other end of the pipe to his lips and blew gently. After the udata had repeated this ritual with Liphold, the pipe and calabash were passed around the circle of seated men until every Mogei received an inhalation.

According to Rockwell, the snuff made from the root of the yencapi is psychoactive. It is hallucinatory and induces a "trip" much more imaginative—or drastic—than our synthesized, mind-altering drugs, such as LSD:

"I felt as if I was growing rapidly in stature and continued to grow until the effects of the drug began to wear off. I don't mean that I felt a dozen feet tall, but a thousand feet, two thousand feet or more. This is vague. I went through a process of what psychiatrists call 'macropsia.'

"When the yencapi was blown into my nasal passage I experienced a brief giddiness. Then my eyes magnified everything tremendously. Not only did I become enormously tall but so did my surroundings. The hut of the udata assumed the proportions of a skyscraper. A sicklebill perched on a branch became a monstrous bird, larger by far than a prehistoric pteranodon . . ."

Intent on learning the source of the birth control drug, Rockwell made slow but consistent progress in winning the confidence of the witch doctor. One day Laplap invited him to enter the spirit house.

Rockwell found that the tall roof of the structure was skillfully supported by long rafters. Reaching from floor to roof was a single center pole. Its entire length, top to bottom, was carved with marsalais—images of the spirit demons of the forest, air and streams feared by the tribe. Piled at the base of the pole were the supplies belonging to Rockwell and Liphold They had been there untouched since the white men arrived in the village.

It occured to Rockwell, then, that the witch doctor was confronted with a dilemma. He had long believed in the mystic legend of the Meri-kani Cult. But now that it had come true, Laplap didn't know what to do with these "gifts." He didn't know whether to distribute them to the udata and the elders of the tribe, or to keep them "taboo" in the spirit house to appease the spirit demons. So far, as Rockwell had observed, Laplap had taken only the small can of sardines which he now wore as a popona charm on a thong around his neck.

Scanning the pile of supplies, Rockwell got an idea. He pointed to a small transistor radio.

"This is a box of great magic. It was brought to you as a gift of the Merikanis. Why do you not use it?"

Laplap eyed the radio dubiously. He asked "Does it make bigger magic than the small box you gave me that makes a burning flame?"

"Much bigger," Rockwell assured him. "Here, I will show you."

He picked up the radio and turned it on. Laplap listened in silent awe as an English military march, broadcast from Darwin, Australia, blared brassily through the spirit house.

Rockwell turned the dial to select another station and brought in loud, crackling static. This was unintentional on his part, but it had an unforseen effect on Laplap. The witch doctor edged away, fear replacing awe.

"Spirit demons! There are many spirit demons in the box!"

Rockwell realized it would be useless to attempt to explain static. Turning the dial further, he tuned in the east coast station of Hollandia, which was broadcasting a recorded program of folk music.

"This is the great magic," he explained. "See how quickly the box dispelled the spirit demons that it trapped."

Laplap reached cautiously for the radio. At first fearful, his confidence grew after Rockwell coached him in the transistor's operation. But the witch doctor was obviously much more interested in trapping and dispelling the "spirit demons" than he was in listening to musical programs.

That night he summoned the udata and several of the tribal elders to the spirit house to give a demonstration of the Meri-kani magic he had mastered. He asked Rockwell to join them—just in case he happened to make a mistake.

"He didn't," Rockwell reported to Liphold with a grin. "He'd learned to work the set okay and he put on quite a show. He scared the hell out of his audience by bringing in static and trapping spirit demons. Then he 'killed' them by tuning in a station."

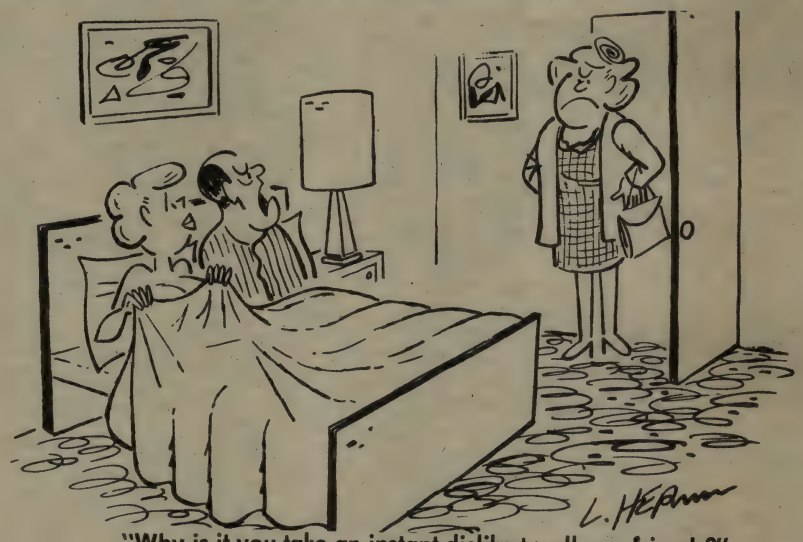
There was no doubt that the Mogei were deeply impressed by the demonstration and Laplap's new powers as a witch doctor. Laplap was grateful to Rockwell, and so confided to him—as a fellow witch doctor—the secret of his contraceptive concoction.

"The Mogei call it atmeri," the biochemist explained later. "It is obtained from the bark of a tree native to that region and has been used by the tribe for countless centuries."

Rockwell managed to obtain a small quantity of the bark from Laplap for research purposes. Although he knows the botannical name of the tree from which it comes, for the time, at least, it remains his secret.

The witch doctor also relinquished, admittedly with some reluctance, the supplies and camp gear which Rockwell and Liphold needed for their return journey. Some of the nonessentials, among them the transistor radio, a kerosene lamp and tin of fuel, and a machete they left behind as gifts.

"We hoped to maintain the good will of the Mogei for all white men," Rockwell said later. "Some day perhaps some health organization will send a medical team into the region to investigate the cause of the baffling kuru disease."



"Why is it you take an instant dislike to all my friends?"

Rockwell and Liphold began their return journey from the "Land of the Laughing Death" early last August. Unable to secure paddlers, they left one of their canoes behind. Even though they were traveling downstream all the way, the turn journey from the "Land of the Laughing Death" was slow. It took them three weeks to paddle down the Yuat into the Sepik and then on to the coast. Rockwell went on to Darwin, Australia. After a short rest, he returned to the United States.

Sponsored by a pharmaceutical organization, Rockwell is now busy with laboratory research into the Mogel contraceptive drug.

"The Mogei, a tribe still living in the Stone Age, discovered a birth control drug centuries before our scientists even thought about synthesizing the Pill," he remarks.

Which proves, once again, that there's nothing new under the sun. ■

WHEELS & DEALS

FAULTY WHEELS consisting of wheel rims that could separate from wheel disks on hundreds of brand new 1970 models have triggered a massive recall at the Chrysler Corp. Involved are Plymouth Belvederes and Barracudas, Dodge Coronets and Challengers. The fault could result in loss of the entire rim tire assembly—not a pleasant item to contemplate while cruising at 70 mph . . .

SEXY EYE-POPPER stopped traffic as effectively as a seven-car pileup in San Francisco, recently. Bent on juicing up trade, a new car dealer in the area installed a micro-skirted mannequin leaning over the engine of an open-hooded auto on his lot. It took more than first glance to determine that the female figure was just a dummy and local police termed the resultant traffic jam the year's worst. They ordered the dealer to remove his display . . .

TRUCK DRIVERS have these tips for non-pro drivers heading on a long journey: Drive at night if possible since traffic is lighter, composed largely of professional truckers. If you're about to pass a large truck, watch its tail lights. The driver will blink his lights three times if passing is unsafe. Every two hours stop and rest, get out of the car, stretch, even jog in place a bit. A string of trucks outside some greasy spoon diner is no guarantee of good chow. Only thing it proves is the joint has good-looking waitresses . . .

Daytime driver

BEST WARRANTY record at GM is on Oldsmobile, according to company insiders. GM spends $30 per new car in warranty claims, but the figure tends to rise as remainder of five-year, 50,000-mile warranties are used up on older, less durable models . . .

MINI-COMPACT from Ford—due late this year—will have a German-made engine under its hood. The four-cylinder cranker will be similar to Ford's Escort design that's made in England. Company wants the image of "quality German machining" to cap the little car's engine, and will set up a production line somewhere in the Fatherland. The Escort is smaller than GM's XP 887 engine, but has a great reputation—in Europe . . .

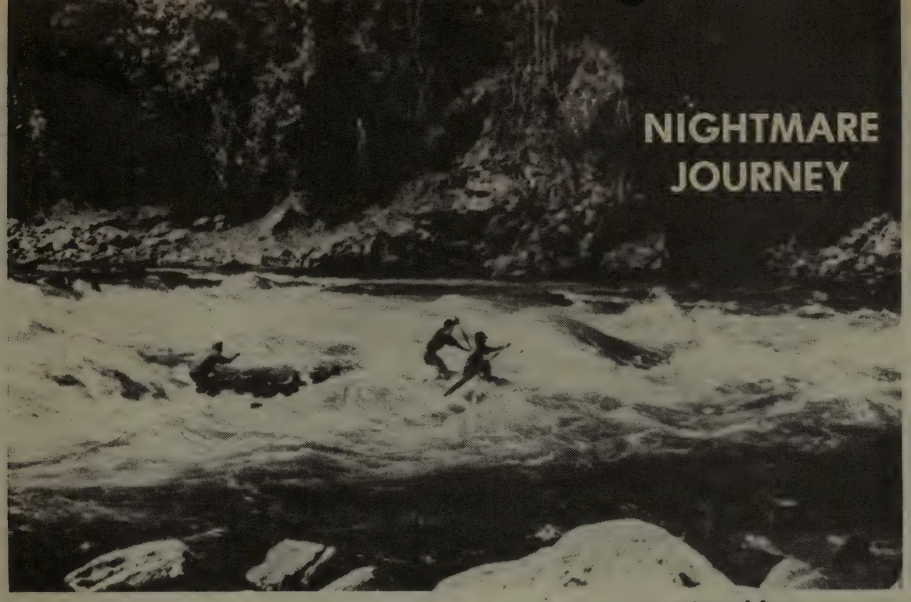
WOMEN DRIVERS over 45 are generally very good drivers. However, bad women drivers in the 45-plus bracket, are terrible! This thrilling bit of news comes from Pirelli Tire Corp. which yearly administers driver personality tests to thousands, correlates them with accident records. The survey also showed that women between the ages 16-25 are seemingly the safest, most conscientious drivers on the road . . .

VIOLATING FEDERAL tire safety standards cost the Mohawk Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio a cool $25,000. The firm contended it has not violated the 1966 auto safety law as charged but the Transporation Department's Safety Bureau presented the following: After testing 34 of Mohawk's 7.35 x 14 Airflo passenger car tires, they found 16 failed to meet Federal endurance requirements. Prior to this fiasco, General Tire & Rubber Co., also of Akron, agreed to pay a $50,000 settlement on charges that some of its tires failed to meet the endurance requirements . . .

AMERICAN AUTOS are finding ever bigger welcomes in European countries—which helps get back some of those U.S. bucks Yanks drop on fancy imported jobs here. Until only a few years ago, Europeans generally shunned cars not built in their own country. Now there are few "foreign" (mainly U.S.-built) cars sitting around in the Europe car lots . . .

REDS DRAGGING their heels on the construction of the mammoth Fiat plant in Russia gave a pretty weak excuse for the delay. Moscow newspapers weren't willing to admit any production problems on the project (the plant was to have been operational at the end of last year) and so found a way to tell their readers about the unexpected lateness. Workers of the new plant, said the unanimous voices of the Red rags, decided to wait for Lenin's 100th birthday to roll the first Soviet Fiat off their new assembly line. The date is April 22, 1970 . . .

NEW CAR from Chrysler, originally toured as a mini, won't be too new or very compact. Called the "25," this car is built on a 91-inch wheelbase and will stretch to 166-inch overall. One insider said the car would look like a "stunted, Valiant." The model will appear under both the Dodge and Plymouth labels . . .



NIGHTMARE JOURNEY

Continued from page 46

But first ler me introduce myself. My name is Charles Lasseter and I'm a freelance pilot. I grew up in Ecuador, South America, because my father had been sent there from the U.S. as a mining engineer and had married one of the local girls. That makes me half Latin though you wouldn't know it by looking at me.

It was my old man who first told me about the wealth in those rivers. They're situated in the Napo-Pastaza province of Ecuador and they work their way from the Napo River to the Amazon winding like giant snakes through the "Oriente," or deep Rain Forest.

There's the Manduto, the Curaray, the Payamino, Coca, Aguarico, Shiripuno and several more, all shimmering with gold that has never been panned.

Because there are also the Aucas.

There aren't very many of them, about 3,000 at the most, roaming around a jungle area of some 50,000 square miles. But the naked Aucas are probably the most savage and deadly tribe of Indians in South America. And they're determined that nobody is going to pan the riches of their rivers and stay alive.

Long ago they used to be a peaceful and hospitable people. When the Spanish conquistadores first entered the region in the sixteenth century, the Aucas welcomed them, fed them, and proudly showed them the "golden waters."

The Spaniards washed out as much of the gold as they could, then decided to make the Indians do the panning for them. They rounded women, children and old chiefs and held them as hostages. "If you do not work for us," their message ran, "those people will die—slowly."

The Aucas replied by attacking the Spanish camp. Hundreds of them fell in the musket fire, most of the Auca captives were chopped up. But in the end there were no conquistadors left—just a pile of spear-riddled corpses.

And from that time on, the Aucas have allowed no strangers in their territory.

Missionaries who came with gifts were speared just as fast as prospectors, scientists and explorers. In 1949, the Ecuadoran government sent in a company of troops. The soldiers were supposed to protect a motion picture unit shooting films, but they couldn't even protect themselves. In small batches, the Indians got them all, or nearly all. The rest were finished off by snakebite and jungle fever.

I'd done some flying for the Shell Mera mission station, on the edge of the Auca territory, and I'd listened to the missionaries and their Indian charges talk about the Aucas. I learned a lot from them. More important, I bought some reasonably detailed maps of the area from them.

It was on the strength of what I'd learned that I hatched my scheme of getting at some of that river gold. The scheme became somthing like an obsession with me. I could almost feel the gold dust between my fingers.

Hatching a plan was one thing; carrying it out was another. The most essential part of my plan was an aircraft of my own, which I didn't have. I was buzzing around dusting crops for a small agricultural outfit, and the pay was pretty lousy. Nowhere near enough to buy a crate on.

But in February 1965, I met up with a couple of young New Yorkers, Roy Blatt and Steve Milford. They were both former USAF pilots who shared a first-rate Piper Super Cruiser as well as a strong taste for adventure. After a few drinks with them at the Cortez Bar in Quito, I knew I'd found my partners.

I told them about the particular river I had in mind, the Rio Payamino, and showed them the section on the map where you could land a floatplane on it, well anyway from any rapids.

"Four weeks is all we need, fellas," I told them. "One month of hard panning. And then we head Stateside with maybe a hundred-thousand bucks' worth of yellow dust."

"Yeah? What about those Indians?"

"I think I've found a way of dodging 'em. We go underground, burrow a hole—a kind of dugout—on the riverbank and stay in it when we're not working."

Roy looked dubious. "I reckon they'd spot a hole. And how the hell do we hide the plane?"

"We don't," I said "Listen . . ." And I explained the setup I'd worked out:

"One of you guys flies the plane in, puts the other two ashore, then flies it out again. A week later he comes back with fresh supplies. Then the other guy flies the crate back, while the first stays with me and does his share of panning.

"The next week you change places again, and the week after again. And then we all fly back together—loaded!"

"But you stay there, working the entire month?" asked Steve.

"I do," I nodded. "For a start neither of you speak Spanish or any Indian lingo. Secondly you don't know a thing about gold washing. And finally, you're risking your aircraft. I'm not risking anything except my hide. So it's only fair that I work more than you for my third of the loot.

The scheme wasn't nearly as hare-brained as it sounded. It was based precisely on what I knew of the Aucas.

Unlike most Indians, they're entirely nomadic; almost constantly on the move. The women and children stay in impromptu branch huts, which they put up wherever they happen to stop. The men roam around in small hunting parties, a dozen strong at the most.

Their territory is so vast, so empty and so densely forested that no more than one or two such hunting groups would pass a given spot within a month. With a bit of luck, two lone guys spending much of their time in a dugout stood a good chance of avoiding detection. And if we were discovered, it might only be by a small bunch we could handle.

The pair from New York finally bought the deal, as I'd expected. My offer to take on half the work involved helped to clinch it. When we parted that night, they couldn't wait to get started.

But first we had to spend a back-breaking five days making a seaplane out of the Piper by changing its wheels to floats. A helluva job in a town like Quito, which boasts a single aircraft supply store.

The rest of our gear was easier to get, except that we were running pretty low on cash. We hadn't a dime to spare for extra armament, for instance. Between us we owned my old .32 Colt, which I hadn't fired in years Roy Blatt's brand-new Remington repeating rifle, which he'd never fired at all, plus about 30 rounds of ammo for each. We certainly couldn't start a war with that equipment.

We made the trip in two hops. From Quito to Tena, provincial capital of Napo-Pastaza, and from there into the immense greenish-brown wildness that hid the realm of the Aucas.

I don't mind admitting that my stomach turned watery as we zeroed in on our destination. As far as the eye could see, nothing bat solid jungle, rolling on endlessly like a crumpled green rug. Here and there the gleam of a river, almost hidden beneath the treetops, or brownish patches of mangrove swamp. But no sign of human habitation: not a road, not a house, not a telephone pole—nothing but vegetation.

My map, luckily,was pretty good. We spotted the Payamino and ca ne down on the place I'd selected, a wide bend in the river where the water looked smooth and slow, no rock clusters and plenty of takeoff space.

Steve Milford and I piled our stuff into

a rubber boat, shook hands with Roy and paddled ashore. Then the Piper roared off and winged over our heads. Soon the only sounds came from our paddles and the birds and monkeys in the trees. It was a damned lonely feeling.

The jungle flanked the river banks like a wall; gigantic trees towering skyward, huge orchids trailing from overhanging branches. Here and there we could see crocodiles basking close to the water, their scaly hides blending with the foliage.

We made for an open "playa," a river beach, set into the scrub. There we stashed our stores, then wandered along the edge for a closer squint at the water.

We both saw it at once. Our mouths fell open. For a few moments we could only stand and gape.

The entire river edge was glittering with gold. The water was about two feet deep and quite clear and everywhere we looked the sand was gleaming with yellow flakes.

I waded in, shaking with excitement. Here, there, in a dozen places, the sunlight danced over pockets of gold dust and nuggets that had become trapped between stones, forming deposits of the stuff. I bent down and picked up a fistful of the moist sand at the bottom. It flickered with golden particles; tiny flakes that spelled wealth to anyone with a pan and a pair of arms.

It was a prospector's dream come true, a place that made the Comstock Lode seem like chickenfeed—and we were standing right in the middle of it!

I felt like yelling, howling, dancing around in the water, but I knew better than that. I I wanted to stay alive long enough to enjoy being rich.

Steve wanted to start panning there and then, but I shook my head. "First we've gotta do some hard digging. Starting right now."

It took us till dark to finish our dugout, but we did a great job. The hole—ten feet by eight—was sunk into the edge of the scrub at the far end of the "playa." Covered by natural foliage and some branches we added, it was a perfectly camouflaged hideout, invisible at a dozen yards. The ground was soft and moist which made digging easy.

We settled down to our first night, stretched out on mats among the jumble of our gear. For a while I lay listening to the whine of a billion mosquitoes outside and the deafening shriek of the red howler monkeys. Then I dozed off. . .

I awoke because of a faint rustling sound that seemed to slice the darkness next to my face. A slight swishing, like a slipper scuffing across a carpet.

My left hand groped for the flashlight beside my mat. I flicked the button—and then I froze. The beam of light reflected unmoving, dusty eyes and a weaving diamond-shaped head—a bushmaster.

Close to my right elbow lay the machete we'd used to chop branches that afternoon. My fingers stretched out for it—slowly, slowly—then fastened around the grip.

Suddenly I waved the flashlight wildly The bushmaster reared back—then struck forward. And in the same instant my machete hissed sideways. There was a chopping thud, the diamond dead flew off in a wide arc and the body writhed and thrashed for a few moments, then trembled and became still.

I didn't sleep much for the rest of that night.

But we were up with the sun next morning, heading for the river. The lure of gold was stronger than fatigue.

I showed steve how to operate a pan; it's dead easy. You fill it with sand from the bottom. Then you rotate it gently for two or three minutes, picking out leaves, stones and muck. And then you're left with dozens of gleaming yellow particles, mostly the size of pinheads; if you're lucky the size of pepper-corns or even walnuts. And that's your gold.

I left Steve with the panning while I went scouting for gold pockets among the stones. That's where you're liable to find the big stuff—the nuggets. In the sand it's mostly just flake.

We didn't worry about the crocs; the water near the shore was too shallow for them to sneak up on us. But the Aucas

"Hello . . . hello . . . who is this?"

were different. There was the solid wall of forest facing us, the bushes rustling with invisible life. Perhaps there were eyes watching us from the trees, little naked brown men following our every move? I remembered that the Aucas were known as the "Shadow People." We didn't feel too cozy.

But nothing happened during our first week, except that we were getting rich. Filling small canvas bags with gold dust and stashing them away in our hole. And gloating over them at night as we ate our main meal of freshly caught fish, boiled rice and yucca.

At noon on the seventh day, the Piper landed. We were damnded glad to see Roy again and proud to show off our loot. But then we struck a hitch I hadn't counted on.

My idea had been to fly out the result of each week's panning everytime the plane left. Now I learned that the two New York boys didn't trust each other enough for that. Because whoever had the gold in the aircraft could just fly off with it and leave us stranded in the jungle. And he'd have a near-guarantee that we'd never return to claim our share.

Those two guys had been buddies for years. But their friendship didn't stretch to the point where it covered ten sacks of gold dust. I listened to them argue for an hour, then I got tired of it.

"All right, you guys," I cut in, "here's how we'll manage it. All the gold stays right here, in this hole, until we quit and fly back together. Okay?"

They nodded in unison. The scheme was hijack-proof, only it left a mucky taste in my mouth. But that's what the smell of gold does to buddies.

Steve took off with the plane, and Roy took his place in our dugout. The work went on without interruption.

It was toward evening on our eleventh day that I went back to the hole to get a fishing line. Roy was still waist-deep in the river with his pan.

The heat had made me drowsy, so I didn't notic the figure until I was within a few yards of the dugout. Then I saw him, a small stocky man, naked and painted with orange stripes, and eight-foot spear leaning against his shoulder. He had lifted aside some of our camouflage branches and was curiously peering into the hole.

I stood rigid, throughtswhirring through my brain. This was an Auca—and he'd found our hiding place! The best thing would be shoot him, but the noise would attract others.

He must have sensed me somehow, for he suddenly looked up. His face was streaked with the same orange goo, his black hair cut in fringe.

For a few endless seconds we stood, staring at each other. Then his hand flew to his side and came up again gripping his spear. I saw the saw-toothed bone tip gleaming white just as I felt the butt of my .32 in my fist.

I remember thinking, "I hope that damned gun fires," then the shot rang out and the spear came whizzing past my face, so close that I felt the wind.

The Auca screamed once, clutching his middle. He folded up like a jacknife, rolled on the ground and lay still. A trickle of blood spread over the damp earth.

Roy came racing up from the river, the Remington at the ready. He looked at the dead Indian and whistled. "Right through the guts."

"Come on," I said. "Get into that hole.There may be others around."

We waited for an hour with our fingers on the triggers. But nothing stirred in the scrub. The fellow must have been alone.

"We'd better bury him," said Roy.

"No, I've got better idea. Hand me that lance."

I took the Indian's spear and rammed it straight through the hole plowed by my slug, tearing it out again to leave a huge gaping wound. The we dumped the body in the river.

"If the crocs don't get him his pals will drag him out," I explained. "And they'll think he's been speared by the Yumbos. That's a neighboring tribe they're at war with. Permanently."

We didn't see another Indian all the next day. But just as we were settling into our dugout after dinner, Roy tensed up

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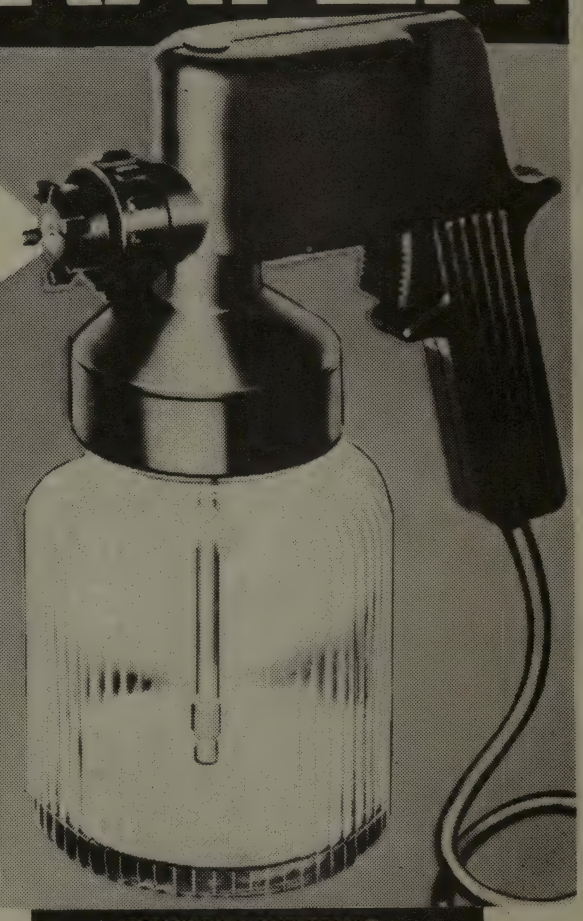

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"Listen," he whispered. "D'you hear it?"

I heard it alright. It was a dry, rhythmic tapping, like a woodpecker in slow motion, coming from different directions. The wind carried it over from the forest—peg, peg, peg—and the like an acho from another place—peg, peg, peg. . . .

"Signal logs," I said. "They beat hollow tree trunks to communicate with each other. Like a morse code. I reckon they've found their lost boy."

The tapping was still going on, at intervals, when we start work next morning. We didn't get much panning done, though. We spend most of our time listening, and watching the edge of the jungle. Nothing happened except that our nerves were getting raw. That soft, dry tapping was worse than any amount of war whoops.

When Steve Milford landed the float-plane as arranged. I had the jitters. I suggested that we call it quits and pull out with what we had.

Roy, the tougher of the pair, raised his eyebrows. "What's up, Charlie?" he drawled. "You turning chicken because someone's knocking on wood?"

"How much you figure we've made so far?" asked Steve.

I calculated for a moment. "Over seventy-thousand bucks for sure," I said. "That ought to be enough for three."

"Don't forget taxes," said Roy. That'll cut it down plenty. I'm for sticking to our plan—a nice, round hundred grand."

They outvoted me and I've been kicking myself ever since for letting them do it.

But for a few days it seemed as if we had the river to ourselves again. The tapping stopped and Steve and I did our panning without constantly looking over our shoulders.

But that's exactly what we should have done.

Around five one afternoon we were both hungry and ready to knock off. We gathered our stuff and trudged back to the dugout to prepare supper.

We had just about reached it when Steve yelled, "Look out!" But he yelled a second too late.

There was a whoosing hiss and a spear quivered in the ground near my foot. I heard another thud into a tree trunk. Steve gave a hoarse scream and I saw a shaft sticking through his left shoulder. And then three naked painted figures came hurtling at us from the scrub.

I dropped on one knee, tearing the Colt from my holster in the same movement. I had a chance for one shot before those devils were on top of me.

I saw one of them pitch flat on his streaked face. Then the rush of the other two bowled me over.

I'll never forget the stench of their bodies—they reeked of stale fat and rotten meat.

I still clutched the gun in my fist, but one of them hung on to my wrist, twisting it sideways. The other straddled over me, raising a short wooden club. I jerked my knee up, catching him square in the chest with my boot. He flew off and for a moment I could concentrate on his pal.

I landed a couple of short lefts in his ribcage. He coughed and loosened his hold on my right wrist. I pushed the arm down, then jerked it up as hard as I could. I feel his fingers slip off. Then I brought my fist down again, with every ounce of my strength behind it. The barrel of the Colt caught him across the skull. It felt as if I'd hit a lump of cast iron, spinning the gun out of my hand.

He crumpled up without a sound and I leaped to my feet—right in front of the other Auca. The stubby club rose high but then there was a *chunk!* and the Indian tottered, dropped his club and sprawled at my feet.

Steve had come up behind him—the spear still lodged in his shoulder—and felled him with the butt of the Remington. He could only use his right hand, but one swipe had been enough.

I took a quick look around the battlefield. The Indian I'd shot was dead, drilled through the throat. The one Steve had clubbed could only last a few minutes, the brain was oozing from his smashed skull.

"Oh goody! My whole life is flashing before my eyes and here comes that three-week orgy in Paris!"

I gritted my teeth, picked up my gun and placed it against the temple of the third one, still out cold. I pulled the trigger and blew his head apart. I felt horrible, but we had no alternative. We couldn't take prisoners.

Then I stretched Steve on the ground and gave him a piece of wood to bite on. "Bite hard, brother," I murmured "This is gonna hurt."

We had no anesthetic of any kind, not even a slug of whiskey. And that spear had to come out.

I broke off the shaft. The 15-inch bone tip had gone right through the shoulder, sticking out at the back. And it had a serrated edge, like a saw. Which meant that you couldn't pull it out with one quick heave for fear of ripping the sinews to shreds. You had to work it free—slowly.

It took me ten ghastly minutes, but luckily Steve passed out in a few seconds. He came to just when I put disinfectant on the jagged wound and bandaged him up.

He groaned and bit his lower lip, trying not to scream. Then he croaked, "How is it?"

"Clean hole," I lied. "You'll be laying guys out with that left in no time."

I don't think he believed me. He knew just as well as I did that he needed a hospital and a doctor more than any gold. We had nothing but our first aid kit. And the plane wasn't due for another two days.

I placed Steve in the hole and then I dumped the bodies in the river. And that night the tapping started again.

It was still going on the next day—sounding far away, then closer, then far off again in the jungle. And by now I knew what it meant.

The Aucas were calling their scattered bands together. We'd met up with one warrior the first time, with three the second time. Tomorrow or the day after it might be three dozen or more.

I left Steve in the hole with my Colt—he couldn't have fired the rifle one-handed—and did some more panning. But when I looked in on him later I saw that my solo prospecting would have to stop.

His whole left arm was swelling up into a shapeless lump, his face twisted with agony and fever. If that wound was getting gangrenous it meant curtains for him. And I certainly couldn't leave him alone now. He wouldn't have notice an army creeping up on him.

The next 12 hours were nothing but an unbroken nightmare. I stayed in that blasted hole, the Remington within reach, listening to Steve's groaning and to the endless tap-tap-tapping in the forest. Every time a bush rustled or a twig moved I jerked the rifle up, straining my eyes into that tangled mass of green.

The tapping had become louder, nearer; it seemed to come from all directions at once. But nothing human moved in the scrub, nothing that I could see and shoot at, anyway. I was dripping with cold sweat, my finger on the trigger . . . waiting . . . waiting.

Morning broke in a blaze of tropical sunlight, the day the plane was due to land. Steve had become quiter, but his eyes were glazed with fever and his arm was still swelling.

The forest lay deathly silent, not a sound drifting over. I crouched in the hole, watching the scrub, praying for the noise of the Piper engines. Then I turned to look at the river and felt as if someone was running an icicle down my spine.

Three, four, five canoes were speeding toward our "playa," each one packed with brown shapes, brimming with spears like so many floating cushions.

I knew there must be more of the bastards in the forest. They were closing in on us from all sides, cutting off our only escape route.

The canoes were just rounding the bend of the river when I spotted them. And I knew that I had less than five minutes to plot some sort of strategy that might save our lives—or at least prolong them a bit. I had to stop the Indians from landing, somehow.

I couldn't cover the beach from our dugout, which meant that I had to get out of the hole. I dragged Steve upright, brutally.

"Listen to me, Steve," I panted

"You've *got* to stay on your feet. Here—" I shoved my Colt into his good right hand—"fire at anything that moves in the scrub. Doesn't matter if you hit it or not, but *fire!*"

He slumped forward, sweat streaming from his contorted face, his eyes watering with pain. But I could see his fist closing around the revolver butt. Good man, Steve! "I'll be all right," he murmured, "s'long as the slugs last. Can't load this bloody gun, through. . . ."

I gave his sound shoulder a squeeze. Then I snatched up the Remington and as many spare clips of ammo as lay handy. I raced down the edge of the "playa."

There was no cover down there, just open sand. I threw myself down. The canoes were within a couple of hundred yards when I opened fire.

Any GI knows how shooting across water spoils your aim. And I was trying to hit moving targets with a weapon I'd never fired in my life. The result was lousy. I emptied a whole clip without causing more than splashes in the river.

Those hollowed treetrunk craft moved amazingly fast. The moment the first shot sounded they spread out wider, heading for shore in a single line abreast. I could only concentrate on one at a time—the others would land while I was potting one.

I took the one directly opposite me in my sights, aimed carefully, squeezed. One of the brown figures in the bow tumbled overboard with a splash, another gave a scream and dropped his paddle. The boat lurched wildly and fell back.

I grinned for a moment, until I glanced over my shoulder. Then I saw that the craft on the far left had beached. Half a dozen painted shapes were scrambling ashore, waving spears.

I snapped off two, three shots in their direction, but just wasted my lead. They were too far off for me to hit. They made no attempt to come closer. Instead I saw them circling behind me, getting between me and the hole. There wasn't much anyone could havetaughtthose guys about combat tactics; they were masters at it.

I had to turn my attention to the canoes in front of me, still on the river. But even as I rammed home a fresh clip and began shooting, I knew the other Aucas were fanning out in my rear. A few minutes more and they'd have me surrounded, ready to be rushed from all sides at once. I could empty my rifle at 'em, knock off maybe two or three. And then . . . Amen!

I heard a couple of revolver shots from the dugout. Steve was firing at the men behind me. I don't know whether he hit any, but I knew he now had only four shots left in the drum and that he couldn't reload with one hand.

Another of the boats ground ashore on my far right. I drilled the first warrior to scramble ashore, watched him leap into the air and spin into the river. Good shooting at this range! But four men behind him made it, my bullets just raising spurts of sand all around them. Four more of them in my rear—the death chain was getting stronger.

There were still three boats out on the river, darting back and forth, drawing my attention and my slugs. I had to keep plugging away at 'em or they, too, would land. And meanwhile the bastards behind me were creeping closer.

Another shot from the dugout, and another. Two rounds left in the Colt. I remember calculating quite coolly how many minutes of life remained to me. I couldn't stretch it longer than about five.

And then I heard it, the sweetest noise on God's earth, the drone of the Piper!

The plane was coming in low over the river, wings waggling slightly. For a moment the canoes out there stopped dead, their crews gaping up at the roaring bird swooping down at them. Then they scattered in all directions, their paddles working at frantic speed to get away from the buzzing, thundering apparition.

The plane taxied close, the props burping. I got up and gestured for him to come closer.

"How do you get bloodstains off an easy chair! What have you gone and done now, you clumsy oaf!"

And then I realized I had a suicide run ahead of me. I had to get Steve from our dugout. He'd never make it to the beach on his own.

I clutched the rifle to my hip, firing position, as I raced back. I couldn't see any of the landed Aucas; maybe they'd scattered too.

Then the dugout opened up before and I jumped down, grabbed Steve around the waist and hoisted him up over the edge. His legs were buckling under him and he would have fallen if I hadn't scrambled out and propped him up.

I placed his sound right arm over my shoulders and we began to walk, step by step, his stumbling weight half dragging me down.

I heard him pant close to my ear, "We'll never make it at this rate."

I said, "Don't talk bull. We'll be in that plane before you've buttoned your pants." And I didn't believe a word of it.

There was the water and the plane. With Roy standing up in the cockpit, waving madly, screaming something we couldn't hear.

And then there was a hiss beside my left ear. And then a blow in Steve's body. He slipped from my supporting grip. I couldn't hold him. As he fell I saw why—two long shafts sticking from his back. A torrent of blood pumped through his khaki shirt.

I whirled, aimed, pulled the trigger. Click, Click. The rifle was empty.

I ducked low in a crouching, desperate run. Felt my boots swishing through water. Hurled myself forward and began to swim. Saw a splash in front of my face and a tooth-edged spear bobbing up and floating past. Crawled madly in long, frantic strokes. The felt my hands touching the floats of the Piper and Roy's grip under my arms as he hoisted me aboard.

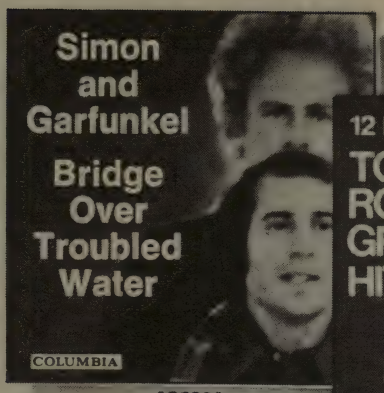
And that's the last thing I felt.

When I came out of my red haze we were cruising high over the jungle. I looked down, but I couldn't see the Payamino any more; just a maze of green treetops that hid the treasure and the partner we'd left behind down there.

Well, not really all the treasure. Later, after we'd landed at Tena, I found one small canvas bag in my pocket. It was a quarter full with gold dust. Roy and I split it between us. My share was just enough to make a gold engagement ring for my girlfriend in Quito.

And that's all there is to tell about our treasure hunt on the Payamino. Except that I'm nuts enough to be willing to go back there for another try. As soon as I find a partner with a seaplane and hankering for suicide.

Because, there are also the Aucas. ■



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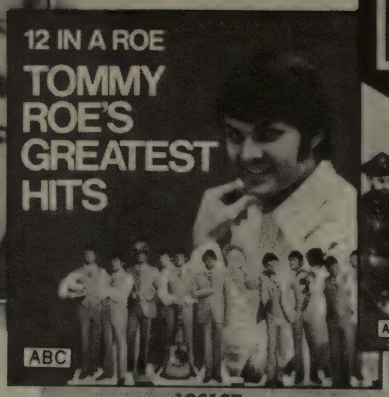

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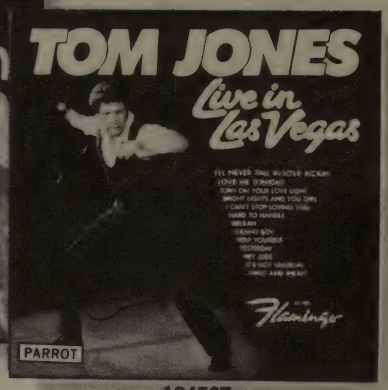

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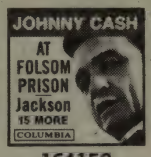

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That's right!—you'll have two full years in which to buy your ten records. After doing so, you'll have acquired a sizable library of 22 records of your choice—but you'll have paid for just half of them . . . *that's* practically a 50% saving off regular Club prices! Without doubt, the Club offers you the "best buy" in records *anywhere!*

AS A MEMBER you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Club's entertaining music magazine. Each issue describes the regular selection for each musical interest and

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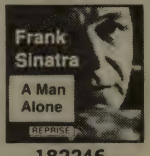

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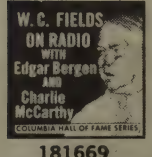

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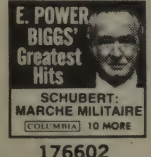

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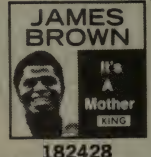

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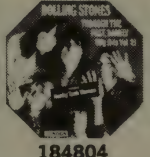

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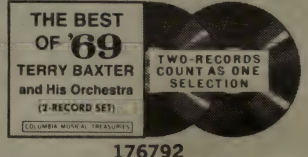
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TERRY BAXTER and His Orchestra
(2-RECORD SET)
TWO RECORDS COUNT AS ONE SELECTION
COLUMBIA MUSICAL TREASURES
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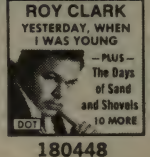

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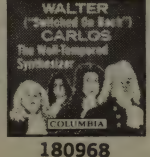

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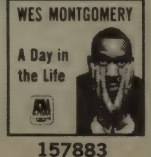

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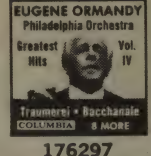

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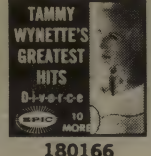

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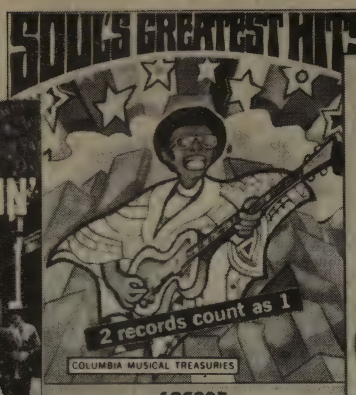

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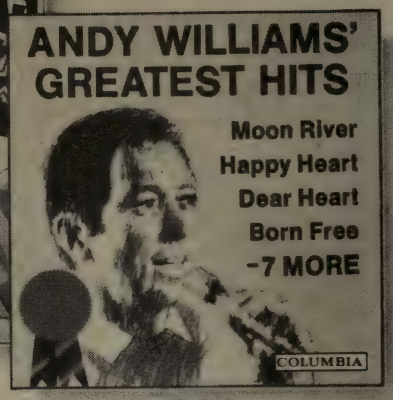

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almost 300 other records . . . hit albums from every field of music from scores of record labels.

If you do *not* want any record in any month — just tell us so by returning the selection card by the date specified . . . or you may use the card to order any of the records offered. If you want *only* the regular selection for your musical interest you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically. And from time to time, the Club will offer some special albums, which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided — or accept by simply doing nothing . . . the choice is always yours!

RECORDS SENT ON CREDIT. Upon enrollment, the Club will open a charge account in your name . . . you pay for your records only after you have received them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $4.98 (Classical and occasional special albums somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN. As soon as you complete your enrollment agreement, you will automatically become eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan, which entitles you to *one record of your choice free* (plus 25¢ for mailing and handling) *for every one you buy thereafter!*

SEND NO MONEY NOW — JUST MAIL THE COUPON. Write in the numbers of the twelve records you want, for which you will be billed only $3.98, plus mailing and handling. Be sure to indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested. Act today!

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB Terre Haute, Ind. (CRC) *Where smart buyers shop for hits!*

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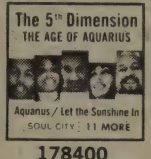

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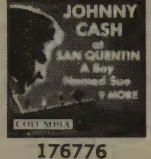

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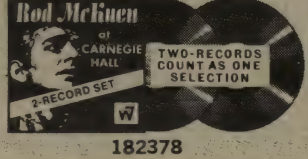

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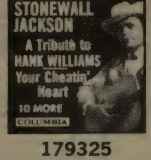

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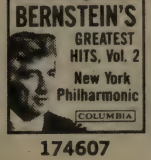

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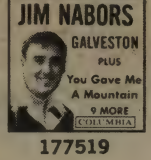

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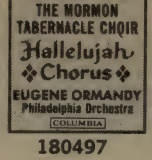

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Please enroll me as a member of the Club. I've indicated below the twelve stereo records I wish to receive for only $3.98, plus mailing and handling. I agree to purchase ten records during the coming two years, under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I may cancel membership any time thereafter. If I continue, I will be eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan.

SEND ME THESE 12 RECORDS FOR ONLY $3.98

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one):

☐ Listening and Dancing ☐ Teen Hits
☐ Country and Western ☐ Classical
☐ Broadway and Hollywood ☐ Jazz

Name.....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check One) ☐ YES..... ☐ NO

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer

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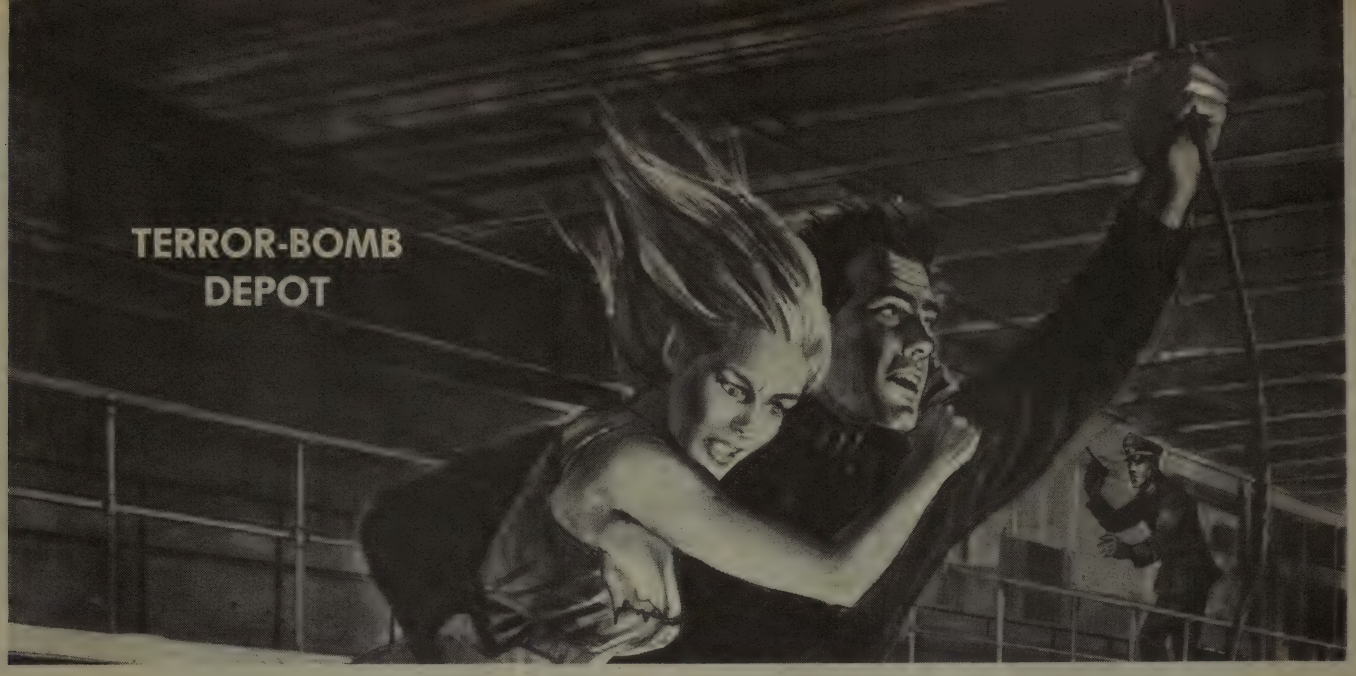


Continued from page 24

There were no trees, no flames to beat out. Sweat began trickling from his temples and he stopped making an effort, suddenly aware that the effort he had been making was enormous and very desperate.

The one word she had spoken had been in German.

"Is there any kind of head injury?"

His hands were moving about, the fingers hunting for blood. Quite a lot of the organism was coping well enough, doing its best to look after itself.

She said something but he wasn't interested: there was so much data coming in that he wanted to sort it out before anything new was presented. A window and the unlit lamp and of course her face and various colors . . .

"Oh yes," he said, and sat still for a bit. Traces were showing up: He had seen her face before. "So that's who you are."

Memory, returning, can't present every detail because there are too many. It's a matter of finding one's self back in a place composed of all the things one had ever known. Identity.

"Wait a minute." He was sitting on the edge of his bed, head in his hands. It would need a minute to settle in. If he didn't take it easy the whole thing would go blank again.

"Andy," she said frightened.

Her scent. It was Vera. Vera Wagner.

"When did I get here?"

"Hours ago—some hours ago."

Blank. She sounded frightened. Perhaps there might be a need for hurry and he couldn't. He sat blanking his mind for as long as minute and it worked and he got a completely lucid sequence: an explosion, a sweep of burning light as a land mine went off not 10 feet away, the smell of damp earth rising. Lucky he had thrown his shoes into the mine field. Now he remembered clearly. Intelligence told him nothing about the Nazi mine field. Obviously this was a security measure the Nazis had added before data for his mission was compiled. He remembered his frustration and near panic when he recognized the freshly turned dirt. The field was mined. Nothing moved on this land. The field was quiet except for a whisper. He looked down again. The whisper was in his head, it was a heavy throb. Land mines. He removed his shoes, tied them to his rope, the same rope he used to scale the cliffs at the edge of the field. He threw the shoes out and pulled them in slowly, setting off a long path of exploding mines. The last blast went off in his face. He made his way through the path of detonated mines. Half-crazed, his sensibilities numbed by the last explosion, he automatically fled to Vera's house.

The pain across his shoulders and chest subsided. "I shouldn't have come here. He'll be here soon."

"That's all right. I'm always alone."

She meant always without *Oberstfuhrer* Franz Wagner, her husband. The one man who stood between Andy and his mission. Destroy the Nazi buzz-bomb cache and their launching sites at Calais . . .

Her body was milky under the nightgown and the light from the street shadowed her eyes. She unbuttoned his shirt. He could feel her hands working slowly down his chest. Then she unbuckled his belt, opened his pants. She touched him. He pulled her into the bed.

She let herself laugh suddenly. "You're all right, aren't you?"

He was laughing too, but for a different reason. He was thinking of the SS at Calais, headed by *Oberstfuhrer* Wagner, out looking for the saboteur who set off the mine field. They'd look everywhere, except of course, in the *Oberstfuhrer's* guest room.

He pulled down her nightgown and fondled her soft breast, felt the nipple grow hard under his finger. He heard her moan a deep-throated plea. "Take me, Andy. I need you . . ."

When their passion subsided, Andy listened to her heavy breathing and felt her moist body still clinging to him. "I've got to destroy the laboratories and the launching sites soon. After tonight they'll double security and then it will be too late."

Then Vera spoke and it was obvious she had been thinking the same thing. "You must get them tonight, Andy. Our time has run out. Come to my room as soon as he is asleep. If need be, kill him, but get the combinations tonight."

Andy rose from the bed quickly. His body still ached, but he was all right. She dressed and left the room, leaving him waiting in the darkness contemplating the most daring act of his life. An act that could affect the outcome of World War II.

It all began at the headquarters of the Air Defense Ministry in London, a few months after D-Day. They summoned Lieutenant Andrew Leroi to Air Marshal Bottomley's office. When the American arrived he was ushered into a huge conference room, crowded with Great Britain's leading air defense experts. Seated at the long table were Air Marshal Bottomley, Deputy Chief of the air staff; Air Marshal Hill, Air Officer commanding air defense of Great Britain, and General Pile, General Officer commanding Anti-Aircraft Command, and about ten other British and American top brass.

Lieutenant Leroi was led to a chair at the table. He sat down. Suspense and strain filled the room. He had no idea why he'd been called to this meeting.

Air Marshal Bottomley began: "Lieutenant Leroi, you have been summoned here to discuss the gravest problem now confronting the British people and, eventually, all of the free world. That is, Hitler's newest and most deadly weapon: the V-I, or as it's commonly known, the 'buzz-bomb.' We have to destroy it. Or rather, you do."

"I don't understand, sir. I think you have the wrong man for the job. I have no training in espionage. I'm not even a demolitions man. I'm a photo-interpreter with U.S. Army Intelligence . . ."

"We are well aware of your duties, Lieutenant," Air Marshal Hill interrupted, "and *we* believe that you're our man."

"Let me explain, Lieutenant," Air Marshal Bottomley continued, "our Intelligence had predicted six months ago how these Nazi missiles would perform, but we have found it virtually impossible to prepare fighter and coastal defenses to

cope with them. We have tried bombing attacks on the Nazi launching sites in Calais, but these are poor targets and our attempts thus far have been ineffective.

The main storage depots for the flying bombs lie in a few, large, natural caverns long used by French mushroom growers in the Oise valley. We suspect that the Germans have stored several thousand missiles there, about 70 percent of all their buzz-bombs. Our bombers have not achieved success and so far two thousand airmen have died in the attempt."

"You must understand Lieutenant, we have selected you very carefully for this job. And you must understand the enormity of your task. Hitler is not merely using the bombs to break the English spirit. That would be bad enough by itself. But we understand the nature of his true obsession. We believe he hopes that London's agony will cause elements of our forces to be diverted to a disastrous landing in the Pas de Calais in an attempt to capture the launching sites. But we have asured General Eisenhower that no amount of bombing will force us to demand a strategy change in France. We shall not allow the battle operations in Normandy or the attacks we are making against special targets in Germany to suffer. They come first, and we must fit our own domestic arrangements into the general scheme of war operations."

Now it was General Pile's turn. "Your records indicate that you speak French and German fluently. Mainly because your parents spoke their native tongue at home. Your mother was German, and your father was French. More important, you were a botanist in civilian life. And your profession is exactly the kind of cover you'll need for this mission. First of all, you are knowledgeable about mushroom growing, and second, your knowledge of flowers—especially hybrid roses—will be a vital factor in getting you into the house of the head of security of the depot. That is, *Oberstfuhrer* Franz Wagner, who is an ardent amateur botanist. His specialty is hybrid roses. You will somehow manage to get the combinations to the depot's door locks, and plant delayed detonators at certain strategic points in the cache."

Leroi winced and felt an almost uncontrollable urge to run from the room. but his body was frozen and he could not move. He spoke slowly. "Gentlemen, I am absolutely astounded by your confidence in me . . ."

Before he could finish, Air Marshal Hill interrupted "It is not a matter of confidence, Lieutenant, but rather desperation. We cannot order you to undertake this mission, but we pray that you will. Millions of lives may depend on your decision."

What could he say? His silence was accepted as a silent agreement.

During the next few weeks Leroi got intensive training in all of the destructive arts. It was a deadly cram course, hand-to-hand combat, demolition, and survival. Intelligence briefed him about all the idiosyncracies of *Oberstfuhrer* Wagner. His most attractive preoccupation as far as Leroi was concerned was the *Oberstfuhrer's* beautiful wife, Vera.

They had shown him slides of the woman. She was in her early thirties, long blond hair, with a devastating figure that could stop a tank at thirty yeards. Perhaps the mission would not be entirely unappetizing.

As the weeks passed, every borough in London was blitzed by buzz-bombs. The worst damage lay in a belt extending from Stepney and Poplar southwestward to Wandsworth and Mitchum. Of individual boroughs Croydon suffered most hits, including eight bombs in a single day. About three-quarters of a million houses were damaged, twenty-three-thousand of them beyond repair. Although London was the worst sufferer, the casualties and the damage spread well outside its boundaries. Parts of Sussex and Kent became popularly known as "Bomb Alley" because they lay on the line of route and paid a heavy toll.

Leroi witnessed this new form of attack upon the people of London with a deep sense of horror. Dawn brought no relief, and cloud no comfort. The man going home in the evening never knew what he would find; his wife alone all day with the children could not be certain of his safe return. The blind impersonal nature of the buzz-bomb made Leroi feel helpless. There was little that he could do, no human enemy that he could see shot down. He became impatient to leave on a mission he knew would probably fail and end in his own death. But living in London these few weeks and watching the horror around him made the chance of his own death seem small in comparison to the price that Londoners were paying.

Finally, he was ordered to report for a private briefing at Wellington Barracks. He made his way to the army post never realizing that this same Wellington Barracks would be destroyed a few weeks later in a direct hit by one of the fiendish buzz-bombs.

As Leroi arrived at the Barracks, there was a dull explosion nearby, but everyone went on about his business. The same committee of top brass was waiting for him again. This would be his final briefing. He was told that his new identity was that of a French mushroom grower named Pierre LeGrand. The real LeGrand was an absentee mushroom farmer who lived in Paris. He inherited the land at Calais when he was a child from a distant relative. He had never been to Calais, and managed the affairs of the mushroom farm through various agents. No one in Calais had ever seen him. LeGrand was working for the Underground in Paris. He volunteered for the mission but his lack of botanical knowledge, particularly about hybrid roses, eliminated him. LeGrand's task was to get Nazi permission to go to Calais, make arrangements to leave Paris via the railroad toward Calais, and then disappear, leaving the field open for Leroi's appearance. They gave Leroi a set of phony identification documents like those issued by the Germans. He was then briefed extensively about LeGrand. He was a bachelor, both parents dead, no brothers or sisters. There was nothing colorful about LeGrand, he was a colorless French businessman known to have been neutral concerning the German occupation of France.

Then he was dressed in a shabby French businessman's suit and rushed onto a waiting DC-3 which flew him to Dover. There he boarded a British sub. Four hours later, the submarine surfaced, about three miles off the coast of Calais. Leroi was lowered into a rubber raft. He paddled slowly, watching the submarine merge with the black water, and then disappear entirely. He was alone in the English Channel. He paddled toward the coastline. There was no wind and the only sound was the waves slapping against the raft. His navigation was dead-positive, and he could see the coastline of Calais emerging from the darkness. Far ahead, in the moonlight, a blob showed on the ash-white strip of beach—it was a German security police force patrolling the beach. Leroi lay low in the raft, feeling the tide rushing toward the beach, dragging him into the waiting arms of the German patrol. There was nothing he could do but hold his breath and pray.

He felt a wave lift the raft high in the air. He held tight, realizing that he was approaching the breakers along the beach. The blob began to move; the patrol was winding down the beach, gradually becoming less distinct as it moved further away. A few moments later Leroi was deflating the raft and burying it in the sand. He made his way carefully along the beach, hiding in the shadows, heading toward the railroad station at Mimoyecques.

He moved slowly through the darkness, along the beach parallel with the railroad tracks. After two kilometers, he took a small road south and turned again and followed the railroad tracks. In a short while Leroi reached the railroad station. It was deserted and Leroi easily made it two more kilometers beyond the station to the spot where the train from Paris would slow down for an approach signal. Here the tracks were heavily guarded and Leroi lay quietly at the side of an embankment. A guard strode by almost within arm's reach and he held his breath as the soldier walked by.

He was right on schedule. The train from Paris was approaching, its engine making a faint chugging in the night. The yellow beam was cutting through the darkness, lighting a path toward Mimoyecques. Leroi took a deep breath as it rumbled by and charged toward the creeping train. He gripped the step railing and hurled himself up onto the train's platform. It was easy—much easier than he'd expected. He lit a Gauloises bleu, and nearly choked as the strong Turkish tobacco bit into his lungs. He exhaled and watched the purple smoke play on the night air and then moved into the passenger car.

The train was filled with German enlisted men, a few civilians and some French businessmen like himself. He went directly to compartment B. The door was unlocked and he entered. Pierre LeGrand's personal effects were still scattered around the compartment and it seemed as if the Frenchman had taken his leave only moments before his imposter

arrived. Leroi sat down and waited silently for the train to arrive in Mimoyecques.

As the train pulled into the station the compartment door slid open, an army sergeant glared down at him and bellowed in German: "Your papers, let me see your papers!"

Andy Leroi reached into his inside breast pocket and produced the phony credentials of Pierre LeGrand. He could hear his heart trying to leap through his chest as the German soldier examined the papers carefully.

"*Ils sont bien arranges.*" the soldier said in heavy French. Then he repeated again in guttural German: "Your papers are in order."

"*Merci,*" Andy replied with relief, and made his way through the corridor toward the exit. The train eased into the station, came to a gradual halt, and Andy stepped onto the platform of the Mimoyecques railroad station. He reported directly to the station master, presented his papers again, and was told he could remain in the village for no more than a fortnight, since this area had become a strategic site for the German army.

A half-hour later, Andy found 13 Rue du Calais. It was a hole in the ground, a yawning scar British bombs had left in their numerous missions over the area. Pierre LeGrand's property was completely devastated. He looked around. Every building on the street was war-torn, like skeletons about to crumble around him. Then he heard the sound of music. It was the ironically gay melody *Aupres de ma Blonde*, a ribald French love song, being played on an accordion. Its refrains echoed through the bombed-out street and Andy followed the music to the Mimoyecques Cafe.

He pushed the door open and the smell of cognac, cigar smoke, and cheap perfume washed over him. The dingy bar was packed with German officers, and their French mistresses dressed like whores on New Year's Eve. An old weather-stained man wearing an apron stood behind the bar and eyed him carefully as he approached. Andy spoke slowly in French, praying that his accent would hold up. "*Est-ce possible que j'obtienne une chambre ici?*" He repeated the question again in German, for the benefit of the curious officers who were watching. "Is it possible to get a room here?"

"*Mais oui, monsieur,*" the bartender replied, and told him there was one room left on the top floor.

"The attic room will be fine," Andy replied in German. The Germans were watching him carefully. One officer waved him to his table, and Andy approached the officer meekly. "*Oui, monsieur?*"

"Who are you? I have never seen you here before. Andy handed his papers to the German, and explained that he had obtained permission from the German military to inspect what little was left of his mushroom farm in Mimoyecques.

The German laughed, bellowing: "*Ja!* Mushroom farmer. *Das iss gut.* You certainly meet the strangest people in a war. A mushroom farmer . . ." the German laughed again nearly choking on his cognac.

Andy laughed too, sheepishly. "I also grow roses, *Herr Oberstfuhrer.*" He stared at the German Colonel. It was *Oberstfuhrer* Franz Wagner all right; a little older than Intelligence photos, but the same man. The brunette on his lap, however, was not his wife. "Indeed, *Herr Oberstfuhrer*, roses are my passion. Would you care to see some cuttings which I have brought from Paris?" Andy opened his battered valise, hoping that LeGrand followed instructions and packed the roses along with his other effects. They were there, wrapped carefully in moistened celophane. Andy gave the package to Wagner and saw the excitement in the Colonel's eyes as he admired the yellow-red flower.

"*Wunderbar*! These hybrids are magnificent."

"Accept them please, with my compliments, *Herr Oberstfuhrer*. I have no further need of them. My house and land here in Mimoyecques has been reduced to rubble by British bombs."

"*Danke schoen, monsieur* LeGrand. I take it you have no place to stay? We must discuss roses and more suitable living quarters for you over dinner at my home tomorrow evening at eight. The innkeeper will direct you." The Colonel returned Andy's papers and began pawing the voluptuous brunette still perched on his lap. She smiled coquettishly at Andy, and then turned her attention back to the German . . .

Andy lay on the brass bed, blowing feathers of smoke into the attic darkness. So far, everything was going according to plan and the lucky break, meeting Colonel Wagner, was more than he'd expected. He squashed his cigarette into the ashtray, closed his eyes and dozed.

The faint tapping sound riveted his mind into semi-consciousness. But the sounds were not a dream, someone was tapping on his door. Every muscle tensed. He went cold. He heard his voice quaver as he said: "*Entrez.*"

The door opened slowly, and let in the harsh yellow light from the hall. It was a blinding flood that outlined a woman's figure, the voluptuous brunette, the same one who had been on *Oberstfuhrer's* lap a few hours ago.

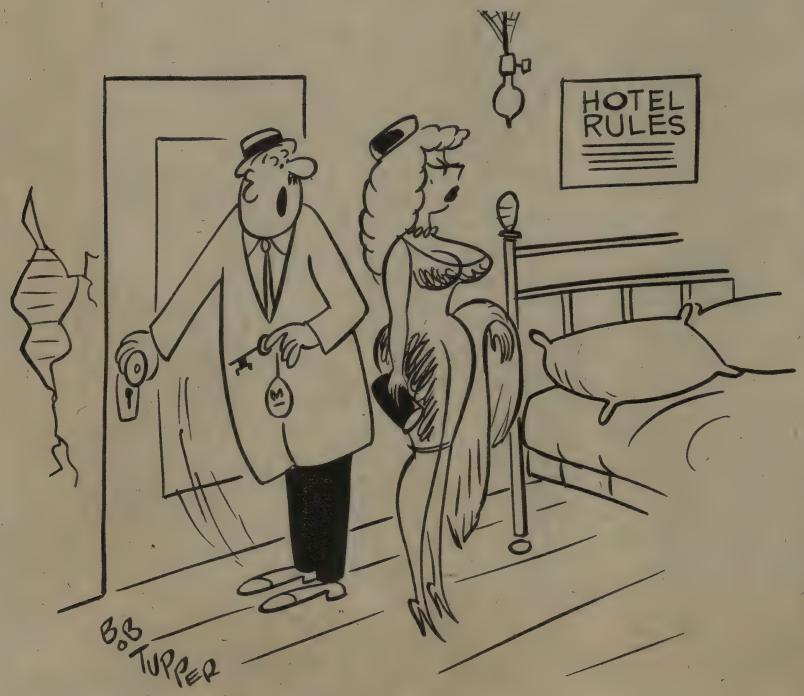
"May I come in, *monsieur*?" She spoke softly in French. Before Andy could answer, the door closed behind her, and she made her way through the dimly lit room to his bed. Andy sat up; her huge breasts were captivating, the soft fleshy mounds lit by the rays of light that crept through the small attic window.

Andy checked himself. "What do you want, *madamoiselle*?"

"You told the German you were from Paris. I wish to go to Paris. Will you take me back with you when you return?" She began peeling off her dress. In a few seconds she stood there before him, glowing like a naked statue. Andy felt desire rushing through him like a drug. He was about to reach out and touch her, when suddenly he remembered that she was the Colonel's woman.

"Go away. Are you trying to get me shot? You are the *Oberstfuhrer's* woman."

"Don't be silly. I am here for hire to any man who wishes to pay the price, but for you, it will be free." She crawled into the bed and under the covers. Andy felt the warm length of her body rubbing against him. She kissed him, her tongue darting into his mouth searching and sucking his desire. He caressed her breasts and fingered the nipple and felt it swell, rise and grow firm. She wrapped her leg around him, and mounted him. Andy rolled over quickly, pushing her onto her back, and she looked up at him startled. She was lying under him spread-eagled.



"I hate to keep taking you to cheap places like this, but my wife won't let me bring you to the house."

"This is the way I like it, madamoiselle. The man should always be on top."

He heard her moaning in the darkness. Their passion exploded like a geyser, and their bodies relaxed. After a few minutes of silence the brunette began questioning him about Paris. What was the weather like this time of the year, and many other questions about which Andy had been completely briefed before the mission. It was obvious that *Oberstfuhrer* Wagner was checking him out, and he answered all of her questions patiently. Then he pretended to fall into a deep sleep. She sneaked out of the bed, and began rifling through his luggage, pulling open bureau drawers. Andy watched her through the slit of a half-open eye. Then she slid back into her dress, and tip-toed out of the room. Andy allowed himself to drift slowly into a deep sleep.

The cafe was empty the next morning as Andy had his breakfast at the bar. The old man stared at him quietly watching him gulp down the stale coffee. It wasn't much of a breakfast; just muddy coffee, stale bread, and some hard cheese—but this was occupied France. Andy looked up at the bartender who was drying some beer glasses. "Who was that brunette with the *Oberstfuhrer* last night? Where can I find her?"

The bartender laughed mockingly "You can find her right here, *monsieur*. They all live here. The Germans have turned this place into a brothel. I have known these girls since they were children, and little did I think that someday I would be their pimp."

Andy stared at the man, carved a piece of hard cheese, and chewed it slowly. The bartender was silent again, and his face was covered by a mask of bitterness.

A redhead and a blonde came down the long staircase that led to the bar. They were dressed in soiled chemises, their eyes were still covered with traces of sleep. "*Bonjour, monsieur*," the redhead called out to him. "You had a pleasant night, I hope?" Then they began to laugh scornfully. "Babette told us that you fell asleep after only one time." They began laughing again.

"That was late at night, after a long journey from Paris. Would you like to try me now, when I am well rested? I will take both of you. What is the price?"

"*Sacre bleu, monsieur*. You are most anxious. Have they not women in Paris?"

The mention of Paris again, this time by the other two prostitutes, made it clear that every whore in the place was spying for the *Oberstfuhrer*. He pretended innocence and decided to go along with the game. "Indeed there are plenty of women in Paris, but a true Frenchman does not confine his pleasures to home alone. Let us go to my room and spend the day remembering what it's like to be French." He got up from the table, and the girls giggled as they followed him up the stairs to his room.

Two hours later the girls left, leaving Andy satiated. It had taken every ounce of strength and passion to prove to these girls that he was a Frenchman. Surely their report to the *Oberstfuhrer* would convince him that there was nothing to fear from this rose-grower.

They came for him a little before eight o'clock that night. A German captain, the *Oberstfuhrer's* aide-de-campe, ushered him into the NSU which was parked in front of the cafe. In a little while, the car was climbing a small road that wound up the steep cliffs to the palatial villa occupied by *Oberstfuhrer* Wagner and his wife.

A sergeant opened the door and clicked his heels obediently. He guided Andy into a luxurious dining room. Seated at opposite ends of the huge table were the Colonel and his magnificent wife, Vera. They both rose politely as he entered: "Ah, *Guten abend monsieur* LeGrand. My wife and I are pleased that you have come." The sergeant led him to his seat between the Germans.

Vera was watching him intently. There was something about her stare that alarmed him. Andy hid his fear behind a polite smile and spoke softly in German. "*Frau* Wagner, may I presume that you too like *Herr Oberstfuhrer* are a rose fancier?"

"I am afraid not, *monsieur*. My husband's passion for flowers is but one of his many interests which do not intrigue me." Her voice was cold and indifferent, yet she stared at him intently as if she saw through his disguise.

Oberstfuhrer laughed at his wife's insolence, and dismissed it casually, although Andy caught a trace of embarrassment in the man's voice. "You must forgive *Frau* Wagner's attitude, *monsieur*, but she is not happy here in France. She despises the French. But I am more open-minded, due to my interest in good wine, flowers, and many other strictly French delicacies."

"Hah! By delicacies my husband means women." Then she fell silent and signalled the sergeant to begin serving dinner.

They ate the entire meal in complete silence. Then came the discussion of roses. It lasted for hours, and the *Oberstfuhrer* certainly was an expert. His knowledge would have tested any rose-fancier's expertise. But Andy passed the test with flying colors. The *Oberstfuhrer* was delighted and convinced thoroughly by the reports of the prostitutes and his knowledge of botany.

"*Monsieur*, a man like you cannot spend another night in that whorehouse," he laughed sardonically. His eyes twinkled, revealing that he was aware of what had taken place and how his body had been put to the test by the French women. "I have made arrangements for you to spend your entire stay here. Please do not be embarrassed, because my generosity is not unselfish. It will afford me an opportunity to pick your brain about roses. I am sure you will accept." His final words were spoken as an obvious order. He rose from the table, clicked his heels politely, and left the room.

Andy stared in silence at Vera. She did not speak. Then after a few moments, offered him some cognac. "*Monsieur* LeGrand, or whatever your real name is, you would be wise to leave immediately. My husband is no fool, but he is a man who cannot see you through the eyes of a woman. However, it will not take him long to discover that you are not French."

Andy choked on his drink. "*Frau* Wagner, I don't understand———"

She signalled him to be quiet before he finished the sentence. Then she rose from the table, cautioning him not to speak. The sergeant entered the room and she instructed him to show the guest to his room.

The sergeant explained that his things

"Look baby, I've told you and told you, as soon as you're pregnant we'll talk marriage."

would be delivered in the morning and left Andy in the middle of a plush Louis XIV-styled bedroom. When the door closed, Andy was gripped by panic. He decided to leave the house, somehow, when his hosts would be asleep. The mission was impossible. Something he could not understand happened, and he blew his cover. He could not afford to play cat-and-mouse with a Nazi woman. The best thing he could hope for was to escape back to England, and right now the odds were a million to one against him.

He switched out the lights and sank into a soft armchair, contemplating the bleak future in the darkness. He was behind enemy lines, his cover blown, and only a few miles from the Nazi buzz-bomb cache. If he could get in, he'd gladly blow the place up, and himself with it. Because as far as he was concerned, he was a dead man anyway. At this moment, he knew what it was like to be check-mated, just

"Hey, Clara, there's some nut out here taking a shower!"

before the successful end of a chess game. All the moves had been his, but his opponent's queen held him in check. He lit a Gauloise and waited to make his escape.

The door opened slowly and Vera walked in wearing a white negligee of shiny satin that glistened in the half-light. Before he could utter a sound, his voice was cut off by the sight of the Luger in her hand. She closed the door slowly behind her and motioned the gun menacingly at him.

"Do not stand up, *monsieur*. Stay seated where you are. It is time we had a private talk."

Andy gripped the arms of the chair, digging his fingernails into the soft leather. "If you suspect me of being someone other than whom I claim to be, *Frau* Wagner, then why don't you report this to your husband?" He tried to make his voice sound confident.

"Because I am not quite sure who you really are. I am not sure if you have come here as a military spy or as a spy employed by my husband to liquidate me. You see, *Monsieur* whatever-your-name-is, there are many things going on in this house that prevent me from acting immediately. My husband married me only for my inheritance. It would be convenient for him to have me killed by a spy. I am merely trying to determine the purpose of your charade."

"Why do you think I am a spy, *Frau* Wagner?"

"Because you are not what you claim to be. You are no more French than I am. My husband explained how I hate the French. What he was really trying to tell you was that I am repelled by French men. And *Monsieur*, you are definitely not French. At this moment, my husband is probably having a complete investigation into your affairs, because he no doubt sensed my lack of repugnance towards you—something he would have expected immediately from me upon your arrival. Yet, he did nothing to you. As a matter of fact, he invited you to be our house guest, which means that he intends to kill me in the next few days and blame it on you. It's merely a matter of time before he establishes that you are a spy. If he has hired you to kill me then let me assure you, you will never live to be paid by him. My only solution, then, is to kill you first."

She moved closer, walking slowly toward him. Andy heard her release the safety catch on the Luger. She was going to beat her husband to the punch; kill the spy before the spy killed her. She was only an arm's length away. He held his breath as his leg arched upward and kicked the Luger out of her hand. He leaped out of the chair, grabbing her by her shoulders and wrestled her onto the bed. She fought him desperately, but he had her pinned to the bed. He spoke softly: "Please *Frau* Wagner, I do now wish to hurt you. I am not here to hurt you." She stopped fighting him and stared into his eyes, studying his face for some answer.

Andy began to feel himself melt as she gazed at him. He loosened his grip and set her free. She rose slowly from the bed. Andy watched her in amazement as she removed her negligee, revealing a beautiful body, the same statuesque beauty that he remembered seeing in museums, paintings which echoed the sensual pagan savagery of the old Teutonic tribes.

He took her into his arms and they were swept away by a spiralling passion. They made a kind of love he had never known before. It lasted for hours. Gradually reality returned. "Your husband. Where is he?"

"Don't worry. He's probably at that cafe-brothel or at headquarters running a check about you. Probably both. He's never home at night."

"What are you going to do now?" he asked her. "You realize that you cannot betray me without betraying yourself."

"My intentions are not to betray you, but to help you, if you will help me to get away from him before it is too late."

Andy examined the situation carefully. He knew he would have to accomplish his mission soon—everything was out in the open. He would have to trust her. The way things developed, they would now have to trust each other. He explained his mission to her and when he finished he asked what he had done to betray his identity.

"Youd did nothing," she laughed affectionately. "You are what you are, and as a woman I could see the kind of man you really are. You see, as a teenager, I visited relative in America and I can still remember the odd sensation that American men gave me—it was a feeling of desire. I felt that way as soon as I saw you and knew———"

The next few days passed by uneventfully; except for the nights when he made love to Vera. The days were filled with talk about roses and Andy knew that the *Oberstfuhrer* was becoming increasingly suspicious. The German's instincts were warning him about a possible danger and Andy decided to make his move. That night, he decided to survey the site of the buzz-bomb depot. He took a rope and stole out into the night, climbed the precipice rising between the villa and the cavernous jet-bomb factory. It was then that he realized he was trapped in the middle of a mine field . . .

Andy showered and examined himself in the long bathroom door mirror. Not a scratch. It was a miracle and that's what he needed—a few more of those and maybe he'd actually finish this incredible mission. Luckily, he'd remembered the mine field clearing tactics taught him at Military Intelligence. Now he waited for Vera to return with the map of the underground labs where they stored Hitler's deadly buzz-bombs and where

they were developing the V-II version, a more deadly, second generation buzz-bomb that would destroy all of England and force the Allies to divert their invasion troops to Calais where the Germans would be waiting.

Hours passed and finally Vera returned. It was three A.M. when she came into his room carrying an attache case and warm clothing for him; a black woolen turtleneck sweater, army fatigues, and combat boots. She wore a low-cut dress that made her look like she was going nightclubbing and definitely not about to blow up a bomb factory.

"The explosion in the mine field has diverted everyone's attention. My husband ran out to inspect the area in such a hurry that he left these papers unguarded. I hope this is what you want. The clothes are his, and they should fit you."

Andy rifled through the papers quickly. They were various documents all stamped with the *Oberstfuhrer's* seal. One was dated that day. It was a request for a photo and fingerprints of Pierre LeGrand. Then at the bottom of the stack Andy saw it. It was the diagram of the underground lab. Next to each entrance on the map, there were sets of numbers which looked like the combinations to each vault door, which in turn led to a separate cache and laboratory. Now he would have to gamble that those numbers *were* the combinations.

Andy changed quickly, and told Vera to hurry. She said she was too nervous to change her clothes and went for the NSU which she parked alongside the villa under Andy's window. When he saw the car waiting he removed the rope from under the mattress, slipped it over the balcony railing and rappelled down the side of the building, pulling the rope free as he hit the ground. He raced to the patch of ground where he had planted the hybrid rose cuttings at the request of the *Oberstfuhrer*. He ripped them out quickly and dug up the soil with his hands until he reached several celophane bags that contained the plastic explosive he had stored away for this final move of his mission. Then he raced back to the car.

Vera revved the NSU's engine and drove the car at full speed up the mountain toward the underground labs. As they approached the main gate, Andy leaped into the back of the car, and covered himself with a blanket. The car jolted to a stop when they reached the main guardhouse. The sergeant recognized Vera, and stared at her incredulously.

"I must see my husband immediately," Vera ordered with Aryan confidence. Before the guard could reply Vera threw the car into gear and raced down the narrow roadway that led to the cement block entrance of the underground lab. The guard was staring at them in complete bewilderment.

They stopped at the entrance. Another guard approached the car, and when he recognized Frau Wagner, clicked his heels dutifully and proceeded to open the car door for her. Vera stepped out, smiled, and pointed the Luger at the man's chest. Andy hopped out of the back seat, and gripping the German from behind, wrapped his arm around the sentry's throat, in a deathlock, until the man crumbled and fell to the ground.

Andy grabbed the dead man's submachine gun, and they raced into the building and down the deserted corridor that led to the elevator shaft. There was an unoccupied elevator waiting. They went aboard and pressed the down button. In a few moments they were down deep below the caverns of Calais, in the heart of Hitler's do-or-die bomb factory. The door slid open and Andy sprayed three guards with the submachine gun. Suddenly their ears were filled with the agonizing sound of the bellowing alarm. They raced to the first vault door. Two German guards were running down the corridor toward them. Andy triggered another spray of bullets, and the guards fell to the floor as Vera turned the combination lock into position. The huge door opened automatically and they entered the deserted lab. They locked the door behind them. Only the

"A dozen long-stem roses for our anniversary—one for every stinkin' year."

Oberstfuhrer knew the combinations and they would be safe for a little while.

Andy attached several lumps of plastic explosive to the pile of V-Is that were stocked in the middle of the lab. He set the fuse to go in ten minutes, checked his watch and examined the lab's floor map carefully. Then he took Vera's hand and helped her up a steep ladder that led to a catwalk which spanned the entire area of the laboratory and led to the next vault door. Vera spun the combination dial into position and the electronic door swung open. The laboratory was filled with the experimental V-II bombs. Several men dressed in white coveralls were running for cover as the alarm clanged. Andy spotted them before they reached a pile of crates. There were four of them and he zeroed in on target, tearing them apart with a few quick bursts from the submachine gun. He shaped the plastic explosive onto the V-IIs and they raced back up the catwalk to the next vault door which led to the turbo-jet experimental lab. The jet engines were spewing a deadly flame as they entered the laboratory. Only one man was in the area behind a glass-encased compartment which housed the control area. The Germans were still sealed off, and Andy fired a couple of quick bursts, smashing the glass window to bits and the man's face with it. Suddenly the vault door behind them swung open. It was *Oberstfuhrer* Wagner, and behind him what seemed like the whole German army.

Andy spun around, squeezed the submachine gun's trigger and heard the faint click of an empty gun. *Oberstfuhrer* Wagner was screaming something unintelligible in German as he raced toward them. He fired his Schmeisser and the sound of bullets whined past their heads. Vera aimed the Luger carefully and fired. The round tore into Wagner's shoulder. The impact jolted him backward, into the soldiers behind him. Andy shook out his rope and lassoed one of the overhead light fixtures which dotted the length of the laboratory ceiling. He perched himself on the railing and picked Vera up in a lightning-quick motion. She wrapped her arms around him, and they swung across the room, onto the floor, narrowly missing the death-spewing jet engine exhaust.

Vera covered him as he set the plastic explosives into position. One by one she picked off the Germans as they tried to scale the steep ladder leading down from the catwalk. Suddenly a sharp pain ripped through Andy's right arm and blood began to ooze out slowly. He looked up. The catwalk was covered with German soldiers and *Oberstfuhrer* Wagner was barking orders in furious-sounding German.

They ducked behind the row of jet engines and sprinted along the aisle that led to the exit. Andy looked back. *Oberstfuhrer* Wagner was beginning to round the turn that led to the narrow aisle. Vera spun the combination lock quickly and the door flew open just in time.

Outside was a German troop lorry. Andy set the truck into gear and bolted through a barrage of German gunfire. The truck wound around the steep mountainside with German motorcycles in hot pursuit. Suddenly the earth heaved and it seemed as if the truck would leave the ground. But Andy maintained control over the huge vehicle. The mountain was beginning to crumble as though a volcano had erupted deep within its bowels. They made it down the mountainside just in time to see the German fortress, Hitler's impregnable buzz-bomb plant, blow sky-high. The sound wave hit like a fist.

"The flames should alert the sub. All we've got to do now is make it to the beach."

She fashioned a tourniquet of her stocking and knotted it around his arm.

They made it to the beach. A dozen British Commandos formed a spearhead along the beach, covering their retreat to a rubber life-raft bouncing in the surf. A half-hour later, Vera and Andy were safely aboard the British sub, sipping hot coffee.

Today, more than 25 years later, Vera and Andrew Leroi live happily together as man and wife with their three children in Skokie, Illinois, quietly enjoying the freedom they fought so valiantly for. ■

Pussycat
IT HAPPENED IN PARIS
MOD MODEL AGENCY
THE CRAZY CAPERS OF OUR CURVIEST CHICK
DID YOU ADVERTISE FOR A MODEL?
EVEN IF WE DIDN'T... YOU'RE HIRED!
PUSSYCAT

YOU'VE GOTTA GO TO PARIS... TO SOLVE A MYSTERY!
WH--- WHY?
ONE WAY
WE DON'T KNOW! ---THAT'S THE MYSTERY
TAXI
WILL THERE BE A SEAT FOR ME ON THE PLANE?
DON'T WORRY, PUSSYCAT! NO ONE'S GONNA LET YOU STAND!
LATER---
BUT, YOU MUST 'AVE SOMEZING TO DECLARE!
DOUAN CUSTOMS
CENSORED!
THAT EES NOT WHAT WE MEAN!
FINALLY---
YOU SAY YOU 'AVE NO MONEY?
ALLONS! I WEEL DRIVE YOU ANY-WAY!
I GUESS IT'S 'CAUSE OF MY HONEST FACE!
WELL, YOU MIGHT SAY ZAT!
2.

AND THEN, AT LAST---
HELLO! I'M PUSSYCAT!
TO THINK ZEY LAUGHED WHEN WE DEVALUED ZEE FRANC!
LET ME SHOW YOU ZEE MYSTERY YOU 'AVE COME TO SOLVE!
IT 'APPENS AT EVERY FASHION SHOW! REGARDEZ---
SEE??! ZEE MODEL'S CLOTHES DISAPPEAR WIZOUT A TRACE! IT IS 'ORRIBLE!
DON'T YOU WORRY, MONSIEUR! PUSSYCAT IS ON THE JOB!
AND SO---THE QUEST BEGINS---
THAT POOR OLD CLEANING WOMAN! WHAT IF SHE'S REALLY A MAN... IN DISGUISE?
I'VE GOT TO RESORT TO DESPERATE MEASURES!
HAH! GOT YOU, POOR OLD CLEANING WOMAN!
OH DEAR! YOU REALLY ARE A WOMAN!
FOOMP!
3.

AND YOU, MA PETITE, ARE A NUT!
NOBODY'S PERFECT!
THAT MAGICIAN! MAYBE HE'S THE ONE!
HE MIGHT BE MAKING THE DRESSES DISAPPEAR BY MAGIC!
NOW SHOWING GUSTAVE THE GREAT
I'LL USE STRATEGY ...TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE!
OKAY, GUSTAVE... THE JIG'S UP! I'VE GOT YOU!
MAIS NON, MY LITTLE PIGEON... EET IS I WHO 'AVE YOU!
BUT ENOUGH WITH ZEE SMALL TALK! LET'S MAKE ZEE LOVE!
WELL, AT LEAST YOU'RE NOT A THIEF!
LATER...
WHILE YOU WERE GONE, ANOZZER PRICELESS GOWN WAS STOLEN!
GEE... I MISSED ALL THE FUN!
...BUT AT LAST I KNOW HOW TO CATCH YOUR THIEF!
THE NEXT DAY...
NO ONE SUSPECTS I'M WEARING A VERY SPECIAL KIND OF DRESS!
IN FACT, NO ONE'S LOOKING AT MY DRESS!
4.

THEN, SUDDENLY---
MY DRESS ---IT'S GONE! IT DIS-APPEARED!
OH! IT'S HAPPENING!
BUT I WAS READY FOR THIS!
I SEWED THE DRESS SO IT WOULD UNRAVEL ... WITH THE THREAD ATTACHED TO MY BRACELET!
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW IT!
---AND HERE IS WHERE IT HAS LED US!
MY OWN DESIGNER!
NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF AN UNCLAD WOMAN!
I HAD TO DO IT! I'M A PROFESSIONAL THREAD COLLECTOR! I COULDN'T BEAR ALL THAT THREAD GOING TO WASTE--- WHEN I COULD USE IT OVER AGAIN!
YOU CAN'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE--- HAVING A THING FOR THREAD!
I TRAINED MY PET EEL TO SLITHER UP A DRESS, PULL THE ZIPPER DOWN, AND MAKE OFF WITH IT BEFORE ANYONE COULD STOP HIM!
BUT NOW---HE'LL HAVE TO GO ON RELIEF!
AND SO, JUSTICE TRIUMPHS! BUT POOR PUSSYCAT IS ALSO JOB-LESS ONCE AGAIN---
BUT DON'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT ME!
IN A CITY LIKE PARIS, I HAVE A HUNCH I'LL FIND SOME-THING I CAN DO!
AND THIS IS WHAT WE CALL...
The End!

Continued from page 16

them the clue. He had lost the trail of the man he was looking for, the Boss of all the Bosses, and this was the only way he could pick it up again. He rose from the chair, took the gun he had ready between the cushions and moved swiftly past the back door. Outside, he could hear the surf pounding the Long Island Hampton shore. He had rented this house on the beach to insure privacy and to give the Syndicate a clear shot at him—to make them overconfident. He had stocked the house with supplies and stayed inside, as if fearful of coming out. This would force them into boobytrapping the car. (He had studied the Syndicate's method of operation and knew this was one of their favorite tactics.)

Now that two dynamiters would be busy for at least another ten minutes, it was essential that Gordon find where they had parked their own car before tramping over the beach to his house. It took him nearly ten minutes before he saw the long, darker-than-night shape of the Cadillac sitting like a king in one of the little paths that led from the main road to the colony of beach houses scattered across the dunes. He approached it cautiously from the side and saw that it was empty. He opened the rear door and let himself into the back seat.

The moon fought free of an entangling cloud and illuminated the car and the surrounding beach. Gordon worried that the dynamiters might glance in the back and see him. But after a few minutes the moon disappeared again. He waited. Finally he heard the crunching of footsteps on the loosely packed sand of the path and quiet voices whispering as the Cadillac front door clicked open. He waited for just the fraction of a second and then in one, twisting savage motion propelled his body up. His arm holding the heavy-barreled .45 smashed into the back of the skull of the man sitting next to the driver. There was a horrible, wet, clubbing sound, and the man slumped over. Gordon shoved the muzzle of the gun in the driver's right ear and said in a hoarse violent voice, "Keep your hands on the steering wheel." The driver froze.

Gordon kept the muzzle of the .45 in his ear. "Now drive slow and easy to my house. You were just there working on my car. Keep your hands on the wheel at all times or you got no head."

The Cadillac drove along the single track path, and in a few minutes pulled up in front of Gordon's beach house. Gordon climbed over the back of the seat so that he could nestle beside the driver. He patted the man's body carefully. The driver was unarmed. Very slowly Gordon reached over and searched the man slumped against the door. This man had a small hand-gun in his shoulder holster. Gordon took it and slipped it into his pocket. "Open your door and move out very slow, very, very, slow," he told the driver. He followed the man out and they were both standing on the flagstone walk.

"OK, get your buddy and drag him into the house," Gordon said. For the first time he got a look at the driver's face. It was thin, saturnine—the weasel face of a man always living underground.

He directed Weasel Face into the side door of the house and down the basement steps. Weasel was having trouble dragging his buddy's unconscious body behind him so Gordon had to be patient. Finally they were all down in the cellar together.

The windows were covered by a series of heavy, soundproofing velvet curtains. Over the fireplace high up were two heavy hooks which supported an old flintlock rifle. On the floor was a bright green pile of green nylon cord, cobra slim, and piled in a circular mound. Gordon tied up Weasel Face with the nylon; then, at his leisure, he bound the man he'd slammed on the side of the head. This assassin was the burly type with heavy gorilla-like features. The Gorilla was obviously out for at least another hour and would never be the same again. He had a dent in his skull that resembled a tin lizzie fender hit by a freight train.

Gordon took the old flintlock gun from its hooks over the fireplace. He said cheerfully to Weasel Face, "I got some questions to ask you and if you answer them right, you'll get a break. When your buddy wakes up I'll ask him the same questions. If his answer checks with yours, you'll save yourself a lot of grief. OK?"

Weasel Face didn't answer. His black, beady eyes stared unblinkingly at Gordon.

Gordon said kindly, "That's it. You're doing right. Be honest if you don't want to answer, it's better than lying. But let me ask you anyway. I want the name of the man who hired you to do this job. That's all."

Weasel Face still didn't answer. Gordon sighed. He used some more nylon cord as a sling, and threw it up over one of the gun hooks on the wall. He tied the other end to the bonds binding Weasel's wrists, and then he hoisted the man by pulling at the end of the green nylon cord. He hoisted until Weasel's body slid across the floor and up the wall, until his feet were off the ground and his neck level with one of the hooks. Gordon looped the nylon cord fast and then positioned Weasel's head over and onto one of the hooks. It wouldn't hurt much at first, but as time went on there would be a slow choking of air to the brain. Gordon explained this to Weasel. "If I leave you hanging there long enough, maybe three hours, I can cut you down and revive you with artificial respiration. But the choking off of oxygen to your brain will damage it; you could be half an idiot or one of those living vegetables. Think it over."

Still Weasel didn't answer. Gordon shrugged. He checked Gorilla lying on the floor. Gorilla was not as strong as he looked. That blow on the head had really fixed his wagon. He wouldn't be answering any questions tonight or for a good many nights. The .45 was too heavy a gun to hit anybody on the head with, much less flush on the back of the skull. He thought of untying the man to make him more comfortable, but then Weasel hanging on the wall would know Gorilla was too hurt to give answers and might lie. Also he'd put Gordon down as a "mark", a softie. Gordon left Gorilla tied up in nylon cord and barely breathing. He gave Weasel hanging on the wall an encouraging smile and then he left the basement and went upstairs to the kitchen.

Gordon was hungry. He had been watching through the window for nearly

seven hours without even a cup of coffee. Now he fried ham and eggs, cut a melon in half, filled a plate full of crisp cereal flakes and took out a quart bottle of milk. It was still dark outside and through the kitchen window he could hear the pounding of the ocean surf. And suddenly he wasn't hungry anymore. He let all the food grow cold and soggy on the table, and lit a cigarette. He found the half empty bottle of J and B Scotch and filled his milk glass from it. Sitting on the kitchen window sill, he smoked a cigarette, looking regretfully at the food on the table. "The condemned man ate a hearty breakfast," he thought, but nobody ever said anything about what the executioner ate. Before dawn he was going to have to kill the two men tied up in his cellar, whether they talked or not. And that knowledge blocked all the juices of his stomach. It always happened that way. He never did get used to killing people. But then he never got used to the idea of his wife being killed either. It happened the day he got married. That was supposed to be the best day in a man's life and it had turned out to be the worst day in his life. In the morning a bachelor, by afternoon a happily married man, by twilight a widower. No matter what happened to him now, Steve Gordon thought, it could never be as terrible as that wedding day only a short year ago.

Steven Gordon and Nancy Hilton were married on the afternoon of July 15, 1967; they were married in Westhampton, Long Island and it was a comparatively small, quiet church wedding. Steven Gordon had no close relatives and very few friends. In fact, the wedding had been put off until his choice of best man, Jimmy Cullen, came ashore from his last sea voyage. Cullen was second officer on one of the huge passenger liners working the Europe, New York traffic lane. He came to the wedding in his uniform, very spiffy. But not one outshining the bridegroom. Steven Gordon was one of those huge, hulking, but very handsome men who in formal wedding clothes made every woman in sight wish she were the bride.

The bride, Nancy Hilton was a very fair, very gold, natural blonde. She had been the belle of Westhampton since she was sixteen, and her marrying Steve Gordon was a case of beauty goes to beauty. She was lovely—all in white gown and veil and a coronet that made her look like a fairy queen.

Coming down the church steps after the ceremony, Steve Gordon felt no regret at giving up his independence, his success with all the young girls and rich city vacationists. It was time for him to settle down and raise kids, and Nancy Hilton was the most beautiful girl he had ever known. She was also sweet-tempered, gentle, and good fun. And she didn't object that Steve Gordon made his living chartering his boat to fishers, hustling amateurs at golf and tennis, sailing to the Caribbean to dive for lost Spanish treasure. She thought that was the way a man should live. Gordon knew it was going to be a happy marriage.

Friends and relatives of Nancy were snapping pictures as the handsome couple came down the church steps. Off to the side was Jimmy Cullen, wearing his ocean liner officer's uniform. Gordon frowned. Jimmy had been acting funny, moody and silent, not like himself. There was something wrong, something bothering his best friend and best man. Nancy was posing for pictures and the limousines had not come around from the church parking lot so Gordon walked over to where Jimmy was standing by the curb.

"Hey, buddy, you're supposed to cheer the groom up," he said kiddingly. "You got troubles?"

Cullen had a thin sharp face that could be very attractive when he smiled. But it was not attractive now. He looked nervously down the tree-lined street and said to Gordon, "I'm OK. Look, you and Nancy better get started. Where the hell are the limousines?"

At that moment Nancy Hilton glanced around nervously for her new husband. She was standing at the top of the church steps. She saw Gordon talking to the best man and remembered she must say thanks to Jimmy Cullen and kiss him goodbye. She ran gracefully down the slightly inclined steps, holding the train of her gown in one hand.

Suddenly there was the crescendo roar of a high-powered motor zooming up to full speed. A shark-grey car sped past the street very close to the curb. The abrupt roar of the motor made everybody turn. As the car came parallel to Cullen and Gordon, Cullen yelled "Watch out," and shoved Gordon roughly away. At the same time Cullen dived to the ground. He never saw Nancy coming up behind him in her white gown.

Steve Gordon, surprised by the violent push, staggered back, just barely keeping himself from falling. He had a perfect view of everything that happened. A face appeared at the rear window of the grey car going by. The face had short, very thick, very heavy brows and the flesh was like grey dead putty, the features all lumpy. It was a face impossible to forget. A short carbine rifle barrel appeared below that face pointing like the black finger of doom at Cullen. But Cullen had dived to the ground and Nancy Hilton Gordon stood there. She had a puzzled smile, the creamy satin train of her dress was draped over one arm.

A horrible dark red stain starting from what seemed like a pinpoint spread over the full bust of her white gown. It was only then that Steve Gordon heard the sharp cracking report of the rifle, the deadly sound catching up with the light rays of his sight.

The bride, all in white except for the ugly dark stain that kept spreading over her breast, took a few steps toward her groom. "Oh Steve," she said, "Oh Steve." And then she began to fall. It was Cullen who caught her and eased her to the grassy lawn of the church. By the time Steve got to her, only a few seconds later, Nancy's wedding gown was soggy and ugly with her blood. She was dead. Steven Gordon knelt beside her and never even heard the terrified screams of the women who came rushing down the church steps to flock around the corpse of the bride.

Three days after the funeral Steven Gordon was brought to New York City by a group of detectives to identify some suspects who had been taken in custody. He recognized the murderer immediately—the short thick brows, the lumpy gray features as ugly as squashed together dirty clay. He pointed and said, "That's the man."

The murderer's name was Joe Campione, and he was held for questioning. But one of the detectives came back to ask Gordon if he was really sure. Gordon nodded grimly. The detective said in an embarrassed fashion,

"This little feature was optional."

"Campione has a fool-proof alibi. At the time of the murder he was under police guard as a material witness in another murder case."

Gordon shrugged. "I don't give a damn. That's the guy. You'd better check out the cop who gave him the alibi. What's his name?"

The detective said quietly, "Dan Davidson. He was in a special hotel room with Campione. We already checked on him. Five years on the police force, an absolutely clean record. You must be mistaken, Mr. Gordon."

Gordon shook his head. "My best man, Jimmy Cullen, saw his face. Get Jimmy here, he'll identify the guy, too. He'll tell you it's Campione."

"Give me Mr. Cullen's address," the detective said, "and we'll send a police car for him." He paused for a moment. "Would you mind waiting here in headquarters until we clear this up?"

"Sure," Gordon said. "Jimmy lives in New York. You can get him here in an hour."

It was closer to three hours before Jimmy Cullen joined Gordon and the group of detectives in the squad room. Cullen's thin face was frozen. He walked up to Gordon and said, "I'm sorry, Steve, that's not the man in the car." Gordon was too stunned to answer. Cullen turned on his heel and walked out of the squad room.

The detective waited for a while, then asked Gordon, "Are you still sure Campione is the man?"

"I'm still sure," Gordon said grimly. "But I don't give a damn what you people do anymore." He left the squad room and ran down the corridors to catch up with Jimmy Cullen just as his best friend was leaving the building. He grabbed Cullen by the arm and forced him into a waiting cab.

"I don't care who told you two can live as cheaply as one, you're not coming home with me!"

OK, Jimmy," he said. "You're going to tell me why you lied in there. You're my best friend, so you must have a reason. You have to tell me." He paused for a moment. Then he said, "The killer was after you, right?"

Jimmy Cullen nodded his head miserably. He said in an anguished voice, "I swear if I had known Nancy was behind me, I'd have kept standing and taken the bullet. That's what keeps torturing me. That I dived out of the way to let her get shot."

Gordon didn't say anything. Suddenly Cullen tapped the taxi driver on the shoulder and gave him a new address. He turned to Gordon and said quietly, "I lied about that guy in there, Joe Campione. He was in the car, but I lied to save your life. I'm dead anyway, so it doesn't matter. But I didn't want them to get you, too."

The taxi had stopped in front of Grand Central Station. Cullen hopped out and Gordon followed him. Cullen went to the dime lockers and took a key out of his pocket to open one of the steel cabinets. He took a square brown parcel sealed with pale green wax. He handed it to Gordon. "You hold this for me, don't let anybody see it."

Gordon took the package. "OK," he said. "But first we're going to have some coffee and you're going to tell me what this is all about."

Ten minutes later, in a nearby cafeteria, Jimmy Cullen told Steve Gordon the whole story. For the last two years he had smuggled dope into the United States for a Mafia ring. As a ship's officer he was above suspicion and had no trouble. But somewhere something had fouled up, and he was going to be fired from his job. Anticipating this, he d kept the last shipment of dope for himself instead of meeting the contact. The package sealed with pale green wax held a million bucks worth of heroin. Cullen never dreamed the Mafia wouldn't parley first; that, outraged by his treachery, they'd try to blow his brains out at the first chance they got.

Gordon looked at Cullen with contempt. "Why didn't you identify the killer? What the hell have you got to lose?"

Cullen shook his head. "I'm a dead man. With you making the identification alone, and me denying it, he'd beat the rap. But if I testified that he was the man they would have to kill you as well as me. Now let me tell you what to do. Don't go to the police. The Mafia knows everything that goes on, and some high-ranking cops might be on their payroll. Just forget the whole thing and use that box of dope for bargaining power in case they come after you."

Gordon asked quietly, "Why should I give up? Why should I let the men who murdered my wife go free?"

Cullen said despairingly, "Because you don't do anything about it. Joe Campione belongs to the Mafia's top execution team. There are four others. One is "Ice Pick Willie," another is a specialist in making murder look like suicide, then there are two dynamite specialists. Finally there's the leader of the team and only, I don't know his name. And those guys are just the button men who get paid to do the jobs. You would have to go through them all to get to the Mafia guy—the dope boss, who actually ordered the killings. How the hell are you going to do that?"

"I think I'll give it a try," Gordon said with a grim smile. He patted the square brown box. "I got a million bucks working capital."

Cullen rose to his feet. "I'm sorry about everything," he said to Steve. "But if you hear I committed suicide, I want you to know I'm not that sorry. No matter how it looks, notes in my handwriting, locked in a sealed room—any of that crap—if I die you'll know I was murdered. Just remember that. I wish you luck." He held out his hand. Gordon shook it. Cullen strode swiftly out of the cafeteria. It was the last time Gordon saw him alive.

Two days later, in Westhampton, the police chief visited Steve Gordon to tell him that Jimmy Cullen had shot himself in the head. A clear case of suicide, there was even a note. The police chief asked Gordon if he wanted to go into New York to identify the body, and maybe reinstate his charge against Joe Campione now that his identification of the murderer was undisputed.

But Steve Gordon shook his head. "If Jimmy Cullen didn't recognize the murderer I must have been wrong," he said. "I just want to forget the whole thing. I'm going on a cruise and relax. Have one of your boys keep an eye on my house while I'm gone, will you, Chief?"

"Sure thing," the chief said.

Steve Gordon sailed his fishing boat down to the Caribbean and loafed around the island for a few months. Then he sailed further south. The box sealed with green wax was hidden in a special wall compartment he'd built and disguised as a

bulkhead, impossible to find. He knew the Syndicate was keeping track of him, and he wanted to give the impression of a man who had left his past life behind him.

He used the Panama Canal to get to the West Coast, and six months after the murder of his wife she docked in San Diego, California. Even the far-flung Mafia Syndicate couldn't have kept track of him all that time; and he figured they had probably lost interest by now.

Steve Gordon paid the fee for harboring his boat and caught a plane to Las Vegas. He registered at one of the plushest hotels on the Strip, and starting making the rounds of the gambling casinos. In some of these places the pit bosses offered him a choice of the scantily-clad chorines dancing in the after-dinner shows. He always refused. But finally at one of the gambling casinos he met Lorraine Burke, a tall, luscious, redheaded girl with Irish-green eyes. She couldn't go with him that first night, she had a date she couldn't break. But she could meet him the following evening—her night off and they made a date. Gordon knew that her date the first night was with Joe Campione; she was, in fact, Campione's mistress. It was all in the file on Campione the cops had let him read that day in police headquarters; it was from those files, too, that he learned that Joe Campione's visible means of support was in Las Vegas as pit boss in one of the plush gambling casinos on the Strip—the only casino Gordon never visited.

The next night Gordon and Lorraine had a sumptuous dinner at the Sultan's table in the Dunes, then watched the line dancers imported from Paris. He took her gambling, giving her $5 chips to amuse herself with while he plunked down his $100 counters. That night he won almost $11,000. Naturally, they wound up in his hotel room.

Lorraine really liked him. She started stripping down with his help, wriggling against him, sitting in his lap while he peeled the nylon stockings down her tangerine-colored thighs sunburned from sitting at poolside during the day. She kept kissing and fondling him. She was crazy about his sleek black hair, his ruggedly handsome nose and Gary Cooper face; she admired his broad shoulders and football halfback hips. And she didn't exactly hate the eleven grand he'd won that night, all stashed away in his wallet, each crisp century note with its finely etched double zeroes following the classy one.

She was fully naked now and she did a little dance for him on the deep red carpet, whirling and twisting her body until he grabbed her around the waist and pulled her onto the bed. She was passionate, and before they were finished they had wriggled off the bed and onto the soft rugs on the floor. When they were through, Lorraine playfully bit his ear and said, "Darling, think I'll take a shower. Order some food and champagne for us. We have to build up our strength for the rest of the night.

Gordon patted her bare, pear-shaped rump. "Ok, baby and put on some more of that perfume, it's worth a bushel of oysters to me.

When Lorraine was in the bathroom he called room service and ordered champagne and filet mignon steaks. Then he telephoned the gambling casino where Joe Campione was working. The moment he heard Campione's hoarse voice, Gordon spoke quickly, very low: "Your girl friend is shacked up with a high roller." He named the hotel. "This is a friend." Then he hung up.

A few minutes later, Lorraine came out of the bathroom, looking as fresh and as lovely as a washed peach, her golden hair forming a long seductive tail to her haunches. Gordon knew that Campione couldn't leave the pit of the gambling casino without replacing himself with somebody of equal rank. That wouldn't be easy to do. But then, anybody who shacked up with Lorraine would stay all night, and who knew it better than Joe Campione?

So Gordon decided to enjoy himself. He had the .45 under the bed ready to his reach just in case. And when there was a knock on the door he dangled his hand

"You're true-blue, Marlene."

near it. Then Lorraine opened the door and Gordon saw it was a harmless waiter with a cart full of goodies. The champagne was refreshing, the filet mignons cooked just right.

The two of them ate naked, bath towels over their laps for napkins. When they were finished Gordon kicked the cart to the other side of the room and Lorraine wiped his mouth with her bath towel before she kissed him.

Suddenly Lorraine flipped herself over on the bed so that she straddled his body. "I've got you," she said. And she certainly did. Gordon was busy for the next hour.

He looked at his watch. Joe Campione's shift in the "Pit" was nearly over. He'd be here soon and he'd find a way to track down their room, probably by questioning the waiters and bellboy. It wouldn't be long now. The important thing to do was make it look like a fight over a dame and then disappear so that the Syndicate wouldn't hook it up with his wife's murder. His only chance to get all of them hinged on their not being suspicious. To that end hau ha registered under a false him. The man was carrying brass knuckles, a blackjack, a small caliber hand-gun, and a knife. In his jacket pocket was a small length of silken rope—the assassin's garrote weapon. Slipped around the victim's neck, it could be used to choke him to death.

"You should have a little tool kit to carry all this stuff around," Gordon said. Campione didn't smile. He kept staring as if trying to intimidate his captor.

the gun.

Inside the bathroom he put his ear to the door and listened. Lorraine was finally answering the room door and he heard her gasp. Then he heard whispers and scurrying feet as Lorraine gathered her clothing and other things together to leave him alone with Joe Campione. He wouldn't want any witnesses. Gordon grinned. Neither did he.

Gordon put on his bathrobe, and used its floppy long sleeves to cover the hand holding the .45. He put another towel over his head as if he had just taken a shower and was drying his hair, arranging the towel to partially hide his face. He didn't want Campione recognizing him at first glance. Then he unclicked the lock of the bathroom door and went out.

This was the crucial moment. Would Joe Campione kill him as soon as he stepped outside? Gordon didn't think so. He counted on two things: The outraged lover in Joe Campione would make him want to humiliate his victim before killing him; and the trained murderer, would obey one of the Syndicate's most rigidly enforced laws—no killings in Vegas, or the killers get killed.

Joe Campione was sitting on the edge of the bed and he was a frightening sight with grey putty flesh and enormously thick eyebrows. Any ordinary high roller coming out of his bathroom and seeing that ugly face instead of Lorraine's would have gone into shock. At any rate, Campione waited expectantly for just such a reaction. Maybe this was not the first time he had caught Lorraine cheating. Campione was so confident he wasn't even showing a weapon.

"Ok, pretty boy," Campione said in his hoarse voice. "Get your clothes on. Me and you are gonna go for a little automobile ride out in the desert. When we come back you won't wanna see my dame anymore."

Gordon shook his right arm out of the voluminous bathrobe sleeve. The black .45 appeared magically in his hand. Joe Campione's face was impassive, but the eyes, glittering raisins in putty searched Gordon's face. Gordon let the towel fall off his head.

"Hello, Joe," Gordon said cheerfully.

Campione didn't answer. He just kept watching.

Gordon tried to keep it cheerful and light. He was trying to resist the overwhelming impulse to slaughter Campione on the spot. Although Campione had fired the bullet that had killed Nancy, he had been only the tool, only following orders. Gordon wanted the man who gave the order.

"Stay still, don't move," Gordon said. He circled behind Campione and frisked

name at the hotel and used another name with Lorraine. He wanted to disappear without a trace.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. The room was dark, it was still a few hours before dawn. Gordon reached down and grabbed the .45. He said to Lorraine, "Go see who it is, I have to go to the bathroom." It was too dark for her to see

Gordon sat in an armchair away from the bed. "I want you to tell me how I can find the other guys in your Assassin Team! I'm looking for 'Ice Pick Willie!' I want to know who that suicide specialist is who must have knocked off a friend of mine, Jimmy Cullen. I want your two dynamite specialists and where they hang out. And I want the name and whereabouts of the Boss, the number one man who gives you the assignments."

Joe Campione's face didn't change. The beady jet black eyes glittered with rage. He spat on the floor in silent contempt.

Gordon looked at him for a moment and then said quietly, "That's dirty, this is a nice room. Lick it up."

Joe Campione didn't move.

In that moment Gordon lost his self control. He sighted the .45 on Campione's massive chest and his finger started on its fatal squeezing of the trigger. Campione saw what was going to happen, and knelt on the floor. He bowed his head to lick his own spittle.

Gordon caught him like that. He came out of his chair in one swift movement and hit Campione on the hair line of his forehead. The flesh parted into a raw open mouth that filled with blood. Campione tried to get up, but his legs collapsed under him. Gordon used the murderer's own knife, and with his left hand slashed at the putty-like face. His aim was a little high. The blade sliced over the eye socket and cut off one thick eyebrow, left it hanging by a strip of skin, the eyebrow looking like a hairy spider suspended from its web. Campione finally started to let out a scream of pain, but Gordon smashed the .45 into his neck, paralyzing his larynx. Then he grabbed Campione by the hair of his head and threw him up on the bed.

Campione now looked as if he'd had four eyes in his head, two black, two red. The blood running down his face had a white fatty tinge because of the puffy colored skin that was its base.

"I can't stand the sight of you," Gordon said. "Get underneath the covers and pull them up over your head."

Moving very slowly, Campione did as he was told. Gordon asked him then, "OK, where can I find 'Ice Pick Willie' and that suicide specialist?"

Campione, his voice muffled by the blanket over his head, said, "The other guy is Clemenza, Luca Clemenza."

"OK," Gordon said, "how about the number one guy who gives out the murder assignments. How about the two dynamite kids? Where are they?"

"That's all I'm gonna tell ya," Campione's muffled voice said. He'd recovered a bit, the old hostile coldness of the murderer was in his voice. The arrogant tone that said, "I kill people, nobody kills me."

Gordon didn't answer. With one quick, savage motion he stabbed the knife into the blanket. The feel of it cutting through the wool was distinctly different from the feel when it cut through flesh. The blade hit bone, so savage was the stroke. Campione's bloody head popped out from under the blanket like a jack in the box. The two black eyes were dying into lifeless spots, the two red wounds had clotted and closed. But blood was spurting from his mouth. Gordon watched as the life fled from Campione's eyes. Then he covered that bloody head with the sheets and dressed. Ten minutes later, his suitcase packed he was on his way to the airport. Before noon of that same day he was on his boat sailing down the California coast.

Later, Gordon knew he'd botched the whole deal with Joe Campione. He should have trapped the triggerman in an isolated spot with the time and facilities to make him talk. But he'd let himself get carried away by his own rage; he'd simply

"That you, Umlebooboo? I knew you would come . . ."

been unable to resist his hatred for the man and had killed him too soon to get any worthwhile information. He wasn't about to make that mistake twice. At least not with the two dynamiters.

And now, listening to the surf pounding on the Hampton beach, the two dynamiters waiting for him in the cellar, Gordon congratulated himself on having learned from experience. This time, God knows, he'd been more skillful. This time he'd isolated two of the killers in a specially prepared cellar of a lonely Long Island beach house. This time he'd make Mafia men talk, make them tell where the other members of the Syndicate murder team were hiding out. Above all, he wanted to learn the identity of the number one man.

He went back into the house and down into the cellar. The dynamite twins didn't look so tough; one of them would surely talk. But Gordon found he was wrong. One of the men would never talk, the guy he had slammed on the head with his .45 was dead. The blow had been too brutal. Weasel Face, hanging like a trophy on the wall, his chin now pierced and gaffed by the iron hook, was unconscious. He was Gordon's only hope.

Gordon dragged the dead man out to his car and threw him into the driver's seat, careful so that the rigid limbs did not become entangled in the nylon cord running out from the ignition key. He went back into the house and lifted Weasel Face off his hook and lowered him to the ground. It took five minutes using water and whiskey before the dynamite killer sat up.

Weasel Face was groggy. Gordon poured whiskey down his throat and yanked his head back and forth to get the oxygen circulating through his blood. Then he started asking questions.

All the fight had gone out of Weasel Face. He took a quick look around and saw no sign of his buddy, and that scared him even more. He started babbling answers. The suicide specialist was named Luca Clemenza and he and "Ice Pick Willie" were spending a vacation in Sicily, in a little village about twenty miles from Palermo. The number one man of the murder team was Frankie Brunswick and he lived in New Jersey. Gordon recognized the name and was surprise Frankie Brunswick was a powerful political figure, who'd never been linked to the underworld. He owned a huge trucking fleet and was a millionaire many times over.

Weasel Face was so cooperative that Gordon gave him a break. He knotted the nylon cord around the man's scrawny neck until he lapsed into unconsciousness. Then he tied him up securely and dragged him out to the booby-trapped car. He threw the man into the back seat and then followed the string to the hedge fifty feet away. Pressing himself against the wet sandy earth, he got the string taut and then gave it a hard enough yank to turn the key in the ignition.

There was a tremendous explosion, the ground shook beneath his taut body. When he looked, the car and its occupants had magically disappeared. There was only a crater in the ground which held the skeleton of twisted steel that had once been an auto chassis.

Gordon started running toward where the hoodlum car parked on the other side of the house. He didn't need anything; he didn't want it to look as if the occupant of the house had escaped. Everything had to remain there. He got into the Cadillac and sped down back lanes until he came out the main highway at a point five miles away. Far off he could hear the scream of police sirens. His next home would be in Palermo, Sicily. It was supposed to be a tough town. Well, Gordon would see.

Then three weeks later Gordon *was* in Palermo. The square brown box sealed with green wax was in his luggage. He planned to use the fortune of heroin it contained to overcome the odds against him here on the Syndicate's home grounds.

In Palermo it took him another month to establish criminal contacts and sell portions of heroin, $50,000 worth in all.

"Me . . . I've found happiness right here in my back yard."

After a while he was accepted as an American dope smuggler with good contacts. Gordon's good will was courted. Finally the day came when he was contacted by "Ice Pick Willie" Forenza, who came to call at his hotel. Willie didn't know Gordon by sight, had no idea Gordon was hunting him down. He came to make a deal for a shipment of dope with necessary introductions from Gordon's own contacts in Palermo.

"Ice Pick Willie" was a round, fat, cheerful looking man and it was almost impossible to believe that he had forty murders to his credit as a member of the Syndicate kill team. He brought Gordon fresh balls of cheese from the country, plus a gallon of red peasant wine, a sort of local "getting to know you" present.

They found they got along together beautifully. But Gordon voiced doubts as to whether Willie could pay for the amount of dope he had to deliver. Willie assured him he had a partner, a man named Luca Clemenza, who had untold resources. Gordon asked if he could meet Clemenza to cement the deal. "Ice Pick Willie" shook his head. Clemenza was too high up in the Syndicate to make a direct contact and risk arrest. It would all have to be done through "Ice Pick Willie." Besides, Willie said, Clemenza was shortly to leave for the States to meet with the number one of the Syndicate murder team and was a busy man. All his Mafia buddies were giving him a farewell party next weekend at Willie's farm in the country 20 miles outside of Palermo. In other words, the deal for the heroin would have to be wrapped up quickly.

"OK" Gordon said, "how about the night before the party?"

Willie frowned. Then his face lighted up as he thought of something. He had to ride shotgun on a shipment of wine casks being brought from Palermo to the farm. Before he picked up the truckload of wine casks, he would drop by Gordon's hotel, and they would complete the deal on the Friday evening before the party, which was scheduled for Saturday afternoon.

They agreed, shaking hands on it. Before he left, "Ice Pick Willie" put his right arm around Gordon's shoulder and hugged him in a friendly way. "I like you, you're a fine fellow," the fat man said. Gordon would have been flattered except that he knew this was the technique the Syndicate assassin used to commit his murders. That right arm around the victim's shoulders would suddenly be holding an ice pick, the point of which would dart into the victim's ear and into his brain. Now he was being set up—set up for the next time.

Gordon had three days to make his own arrangements. He'd acquired a mistress in Polermo, a Sophia Loren type Neopolitan girl named Gina, who danced in tourist trap nightclubs.

That night Gordon went to her apartment (for which he paid the rent) and waited for her to come home from work at midnight. She was a passionate girl who got herself excited when she danced naked in front of strange men. Almost without preliminaries, with lusty Mediterranean directness, she pulled Gordon into bed with her.

Gina was all fire and motion, and her full breasts swung like great red-nippled moons to the lunges of her fevered body. Her magnificent thighs were like a magic vise, and it was more than an hour later before Gordon could draw a free breath.

He had brought along the fresh cheeses and raw wine that Willie had given him and now they ate and drank. Gina was appreciative, eating with the hunger of a peasant who has done a hard day's work in the fields. "You didn't buy this stuff in the city," she said to Gordon. "It's fresh a a mother's milk."

Gordon told her who had given it to him. She frowned and looked a little worried. "*Carrissima,*" she said, "never tell anybody I told you, but watch out for that Willie. He's a bad person. Friends of his die very suddenly, just from a little thing like an earache. Do you know what I mean?"

Gordon patted her on her naked and truly magnificent backside. "Don't worry," he said. "I hear he's hosting a big party Saturday. What kind of a farm does he have?"

Gina blushed a little. "It embarrasses me to say it, I've been engaged to dance at the party with some other girls. Willie is a bachelor and he has only two old servants, no respectable young woman would work there. He makes a lot of wine and he has this garden with a fountain and sculpture, just like a *palazzo.*"

Gordon asked casually, "Where does he put all those wine casks he always buys?"

Gina laughed showing her strong white teeth. "He's such a peasant he just stacks them in the garden with all the sculpture."

Gordon said casually, "I have to go out that way Saturday, maybe I can give you a lift."

Gina shook her head. "I must go in a special bus with the other girls. The people at that party are very careful. They will have guards all over the roads Saturday morning, and your car would never get through. I'd better go with the other girls."

"OK," Gordon said. And then Gina rewarded him for the offer. The reward lasted until dawn.

In the few days left before Saturday, Steve Gordon kept himself busy. He bought a submachine gun on the black market. It came cheap because the ammo was expensive and the Sicilian bandits and Mafia hoods were more comfortable with the *lupara*—the local version of a sawed off shotgun. (A submachine gun was considered typical American wastefulness.) He also bought a thin Sicilian dagger and a wrist sheath to hold it. By Friday night he was ready for "Ice Pick Willie." As ready as he would ever be.

He waited in his hotel room, which had an airy balcony where he could sit. Near twilight he saw the truck filled with huge wine casks stop in the street below. He went back into his room and strapped the thin knife into his wrist sheath. He put the small box filled with heroin on the table ready for Willie.

"Ice Pick Willie" was in a jovial mood, bubbling over with a fat man's good humor. He sifted the heroin through his fingers, and his eyes shone greedily when he saw it was prime quality. Gordon said quietly, "I can get you five times that amount if you come with me tonight on the boat to Naples. We can be back tomorrow night, and you'll have made your fortune."

He could see the greediness flare higher in Willie's eyes. Then the fat man said regretfully, "I have to be at the farm for Clemenza's party tomorrow afternoon."

"I can get you back there in time for the

end of the party, that's always the best time anyway," Gordon said. "And when you show Clemenza what you brought back he'll understand. Why don't you call your farm on the phone and leave a message with your servants? Explain it to them so that the party can go on, so that the servants will complete the arrangements."

"Ice Pick Willie" thought this over. The bait was too much, he had to snap at it. He picked up the phone and called his farm, barking out his instructions.

"How about your truck with the wine casks downstairs?" Gordon asked.

"Ice Pick Willie" shrugged. "I'll call the bellboy to tell the driver to go to the farm by himself."

Gordon said briskly, "Come on, we'll use my car to drive to the airport and catch the plane for Naples. We might even be at your party by tomorrow afternoon. Clemenza can help you pay for the shipment."

Willie gave him an oily smile. "I always pay the whole thing myself," he said. Gordon knew what he really meant. Willie's payoff was with an icepick, not money.

They went downstairs and Gordon had his car summoned from the hotel garage. It was a sleek Ferrari and Willie complimented him on it. Gordon shrugged. "It's OK for a temporary car." He added carelessly, "Give me a good price for my heroin and maybe I'll throw in the Ferrari." He handed over the box of dope. "You hold this, I trust you. But when I get the rest, I expect full payment before I turn it over."

He could see the fat man's mind turning over greedily. Willie didn't want to carry around that dope. Also once Gordon made the supposed pick-up in Naples, Willie wanted to kill him and just take the promised fortune. But to do this he had to catch Gordon off guard. So now the fat man reacted as Gordon had hoped he would.

"I have an idea," Willie said. "Why don't you drive me to my farm so I can leave this package in a safe place. I can also pick up the necessary money to pay you for everything. That way we can complete the deal in Naples."

Gordon looked puzzled. "You want me to drive you to your farm first and then to the airport?" he asked.

"That's right," Willie said.

Gordon zoomed the Ferrari through the city and then over the few miles of paved road before Willie told him where to turn off on a dirt road. They had to go slow because of the holes in the road. Far ahead of them Gordon could see the truck full of wine casks raising a cloud of dust. He slowed down. He wanted the truck to reach the farm first.

After about a half hour, two men in peaked caps and farmer clothes barred the road, swawed-off *luparas* cradled in their arms.

Gordon braked the Ferrari to a halt. "Ice Pick Willie" leaned out of the car and shouted something in Italian, and the two gunman melted back into the fields. Gordon put the Ferrari in motion and twenty minutes later they were pulling up in front of the "farm."

It was really an estate manor and the Mafia chief with his typical understatement of personal riches called it a "farm" out of native caution. A big stone house, it had a huge garden with extensive fields around it. There was also a huge barn which was blocked by the truck filled with wine casks. Gordon parked the Ferrari by the truck and they both got out.

"Ice Pick Willie" waddled across the field to his manor house, shouting at his driver to unload the truck, shouting at his house servants to prepare a tray of food and wine. He had two servants, an old married couple who served as cook, housekeeper, and waiter. The men who worked the fields lived in a nearby village, as is the custom in Sicily.

Willie was a good host. Flagons of wine, platters of spaghetti and crusty bread were brought out. Since the next plane for Naples would not leave until midnight, they had plenty of time. Willie disappeared for a few minutes to hide the box of heroin and get an envelope full of money which he let Gordon get a glimpse of. But Gordon knew that money was not meant to travel to Naples with them.

They kept drinking and eating. The servants had gone to bed so Willie went down to the cellar and brought up a huge prociutto ham and yellow log of provalone cheese. Gordon could understand why the Mafia killer was so fat. The man couldn't stop eating. Or drinking. He had downed two bottles of wine all by himself.

Gordon stretched. "You have a nice farm, how about showing me around?"

"Sure thing, sure thing," "Ice Pick Willie" said. For a murderer he was a most considerate host.

They went out into the garden, and with many chuckles Willie explained how he had stolen most of the statues from famous palaces and museums in Italy. Then when Gordon asked him about the huge wine casks scattered around the garden, Willie showed him how the lids came off by unloosening some wooden catches. He showed Gordon how the cask would be filled by hooking up the garden piping system to the huge vat that held the raw wine. Just for kicks, Gordon had him fill up one of the wine casks. Willie was glad to do so.

He had filled it to half when he lifted himself up over the rim to see whether there was any foreign matter to be skimmed off. Gordon watched him do this a few times and then alertly scanned the surroundings. It was late, the servants were in bed, the truck driver had taken off across the fields for his home in the village. He and "Ice Pick Willie" were all alone in this museum garden.

The moon came out turning the red sea of wine to gold. "Ice Pick Willie" leaned over the edge of the cask to sniff. "Ah, how beautiful the grapes smell" he sighed with rapture, and capturing him in this ecstacy, Steve Gordon grabbed the fat man by his fleshy buttocks and flipped him head over teakettle into the huge barrel of wine. There was a loud splash, as if he had gone into a swimming pool.

Gordon waited ready to pounce, watching for the head to pop up. When it did the fat man's face had a look of murderous surprise, as if he thought Gordon had played a practical joke. Gordon swung one of his legs over the rim of the cask to get leverage and pushed the buffalo shaped head down again under the wine. He held it there, Willie's legs thrashing like the tail of a hooked fish. Finally he let the head break the surface.

"Ice Pick Willie" was dead, his open eyes glazed as if with the smell of grapes. Purple wine dripped like blood from his ears, his nostrils, the cavities of his eyes. There was no sign of life. Gordon turned

"Say, did you ever marry that attractive blonde with the cute, little appendicitis scar?"

that dripping head loose and it disappeared beneath the wine like sediment seeking the bottom.

Patting the lid back on the cask, Gordon tapped in the wooden pegs. That took care of "Ice Pick Willie." Gordon started hiking over the field to the garage, where his car was parked and took the submachine gun out of the trunk. He drove the white Ferrari into a clump of trees that hit it about a hundred yards away from the house. He slept in the back seat until dawn.

It was a little past noon when the Mafia chiefs began to arrive. Finally there were four of them sitting in the garden drinking wine out of the cask that held "Ice Pick Willie's" body. They didn't seem to notice anything different about the wine. Perhaps they had lived so long with the taste of death in their mouths that they no longer noticed it.

"Quick, Cosgrove! Give this one some kind of ribbon!"

The busload of dancing girls from the night club rolled up and six young women in scanty clothing descended from it. Gina was one of them. Gordon would know those magnificent breasts and thighs anywhere. As he watched he saw one of the Mafia chiefs pick Gina up and dump her in his lap. From the deferential way the others had been treating the man Gordon knew this must be Luca Clemenza.

Clemenza was taller than the others, with very dark black hair ad handsome broad features. He was young, no more than 27 or 28. How the hell did he get to be a suicide specialist? Gordon wondered. He also wondered how he was going to get closer to the action.

The men and women disappeared into the house for some bedroom fun and games. Gordon decided to take a chance and make his way through the woods and a bushy vineyard so that he would come into the vast garden in the rear and take cover among the empty wine casks that had been delivered the night before. It took him nearly an hour to accomplish this, and he was surprised that he was successful. The lid of the wine cask was loose so he unfastened it and crawled inside, pulling the cover to fit over him. By twisting his body he made the cask roll on its side further toward the center of the sense enough to reach for his pistol in its shoulder holster. Gordon triggered his submachine gun and a heavy river of lead cut Clemenza almost in two. He caught the other three men on the run, the high velocity bullets sending their bodies sprawling over the grass.

The girls screamed and started running into the house, as if they were afraid of being killed. Gordon let them go, wondering if Gina had seen his face or recognized him. Then, after making sure that Clemenza and the other Mafia chiefs were dead, he hustled across the fields to where his Ferrari was parked in the woods. He could see road guards converging on the farmhouse this was all to the good. He zoomed the Ferrari out of the woods and onto the dirt road. He was up to a hundred miles a hour before the guards started firing at him. Twenty minutes later he was at the Palermo Airport, just barely catching the next plane to Rome. By midnight, having made a direct Rome-New York air connection, he was back in the United States. He had left no trace of his identity behind.

He had gone up the list, working his way to the number one boy, Frankie Brunswick, the successful Jersey politician who called the hits for the Mafia's top kill team. Now Brunswick was the only one left, and then Gordon would be finished. But Brunswick would be the toughest to corner. Setting up Brunswick would take patience, time, and skillful planning.

When he got back to the States, Gordon bought a junkyard in New Jersey. For six months he did little favors for the local mobsters. He changed the motor numbers on stolen cars, for one thing. He'd also been one of the best customers at the mob-owned road houses in the state. He'd let himself lose over fifty grand and acquired the reputation of being a real nice guy among the local mob fraternity.

Gordon owned one of the biggest junkyards in the state. He'd bought a giant, seven-story crane and a machine that squeezed car frames together into metal accordions. Slowly the mob was setting him up to be one of their fall guys. Eventually they would move in on his business and control it, then demand really big favors. They had even let Gordon borrow ten grand from them.

This particular day Gordon welcomed two pretty girls and a scarfaced man his own age at the junkyard. The visitors came in a convertible. The guy with the scar was a man named Tony Abbatto, who had become Gordon's best friend. One of the girls was called Susan Kraft. The other girl was Abbatto's girl. Gordon never did catch her name.

Gordon let the two girls and Tony Abbatto to the small gungalow that served as his living quarters in the junkyard. Susan was holding his hand. She was a very pretty Irish colleen type of girl, and even though Gordon knew she'd been assigned by the mob to work on him he was fond of her.

They had their usual party in the bungalow. Tony Abbatto and his girl friend got drunk in the living room. After a few drinks with them, Gordon took Susan into his bedroom for their own private party. Susan was very sweet, very demure. He had to undress her as if by force while she pretended to be reluctant, using her hands to shield each part of her that became naked. It was a nice performance and Gordon always enjoyed it, and once she let herself go Susan was a tiny tiger. Tonight was no exception and by the time they were through romping over the bedroom it was midnight and Gordon was finally tired of her. He left her asleep on the bed and went into the kitchen. Tony was there

making coffee to wake the girls up so they could start on their round of night-clubbing.

Gordon made his move cautiously. He said to Tony, "I owe your boss ten grand and I can't pay it, I can't even pay the vigorish next month, the interest."

Tony gave him a wolfish grin. "Don't worry," he said, "we'll work it out."

"I have an idea," Gordon said. "But it's too big, too important. I don't want to talk to anybody but Mr. Brunswick."

Tony shook his head. "Frankie don't talk to anybody. You have to talk to people like me and we talk to Frankie."

"OK, talk to him," Gordon said. "Tell him I have a foolproof way to get rid of bodies."

Tony laughed. "We know about that. When you squeeze up your automobiles just leave the driver inside. We've already done it here, but one guy became conscious while the car was in the air and started screaming. So we had to finish him off with old fashioned ballets. Maybe you can still work off your ten grand debt with a few jobs like that. But that's sure not a big enough deal for Frankie Brunswick to see you."

Gordon decided to gamble. There was no other way. "Tell Brunswick that my real name is Steve Gordon. That almost two years ago his killers murdered my wife by accident and my best friend by design. The best friend's name was Jimmy Cullen. Before he was killed, he gave me a box to hold for him, a box with green wax seals. Inside the box is one million dollars worth of heroin. I'm willing to sell it to him for a hundred grand. By the way, if you guys knock me off, you'll lose that million bucks. I have their heroin stashed where you can never find it."

Tony Abbatto's eyes glittered. He didn't seem too surprised, but he was very wary. "I'll have to talk to the boss," he said. "You'll hear from me." He didn't wait for coffee; he didn't even wait for the girls to wake up. He left the bungalow, got into his convertible, and was gone. Gordon had to drive the girls home himself.

The next day Gordon noticed strange men hanging around the junkyard, keeping it under observation. That night he got a call from Tony Abbatto. "The boss is coming to see you tonight, around midnight, the number one boy. He's ready to make a deal. But let me give you a tip—this better not be a frame-up. The boss won't take possession and he won't give you the hundred grand. He'll make the deal, that's all, just give the OK. You be ready."

Gordon asked worriedly, "How do I know you guys won't doublecross me?"

Abbatto chuckled. "You should have worried about that before."

Gordon chuckled. He had. "Maybe you're right," he said.

Now Gordon had four hours to get a little surprise ready for Frankie Brunswick.

The first car came at 11 PM—Tony Abbatto in his convertible, only instead of two pretty girls with him there were two of the toughest looking gorillas Gordon had ever seen. Under Abbatto's supervision they frisked Gordon and his office, and then they searched the grounds of the huge automobile junkyard. They even searched the cab of the giant crane and flashed a light along the seven-story height of its long steel arm with its pendulous double-hinged shovel.

"We've been watching the place since last night," one of the gorillas said. "Nobody came in here and nobody went out. So he must have the stuff stashed on the grounds."

Gordon grinned at them. "Let's see you find it." They all looked out over those vast acres of Jersey swamp land covered with junk piled two stories high. Tony Abbatto shrugged. "We'll wait for Frankie."

Finally the number one man showed up. He came in his bullet-proof limousine surrounded by four guards, a pearly white fedora on his head. Tony said, jerking his head toward Gordon, "He's clean, so's the yard."

Frankie Brunswick was a dapper, bronze-faced handsome man in his early forties. He looked like a successful politician. He gave Gordon a politician's smile, but there was no handshake to go with it. His voice was modulated with only a hint of big city toughness. "So you're the widower," he said. "You don't know it, kid, but I saved you a lot of misery with that mistake my boys made two years ago."

Gordon saw the man was being deliberately offensive. He grinned. "I did the same for some of your boys."

Frankie Brunswick lost a little color from the bronze skin of his face. He said harshly, "You're a pretty slippery guy but I think we've got you covered pretty good. Now let's make the deal. I want to see the stuff and then I'll leave. Tony will pay you off and take delivery."

"Sure," Gordon said briskly. "I have to use the crane to dig it out. I guess you want some of your boys to keep me company."

Frankie Brunswick smiled at him and said dryly, "I guess I do." He jerked his head toward Tony Abbatto. "You and your boys go with him. I'll be waiting here."

"You are ruinning your value to me as a sex image."

Gordon went out into the darkness of the junkyard. Tony had drawn his gun. Gordon climbed up into the cab of the crane and started working the crane. The huge seven-story arm moved slightly, then ground to a halt. "Damn it," Gordon yelled, "there's something wrong with those control cables. I have to climb up on the steel arm. OK?"

Tony kept his gun on him. "OK," the scar-faced man said, "but don't try to pull any funny stuff or you'll have more holes than that junk."

Gordon started climbing up the steel arm. He had gone the equivalent of two stories high when he heard Tony shouting at him to stop. But he kept climbing. He saw Tony starting up the steel cables but lose his footing. He saw the other men came running out of his bungalow Frankie Brunswick's pearly white fedora shone in the arclights like a sitting duck. Gordon kept climbing up the steel arm of the crane until he was at the very top, until he could climb into the heavy iron shell of the massive double spoon shovel. He huddled inside that iron armor and searched for the trip wire that led up the seven stories of steel laddering. He had spent four hours that evening planting dynamite sticks all over the junkyard, buried in the massive piles of junk. His only worry was that he had perhaps planted too much. But it was too late for that kind of thinking now. He yanked hard on the trip wire and then huddled inside the thick iron shell of iron suspended high in the sky.

There was a tremendous explosion. Gordon almost lost his breath as oxygen was blotted out of the atmosphere. The steel arm of the crane shook, the iron of the shovel reverberated as metal from the junkyard went flying up in the air and fragments hit the thick shell which protected him. And then it was all over. He looked down.

The working cab of the crane was a mass of twisted wreckage. The piles of junk had been blown up into an almost level sea of rubbish. And Frankie Brunswick, Tony Abbatto and the other six Mafia hoods had disappeared beneath that sea. The bullet proof limousine lay on its side like a giant black bug, half covered. Of Tony's convertible there was no trace. He had parked it directly over a cache of dynamite buried in the ground.

It took Gordon no more than a few minutes to scramble down the steel arm of the crane. He could see some human arms and legs scattered over the sea of junk and now fires began to break out giving it the air of an inferno. Gordon ran out of the junkyard to the car he had left parked five blocks away. As he drove toward the tunnel to Manhattan, he leaned back and lit a cigarette. His conscience was clear. He had told Frank Brunswick the truth: The million dollars worth of heroin was buried in the junkyard and had been pulverized and burned with their bodies. Now Frankie Brunswick could mainline it in Hell. ■

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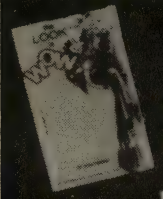

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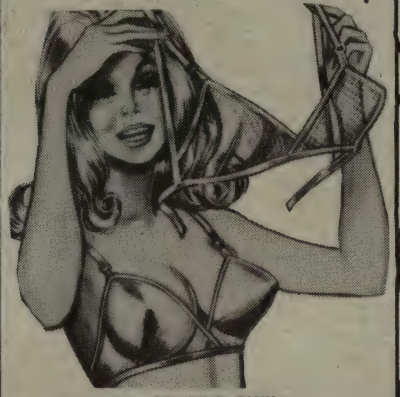

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A
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B
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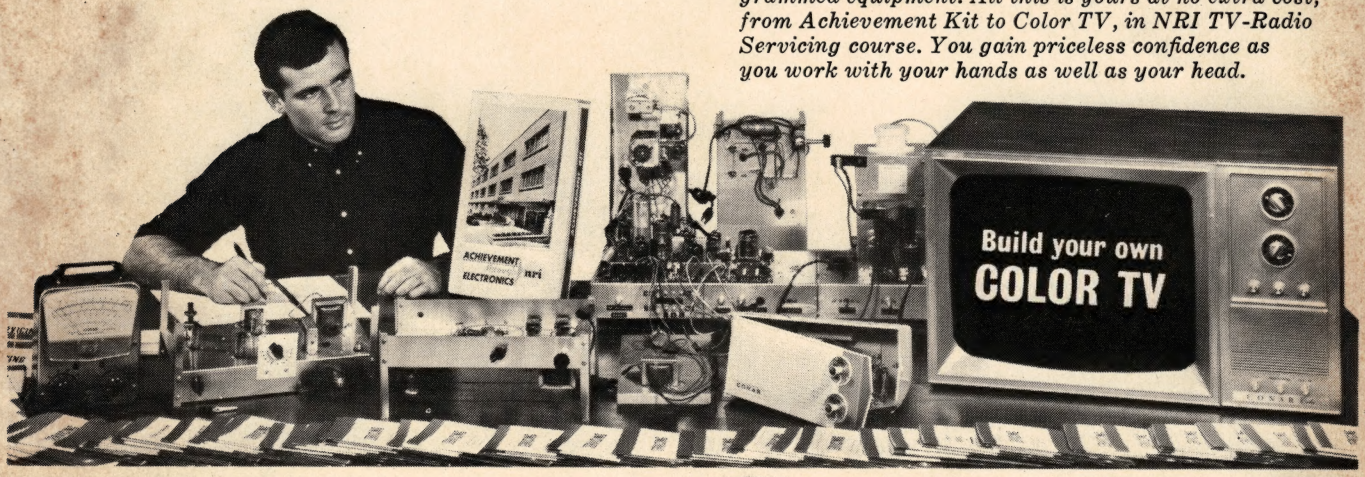

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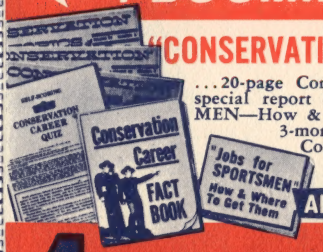

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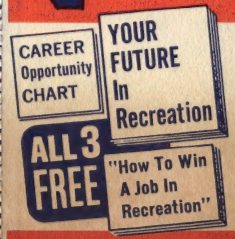

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